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**THE INTERNATIONAL  
STUDIO AN ILLUSTRATED  
MAGAZINE OF FINE AND  
APPLIED ART  
VOLUME FORTY-EIGHT**

COMPRISING NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, 1912,  
JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1913  
NUMBERS 189 TO 192

*129855-  
22/11/13*

NEW YORK OFFICES OF THE INTER-  
NATIONAL STUDIO  
JOHN LANE COMPANY, 116-120 WEST 32d ST.  
MCMXIII



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A DECORATIVE PANEL FROM A PASTEL  
DRAWING BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM.

# The INTERNATIONAL • STUDIO •

VOL. XLVIII. No. 189

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NOVEMBER, 1912

JOHANNES HENDRICUS JURRES  
BY W. G. PECKHAM

GENESIS recites that God made man in his image, "to have dominion over the fish of the sea and the fowl of the air and over the cattle and over all the earth."

Could there not be a similar gradation of subjects for art, so far as the spiritual rank of the subject goes?

The Dutch painters who paint vegetables and those who paint poultry and cattle are fine technical painters. Claude and Corot did daintier work, or at least put it on more exquisite backgrounds. But Raphael had subjects of a higher quality. The man who paints his brother-man has the noblest subject. Again, the figure painter who paints the spirit and the flesh of the real man

does work of enduring value, even though the painter who paints unreal men and women, creatures that never were, satyrs, fantastic nymphs, or such as are not kin to us common people may be a painter of vain things. As William Makepeace Thackeray wrote of an impressionist of his day: "Such monsters of beauty are quite out of the reach of human sympathy."

The noblest value, the most permanent worth in art accrues when art comes home to all mankind, as with Cervantes, Shakespeare, Franz Hals and Mark Twain, each in his way. Rossetti's verses and his paintings fall short, even as did the last French painter who painted centaurs. Detail and technical execution have been, perhaps, more commonly perfected by the Dutch painters, while it has been noted of late that the Spanish school has put upon canvas the richness of color



Collection of Mr. W. G. Peckham

SPANISH BEGGARS

BY JOHANNES H. JURRES



Formerly in the Collection of Mr. Alfred Henry Lo.

THE PRODIGAL SON BY JOHANNES H. JURRES

and the splendor of light that only Spanish artists find at home, and make their own.

Now comes a Dutch painter, Johannes Hendricus Jurres, who first did hard work in Holland and later spent years of faithful study in Spain, and who paints men that are quite human and unartificial. His creations are none of them vanities. His subjects are from the Bible, Cervantes, Shakespeare and the everyday life of the common folk. Sometimes he works in the misty note of Holland and sometimes in the color and light of Spain. He makes one or more sketches of each detail. Jurres was born in Holland in 1875 and is in his prime and at work in Amsterdam.

His *Don Quixote* is not so eccentric as was Doré's, but is more kin to us, and should last better. A glance at it makes one say: "The proper study of mankind is man."

Is this the reason why Israel is the true leader among many of equally strong technique? Jurres's *Don Quixote* has the quality of a gentleman, which quality Lowell said was pre-eminently the Don's. That horse is like our old horse. Those people in the background you may meet on any back road in Spain. How frequent is the ability to paint good groups of real men in action?

The *Spanish Beggars*, also, has actuality in it. These are beggars at their trade, in actual busi-

ness. There is no advertising, there is no sensation, but there is true valuation and good work. Even the dog's attitude is convincing. So is each beggar's snivel. So is the ironic smirk on the rider's face.

Jurres went to Spain in his twenty-sixth year, worked at Granada and Madrid, and in the mountains, and lived with the herdsmen and mine workers. You see them in his pictures.

In the battle scenes he likewise makes separate sketches of the details, and works them over, and finally joins them in the large work. Again, he takes a broad subject and repeats it in different phases. Such, for instance, are his vigorous *Good Samaritan* and his *Prodigal Son and Father* and his *Peter and the Cripple*.

A Boston artist said: "There are few painters outside of the States, but your man Jurres does a horse better than Delacroix or Schreyer."

His horses are not fanciful. He bought old horses, to study them and make them his own on the canvas.

It is a little curious that Jurres was sustained, in his youth, by a Dutch lawyer, and was exploited in Canada by a canny critic, an accomplished king's counsel, Johnston, of Toronto, who has written of Jurres:

"The greatness of an artist depends largely on



Collection of Mr. W. G. Peckham

PETER AND THE CRIPPLE

BY JOHANNES H. JURRES



the creative power of the artist, the power to create the soul, and that Jurres can do. Young in years and immature in art, his productions, nevertheless, savor more of the glory of the ancients than anything in the modern history of painting, and Jurres is the greatest of all the younger artists of the day."

The comedian, Francis Wilson, is a lover of Jurres. The kind of picture that Wilson favors is in the Dutch manner, with tones that are rich but dreamy and not pronounced.

A very different picture is the *Prodigal Son*, formerly owned by Alfred Henry Lewis, the writer. The figures of the last are in the overwhelming light that one finds only, as a rule, in the work of the artists of Andalusia. It will be hard to match this picture for vivid coloring. The remorse of the prodigal and the nobility of the father are adequate, and the figures have an excellent dignity and vitality.

The same is true of *Peter and the Cripple*. And "out from the heart of nature rolled, the burdens of the Bible old."

Can one tell of anybody else who can paint a prophet so well up to the character and can paint Bible subjects so fitly? Who else gives us as



THE MENDICANT

BY JOHANNES H. JURRES

solid crimsons and such antique blocks of all colors?

*The Stoning of St. Stephen* in the private collection of Mr. Heaton, of Montreal, is rough and un-



Collection of Mr. W. G. Peckham

THE BATTLE

BY JOHANNES H. JURRES



*Collection of Mr. W. G. Peckham*

THE HALT

BY JOHANNES H. JURRES



DAVID AND SAUL

BY JOHANNES H. JURRES





GOOD SAMARITAN

BY JOHANNES H. JURRES

finished, but it is more real and dramatic than perhaps any other recent artist's work in painting.

Also, there is a different battle scene before me in the original, the best of several, and he who seeks for martial glory would find a whole epic in the canvas, that is not very large. A squad of marching, frenzied men and frantic horses, knights

in combat and cowards running away, are shown strongly and simply in the right atmosphere.

A magnificent example of Mr. Jurres' work has recently been imported by Messrs. R. C. & N. M. Vose, of Boston. It is a veritable masterpiece, in Jurres' best manner, superb in color and technique.



*Amsterdam Exhibition, 1912*

JEZABEL  
BY JOHANNES H. JURRES



CHRIST HEALING THE SICK  
BY JOHANNES IL. JURRES



DON QUIXOTE  
BY JOHANNES H. JÜRRES



## *A Study in Country Architecture*

### STUDY IN COUNTRY ARCHITECTURE BY C. MATLACK PRICE

IN THE United States there has always been an elusive quality lacking in the design of small country houses. Just what this quality is may best be felt by studying the charm of the English country house of the same type. There the charm and interest have been achieved by the essentially artistic point of view of the architect and the temerity of the client, who, between them, evolve a dwelling full of quaint and unexpected features, yet one which seems ever a harmonious whole in itself as well as a consistent part of its surroundings. The English country house is full of an architectural individuality which has been approached in few other types of house, while the American house has seemed always a little forced, as though its designer had felt bound by certain constraining conditions and its owner had felt himself bound by unwritten conventions. As a rule we do not sanction a house with a quaintly diversified roofline, picturesque chimneys and variously disposed leaded casements because we are afraid, in a vague way, that somebody will laugh at us. Consequently we look first at our neighbors house before we think of the design of our own, and we are sometimes disturbed with a wondering query as to what is the matter with American domestic architecture. Why must a house be a replica of a French Chateau or an English country place in order to be good? Our own work has generally seemed successful only in so far as it has shown a skilful adaptation of some foreign style. When we

essayed it ourselves the "contractor and builder" gave us an elaborated packing-box with interior compartments, and Eastlake inflicted upon us his fantastic vagaries of spindles, rosettes and generally weird proportions and details in an architectural chaos.

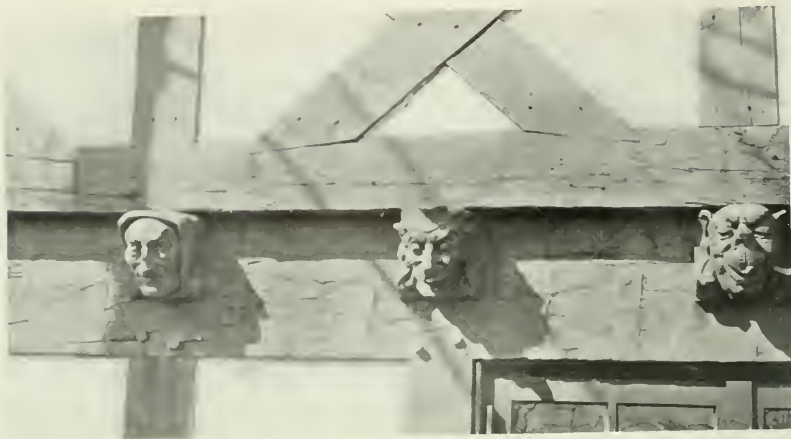
The trouble in the matter, perhaps, lies in American self-consciousness in matters of personal expression. The Englishman speaks French with considerable practical bravado because he does not mind being laughed at a little, while the American too often keeps a self-conscious silence. The English architect builds a house which is a fearless expression of his personal ideals in the matter, while in this country we are ever prone to



GATE LODGE AT "DEEPPDALE"  
GREAT NECK, L. I.

JOHN RUSSELL POPE  
ARCHITECT

## *A Study in Country Architecture*



DETAIL OF GROTESQUES, GATE LODGE  
AT "DEEPPDALE," GREAT NECK, L. I.

JOHN RUSSELL POPE  
ARCHITECT

lean on precedent, or if original, to indulge only in platitudes.

With such a deplorable state of affairs too generally prevailing it is interesting to find, in John Russell Pope, an architect with the strength of his convictions, and to discuss the qualities which have been achieved in his individual rendering of a gate-lodge on the estate of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., on Long Island. While it is true that the feeling in this house is of a distinctly

Elizabethan English type, it is of importance to observe the freedom and lack of restraint with which Mr. Pope has carried it out.

The first glance will indicate that the lodge is of half-timber construction. This does not mean that a thin coat of stucco has been applied between boards, but that the building is actually half constructed of timber. By reason of the fact that the modern carpenter does not understand this type of work, Mr. Pope was at some



DETAIL OF GROTESQUES, GATE LODGE  
AT "DEEPPDALE," GREAT NECK, L. I.

JOHN RUSSELL POPE  
ARCHITECT

## A Study in Country Architecture

pains to obtain the services of a venerable ship-carpenter, who, pursuant of the training of his craft, hewed the timbers from the rough with an adze and morticed and pegged them together. There was obtained in this manner an interesting irregularity and unevenness, which is further enhanced by the visible marks of the adze on the wood. Here was the first bit of finesse in detail which went to make up the unique appearance of this little building. The feature, however, which strikes the most significant note of *difference* is the introduction of the carved grotesques, which run entirely around the building on a line above the windows.

Each one of the gate-lodge grotesques is different from the rest, and all hold an excellent similarity in the general character of their treatment. At every angle and on every side the eye is jovially accosted by a fresh variety of quaintly bizarre corbels, and the prevailing sense of architectural fitness is admirable throughout.

In no part did the lodge suffer from inattention or lack of careful study. The roof tiles were sought throughout Europe in vain, but nowhere



DETAIL OF GROTESQUES, GATE LODGE  
AT "DEEPPDALE," GREAT NECK, L. I.

JOHN RUSSELL POPE  
ARCHITECT

could the exact kind that were wanted be found until they were met with in a little church almost two hundred years old, in Indiana. The church was in ruins, so the old, handmade tiles were secured and laid here, and the chimneys were built of carefully selected brick. Commonplace chimneys would have marred the charming *ensemble* of this unique building, so Mr. Pope was at no small pains to impart to their design the same remarkable individuality which he had attained in the hewn timber work and the carved grotesques.

The field stone used in the foundations gave occasion for still further careful selection. Each piece was picked from old walls in the vicinity, and each was chosen with the care of collector of rare specimens. All were required to show grey weathered faces, mottled with dull green lichens.

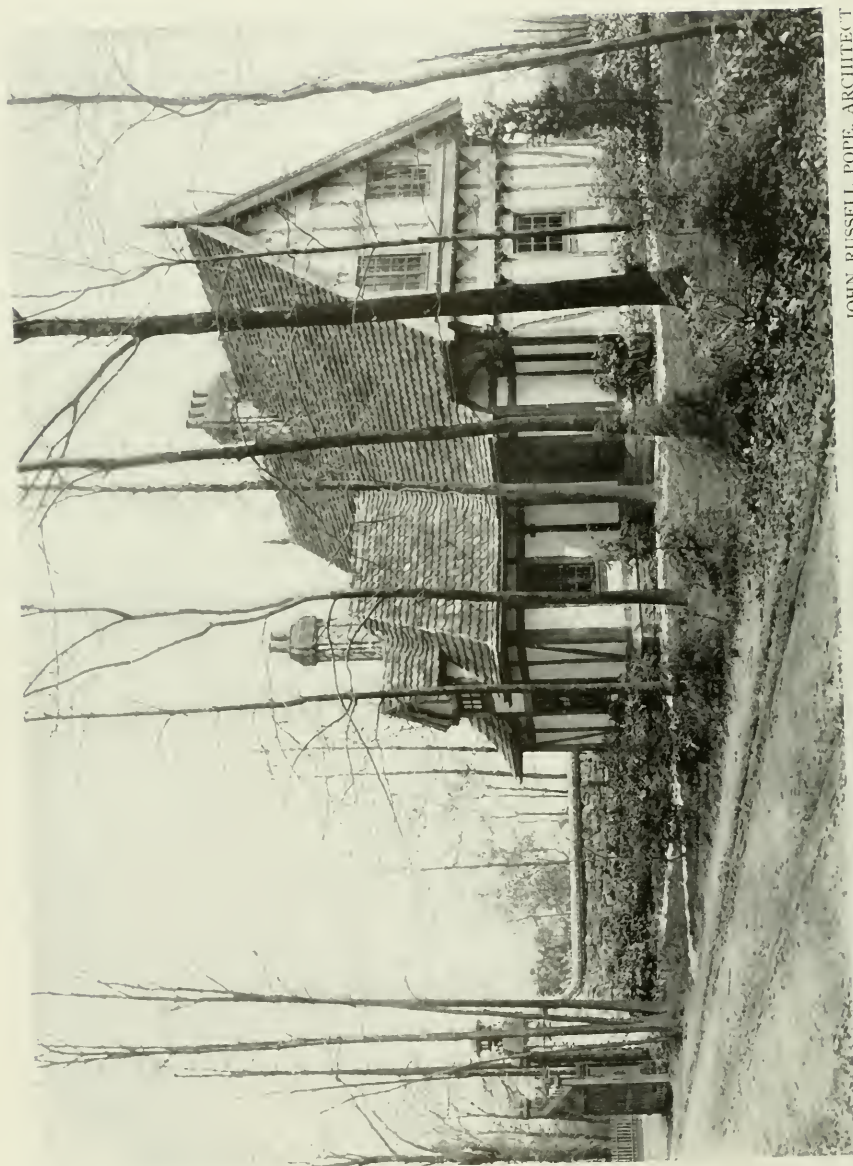
Here, in values not to be denied, is a work of art—an assemblage of materials and forms so woven together as to produce a perfect whole—and a testimonial that an actual building that shows European ideals of sincerity in architecture *can* be realized in this country.



DETAIL OF GROTESQUES, GATE LODGE  
AT "DEEPPDALE," GREAT NECK, L. I.

JOHN RUSSELL POPE  
ARCHITECT





GATE LODGE AT "DEEPPDALE"  
ESTATE OF W. K. VANDERBILT, JR.  
GREAT NECK, L. I.

JOHN RUSSELL POPE, ARCHITECT

## The House Beautiful of Japan

### THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL OF JAPAN

THERE are certain ideals in Japanese art which are no less apparent in Japanese architecture and gardening, yet the art of Japan only as embodied in prints, paintings, porcelain, cloisonné and ivory has found a wide popular acceptance in this country. Why this should be so is very difficult to imagine, and can only be ascribed to the fact that, in the west, the houses and gardens of Japan are virtually unknown.

We turned with relief from over-decorated interiors to the simplicity of the "Mission" scheme of decoration, yet, oddly enough, overlooked a type more esthetically satisfying, and more intrinsically interesting.

Perhaps there has been a too general indulgence in the idea that Oriental art is "complex"—that a Japanese interior is too exotic, too alien for successful adaptation in this country. As a popular idea this is no more founded on fact than

most popular ideas, nor is it less erroneous. The complexity of oriental art is that baffling quality which results from carefully studied simplicity. The interior decoration of a Japanese house is the result of an elimination of the useless—an elimination lasting over many centuries. There is nothing experimental about it. Upon first seeing a marvellously executed Japanese interior, rich in dull gold and oiled teak-wood, yet wonderfully subdued, an appreciative lady was heard to remark: "The Japanese are so clever to do such a beautifully *novel* hall-way!" to which the quiet Japanese host replied that he regretted its lack of any strictly up-to-date qualities, in that the houses of Japan were decorated in no wise differently four thousand years ago!

In the western life of varied and wearying activities the restfulness of the Japanese idea of an interior should come as a balm to over-wrought nerves and tired eyes. There are broad, cool spaces, dull and subdued, yet interesting colors. Little furniture is wanted, and ornaments are few but carefully selected. One rare porcelain or



Courtesy of Yamanaka & Company

A JAPANESE GARDEN WITH TEA-HOUSE AT TUXEDO PARK, N. Y.

DESIGNED BY S. MORI

## *The House Beautiful of Japan*



A DETAIL OF THE JAPANESE GARDEN  
AT TUXEDO PARK, N. Y.

DESIGNED BY  
S. MORI

a bit of *cloisonné* may grace a simple teak-wood stand. The windows are treated with semi-opaque paper and light teak lattice, obscuring any jarring note from outside. On a wall of soft gray or dull gold, delicately decorated with graceful flowers or charming landscape, what need of picture? On a wall not treated thus, let there be one beautiful print, or a rare *kakemono*. If there is a large collection of porcelains, ivories or bronzes, the Japanese does not tire himself and his friends of them by keeping the entire collection constantly in view. All but one or two are put away behind invisible sliding doors in the wall, or in the many compartments of a closed cabinet and taken out only for those who may appreciate.

The interior illustrated, one of many in a house at Tuxedo Park recently decorated by a Japanese firm, well known for its taste, the simplicity and adequacy of the treatment is worthy of serious study. The wood-work, simple and free of meaningless mouldings, is of natural mahogany. The

walls are of a curious neutral tint, somewhere in a chromatic value between gray and tan, while the panels of the ceiling are again in a neutral between green and tan, painted with dull brown patterns. The walls are delicately decorated, and the doors do not disturb the quiet harmony of the room, being treated in a manner similar to the walls, and in the same colorings.

Such interiors make the instant impression that is felt at the sight of any work of art. Here is the tangible evidence of the hand of a master-decorator—and who in the history of the civilized world have proved them-

selves in any measure equal to the Japanese in this art?

Everything the Japanese touches he beautifies—in no case has his handiwork been superficial, vulgar or stupid—and in these three detrimental particulars many other schools have been conspicuous. And that all things Japanese have this quality of refined and delicate beauty is traceable not to any studied effort on the part of



A DETAIL OF THE JAPANESE GARDEN  
AT TUXEDO PARK, N. Y.

DESIGNED BY  
S. MORI





*Courtesy of Yamanka & Company*  
A JAPANESE INTERIOR IN A HOUSE  
AT TUXEDO PARK, N. Y.

DESIGNED BY S. MORI

## *The House Beautiful of Japan*



*Courtesy of Yamanaka & Company*

A JAPANESE INTERIOR IN A HOUSE AT TUXEDO PARK, N. Y.

DESIGNED BY S. MORI

the Japanese, but to the fact that he comes of a race of artists, whose ideals for thousands of years back have been ideals of beauty. Physically he lives in a beautiful country, a country abounding in picturesque in its conformation, its flora, its costumes and its customs. Art in all things is so inseparably a part of the people that neither can be understood without the other.

Having, with a superficiality which brevity may pardon, pointed out certain salient characteristics of the Japanese idea of interior decoration, we find that the principles of simplicity in the interior are reversed in the garden, and that if any principle is followed, it is complexity. More accurately stated, the Japanese idea of a garden, as opposed to that of most of the great Italian and English garden builders, is that the garden should be a place of pleasant surprises. It must not be laid out by diagram, with obvious "axes" and "centres," with formal planting and the like. The Japanese garden abounds in quaint turnings and unexpected little bridges over pools of aquatic plants. Here and there are stone lanterns, miniature rock-gardens and rivulets.

A Japanese writer, who is by way of being an authority on the matter, says: "In the western garden one walks, for that seems to be the primary purpose of its construction; but the Japanese garden is planned to be looked at, and as a consequence, the Japanese house, even upon the tiniest plot of ground, has a garden. Attached to the dwellings in the crowded cities, such as Tokio or Osaka, you may even see gardens six feet by three; and even in such a bit of a garden will be a mountain covered with woods, a lake with an island and a tiny bridge, a waterfall, and perhaps an arbor and artistic lanterns. In the construction of such gardens the dwellers in the crowded cities seek to satisfy their longing for nature by looking at a landscape which appeals to them. They consider it as one considers a miniature by Isabey, and are wonderfully proud of it."

And here, as in most things Japanese, is an admirable piece of general philosophy of life, illustrating not only a theory of laying out gardens, but of deriving a maximum of pleasure from a minimum source.

C. M. P.

## *The Miniatures of Héloïse Guilloû Redfield*

### THE MINIATURES OF HÉLOÏSE GUILLOÛ REDFIELD

AN interesting example of the trend of modern study of painting is seen in the work of Héloïse Guilloû Redfield, exhibited recently at the Copley Gallery in Boston. These miniatures are remarkable for their "paint quality" and a carrying force equal to that of life-size painting. It is interesting to trace the influences which have produced this unusual development.

The art of miniature painting has departed from the traditions which made it what it was in the eighteenth century when the masters of that time set us a very high example in what was, definitely speaking, "water-color drawing." In later times we have seen a great deal of thin color, uncertain values, and hesitancy between painting and water-color drawing. Miss Redfield has developed a form of expression which is really painting although the medium is water-color and the scale miniature.

The training of this artist has been broad and varied in the painting academies of America and Europe. The influence of no modern teacher predominates but an appreciation of the old mas-



MINIATURE PORTRAIT BY HÉLOÏSE G. REDFIELD



MINIATURE PORTRAIT

BY HÉLOÏSE G. REDFIELD

ters such as Holbein, and the later English and French schools has made the years spent in Europe the period of greatest growth as to taste—that which is rarest of all qualities in modern painting but which is very nearly the *raison d'être* of art. Under William Chase and Cecelia Beaux at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts she profited by the wholesome influence Hals and Velasquez are still handing down to us, later in Paris coming in contact with Blanche, Cottet, Desvalière and Delécluse. A few months only were devoted to working under miniature painters in order to learn the technical matters of the medium.

But Miss Redfield is more especially an intellectual painter using much calculation and scientific analysis in order to understand the phenomena of beauty and our means of expressing it in plastic form. Her work shows that she has a strong mental conception at the outset, virile enough to bend the means of expression to serve the artist's will. Her miniatures are perfect portraits in little, showing all the qualities of composition and handling of accessories that one demands in a large portrait, the size of the work in no way limiting beauty of design or characteristic posing of the sitter. This breadth of conception and paint tonality mark the position of this artist as unique in the art progress of the times.

## Some Recent Books

### SOME RECENT BOOKS

EPOCHS OF CHINESE AND JAPANESE ART: An Outline History of East Asiatic Design. By Ernest Francisco Fenollosa, formerly Professor of Philosophy in the Imperial University of Tokio, Commissioner of Fine Arts for Japan, etc. With 184 full-page illustrations in colors and black-and-white. Two volumes. 4to. Pages 204 and 212. (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.) \$10.00 net.

The purpose of this book is to contribute first-hand material toward a real history of East Asiatic art in an interesting way that may appeal not only to scholars, but to art collectors, general readers on Oriental topics and travelers in Asia. Its treatment of the subject is novel in several respects. Heretofore most books on Japanese Art have dealt rather with the technique of industries than with the esthetic motive in schools of design, thus producing a false classification by materials instead of by creative periods. This book conceives of the art of each epoch as a peculiar beauty of line, spacing and color which could have been produced at no other time, and which permeates all the industry of its day. This painting and sculpture, instead of being relegated to separate subordinate chapters, are shown to have created at each epoch a great national school of design that underlay the whole round of the industrial arts.

Again, the writer endeavors to break down the old fallacy of regarding Chinese civilization as standing for thousands of years at a dead level, by openly exhibiting the special environing culture and the special structural beauties which have rendered the art of each period unique.

The treatment of Chinese and Japanese art together, as of a single esthetic movement, is a third innovation. It is shown that not only were they, as wholes, almost as closely inter-related as

Greek art and Roman, but that the ever-varying phases interlock into a sort of mosaic pattern, or, rather, unfold in a single dramatic movement.

Mr. Fenollosa has had unique opportunities for the study of Far Eastern art. These opportunities came in a most interesting transitional period. The strongholds of the great feudal lords, or "Daimyo," were being broken up and their ancestral treasures scattered. In Boston he had studied art as a philosopher, and had also attempted the practice of it. In Japan he was looked upon as an antiquarian, an authority, and

before many years was appointed a Japanese commissioner for research, administration and art education.

THE HERITAGE OF HIROSHIGE: A Glimpse of Japanese Landscape Art. By Dora Amsden, with the assistance of John Stewart Happer. Illustrated with prints from the Happer Collection. 8vo. (San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.) \$2.25 net.

Hiroshige has been termed the greatest interpreter of nature in all her moods, and through his master art his message appeals directly to the Occident as to the Orient. No translation is needed to appreciate his beautiful color prints,

for he here speaks a universal tongue. In Mrs. Amsden's charming volume there is a general survey of Japanese art which deals successively with its earliest expressions, the emergence of the rival schools of Tosa and Kano, and with the influence that led to color printing. This is followed by a consideration of the work of the great master, Hiroshige, and (with the collaboration of Mr. J. S. Happer, the well-known English connoisseur and collector of Japanese prints) by the presentation of an interesting contribution to our knowledge concerning one of the most distinctive artists of Japan—namely, the seal-dating of the Hiroshige prints by cycle-ciphers discovered by Mr. Happer and confirmed by the connoisseurs.



"Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art," F. A. Stokes & Co.  
THE WATERFALL OF YORO BY HOKUSAI



## Some Recent Books

The illustrations in the present volume are exquisite reproductions of rare prints belonging to the Happer and Amsden collections and are typical examples of the versatile master's art. An appendix contains facsimiles of Hiroshige signatures, seals and marks (including the cipher characters referred to in the text), facsimiles of other artists' signatures and a bibliography of important books dealing with the subject of Japanese art.

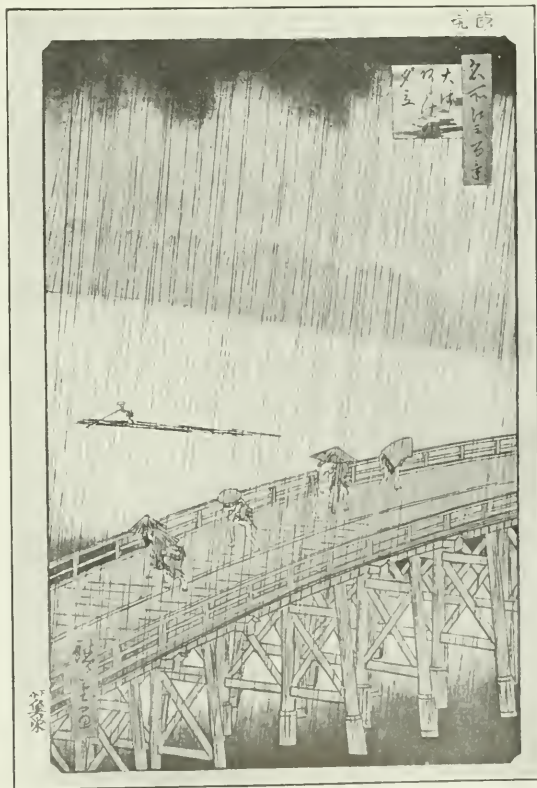
The typographical scheme is striking and most attractive and, together with the unique but tasteful binding, produces a characteristic effect quite appropriate to the subject.

**HARRIET HOSMER: Letters and Memories.** Edited by Cornelia Carr. With thirty-one illustrations. 8vo. 386 pages. (New York: Moffatt, Yard & Company.) \$3.00 net.

This volume consists of a collection of papers arranged in such manner as to show how an earnest and courageous young artist was led to honor and success.

Miss Hosmer was an American sculptress, well known in Rome, where she lived a great many years. She was a friend of the Brownings, William Wetmore Story, John Gibson and many others of their standing. From her letters an outline of her busy and happy career will be gleaned. To no one did she write so freely and consecutively of her work and her life abroad as to her early friend, Mr. Wayman Crow, to whom the majority of the letters in this present volume are addressed. A few others, to and from friends, have been added by way of giving a little more fully the story of a life that never seemed so vivid after she lost the sympathy, almost the inspiration, of him she called "The Pater." In these letters to him she quotes words of praise and cheer which were given to her, not from any motive of vanity, but with the desire of justifying his belief in her power of achievement. The

merry joke and the familiar doggerel which were characteristic of her have been left unpruned from these letters, for badinage and rhyme entered so freely into her conversation that it seems only natural they should form a part of her writings. Prominence is given to Old World hosts, hostesses and homes, because much of her time was passed among them, not only in enjoying the cordial hospitality of the owners, but in studying their matchless treasures of art. Forsaking Italy, with its changing life and scene, she spent the later years of her life partly in England and partly in America. She was never idle. Her busy brain was unceasingly at work on favorite designs. The end came unexpectedly. After a brief illness, with mind undimmed, on the 21st of February, 1908, she passed into the Higher Life.



"Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art." F. A. S. Iker & Co.  
BRIDGE IN RAIN

BY HIROSHIGE



*"The Heritage of Hiroshige"*  
Paul Elder & Company



*"The Heritage of Hiroshige"*  
Paul Elder & Company

## *In the Galleries*

### IN THE GALLERIES BY GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

ART dealers see in the people, and particularly in the picture buying part of the people, a flurry of excitement, fostered by uncertainty, which will keep them from the galleries until the presidential election shall have been decided. They predict, in fact, no art moves of importance until the new year.

The schedule of sales at the American Art Galleries, for example, at the present writing, has not even been made out. Meanwhile the old entrance to the galleries is to be converted into a flower stand possibly, and a new entrance which cuts into the old Hotel Bartholdi is under the process of construction. It is to be of marble. The upper galleries are to be reached now by elevators. The preserves of the old hotel, as in the instance of the entrance, have yielded an additional gallery. This will be used, exclusively, for the display and sale of books, prints and manuscripts.

The first sign of activity in these galleries will come in December with the exhibition of the work of Scandinavian painters arranged by Mr. Christian Brinton. This show, like the one of the American Painters and



*Courtesy of The Ehrich Galleries*

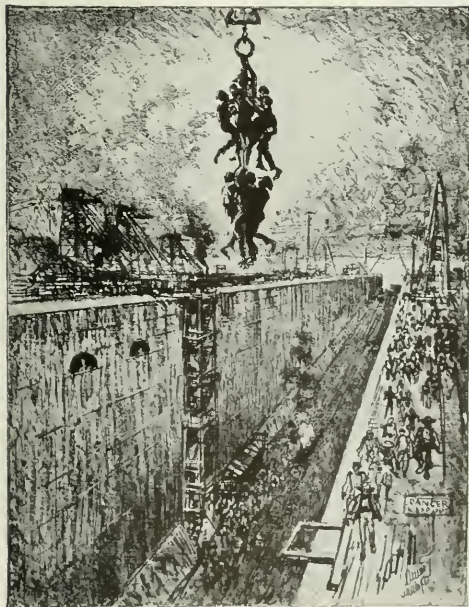
ONE OF TWO  
PANELS

BY THE MASTER OF  
FRANKFORT

Sculptors Society to be held in the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory in February, promises to be one of the events of the season, which will be officially opened, as is the custom, with the exhibition of the New York Water Color Club.

Elsewhere the signs of awakening are becoming more pronounced. All the steamers now arriving unload a special shipment of old masters and antiques. The Custom Stores are crowded to their capacity. Dealers, as usual at this time of year, are lamenting conditions which make delay of the arrival of pictures in their galleries inevitable. Some say that the amount of art importations has broken all records since the removal of duty on old works of art.

Lithographs and etchings of the Panama Canal, by Joseph Pennell, were shown at Keppel's from September 19th to October 12th. The biographer of Whistler has written an introduction to the catalogue



*Courtesy of "The Print-Collector's Quarterly"*

THE END OF THE DAY  
GATUN LOCK

BY JOSEPH PENNELL



Courtesy of The Macbeth Gallery  
THE SONG

BY CHARLES W. HAWTHORNE

of it in which he describes his trip to the Isthmus and gives hints that should help to an intimate understanding of its fruits.

Mr. Pennell's pencil is tremendously able, there are few, if any, subtle intricacies that may make it falter. In every detail his prints have conclusive logic and, considering the amount of information they record, are handled with amazing simplicity. He has the architect's perception and the draughtsman's infallible accuracy.

THE Macbeth Gallery will open November 5th with an exhibition of the work of Ballard Williams, who more than many of our painters knows the value of consistency. This show will be followed in the same gallery, on November 10th, by a gathering of thirty pictures of western scenes representing the work of, among others, De Witt Parshall, Eliot Daingerfield, Thomas Moran and Potthast.

A COLLECTION of etchings by Frank Brangwyn, in it many of recent date, will be shown until November 2d at the Kraushaar Gallery. It includes the *Cannon Street Railway Bridge*, the

well known *Old Hammer-smith*, *The Mosque at Constantinople*, and *The Monument*. Brangwyn's statements have perhaps an excess of force. The darks a shade too dark, the lights a little too light. He shouts sometimes, as in the *Mosque* plate, when he might be expected to whisper. His sense of the dramatic is tremendous and of the decorative irreprouchable. Mr. Kraushaar has brought over from Europe, recently, Fantin Latour's *Queen of Night* and his *Chess Players*. Both are delightful. The latter had been in the possession of the gifted Frenchman's wife since his death. It has never before been publicly shown.

MR. N. E. MONTROSS opened his galleries to the public October 10th with

an exhibition of the work of the Camera Men. This is followed by the Bahr collection of Chinese antiquities.

DUTCH, Flemish, Spanish and Italian primitives are to be seen at the Kleinberger establishment. The main gallery contains Van Goyen's *The Old Chateau*, a masterpiece in subdued color; Van Dyck's *Donna Polyxena Espinola* and the *Woman Taken in Adultery*, by Rubens.

THERON R. BLAKESLEE has acquired from Charles Wertheimer, of London, a very wonderful full length portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is of Lady Anne Stanhope who was married to Sir William Stanhope, the second son of the third Earl of Chesterfield who so strenuously upheld the might of good manners. The portrait was painted in 1765-66. The Earl of Mexborough owned it before Wertheimer. It was exhibited at the Grafton Gallery in 1883 and at the Royal Academy, Berlin, in 1908. C. Corbutt, S. W. Reynolds and James Watson, in 1767, have engraved it.

The Lady, wearing a pink gown which falls in



folds of almost classic grace, is shown standing beside a table on which are a kneeling Venus and the head of a boy in marble. Books and portfolios are strewn incongruously at her feet. Her left hand holds a green scroll, her right a pencil. The waist is encircled by a blue green sash. All of the great Englishman's refined and romantic color are here; his idealistic version of reality; his love of the decorative and the dignified.

A PAIR of companion pictures by the Master of Frankfort are among the prizes brought over from the other side of the water, for the coming season, at the Ehrich Gallery.

THE purchase, by Moulton & Ricketts, of the American interests of Arthur Tooth & Sons, is one of the important business changes of the season in New York. The house of Moulton & Ricketts, for thirty years identified with the art development of the Middle West, has, during this period conducted its present establishment in Chicago, the present location being 73 East Van Buren Street. The influence and the clientele, however, has extended to most of the important centers of the West. Some five years ago the firm erected in Milwaukee a building of its own, one of the most beautiful and complete of the kind in the country, and one year ago, to accommodate its rapidly increasing eastern business, opened attractive galleries at 12 West 45th Street, New York.

The New York galleries of Moulton & Ricketts have now been transferred to the premises previously occupied by Arthur Tooth & Sons at



*Courtesy of Theron R. Blakeslee*

LADY ANNE STANHOPE

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

537 Fifth Avenue and will be in charge of Mr. Arthur B. Hughes, who for a number of years was connected with that firm.

While Arthur Tooth & Sons nominally retire, after a long business career in the United States, their influence will in nowise be withdrawn from this country, inasmuch as there will exist close working relations between the two firms.

Mr. R. R. Ricketts, who is the active head of



## *In the Galleries*

the firm of Moulton & Ricketts, has long been identified with the art business of this country, and Messrs. Tooth & Sons have recognized his attainments and integrity in placing in his hands the future of what has been a long and honorable business career.

Moulton & Ricketts will in the future continue to pay particular attention to exploitation of American art, the masters of Europe past and present will also be represented by the best obtainable examples. Mr. Ricketts has been instrumental in adding many important old world masterpieces to American collections, and under the present regime the European facilities of the firm will be greatly increased.

The business organization of Arthur Tooth & Sons will be retained intact by Moulton & Ricketts, including Mr. Herbert C. Labey and

Mr. A. C. Edwards, both of whom are well and favorably known in art circles.

THE recognition of public desire to view that which has been accomplished by those workers in America who have chosen photography as their medium of art expression, has induced the Montross Art Galleries to assemble an exhibition at their galleries, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York City, from October 10 to 31, inclusive.

The exhibition will afford an opportunity for seeing in New York City a collection of photographic prints by such workers of international distinction as William B. Dyer, Dr. Arnold Genthe, Mrs. Gertrude Kaesebier, George H. Seeley and A. Thibaudau, together with those who, though less known to the public, have contributed distinguishing work.



*Courtesy of C. W. Kraushaar*

THE CRUCIFIXION

BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.





"MATINS ON CHRISTMAS DAY."  
FROM THE PAINTING BY ANDERS ZORN.

# The INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

VOL. XLVIII. No. 190

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DECEMBER, 1912

GARI MELCHERS—PAINTER  
BY J. NILSEN LAURVIK

OF THE relatively few contemporary American painters whose work is known abroad none has won greater honors than Gari Melchers, whose canvases are vital contributions to that refreshing naturalism which swept out and forever disestablished the old studio conventions.

Born in America of foreign parents, this alien note in his make-up has been further fostered by the training received in French and German schools, until today Gari Melchers expresses in a high degree that cosmopolitanism which is one of the characteristic marks of the modern American. And yet there is something about his work that savors as strongly of Germany as of America. The one seems to have confirmed and complemented the other, producing a rugged naturalism, tempered and revived by latter-day French art, whose teachings he has absorbed and made his own in a manner convincingly personal. This has been accomplished without any straining after effect, without any attempt to shock or startle the casual eye of the world by tricks of technique or eccentricities of style.

His work is distinguished by a straightforward frankness that abhors the pretty banalities of the conventional studio picture, and though a deft and quick workman he is not cursed with that ready facility which turns out a masterpiece every morning before breakfast. A seeker after character, he can be as deliberate as an old master and no one deplores the haste and hurry of America more than he. Few have a more deep-rooted regard for their art than he, and no consideration of expediency can swerve him in the pursuit of his one ambition—the creation of a good work of art.

Every canvas from his sincere brush is an affirmation of his dictum, pronounced some years ago, that: "Nothing counts in this world with the painter but a good picture; and no matter how

good a one you do, you have only to go to the galleries to see how many better ones have been done." In this spirit of never-flagging endeavor have come into being some of the most virile and stimulating pictures produced by an American-born painter.

His themes are unaffectedly simple—goat-herds, shepherdesses, the clear-eyed peasantry and the wind-blown sailors of Holland. Although he has made occasional excursions into other fields, he has never wholly forsaken the scenes of his earliest inspiration. Year after year he is drawn back to the little studio at Egmond-aan-Zee, where the homely picturesqueness of the natives still furnishes him with subject matter, as in the days back in 1886, where he made his real debut with *The Sermon*, in which is truthfully depicted an episode out of contemporary Dutch life.

The exhibition of this picture in the Salon of the year marks the advent of the real man, who was to develop into the personality we know today. Although he had made his initial entrance into the world of art some four years earlier with a picture called *The Letter*, which was followed the next year with two pictures entitled *A Woman of Altdina* and *Pater Noster*, both well hung and well received, it was not until the appearance of *The Sermon* that his art created a distinct impression. During the two or three intervening years he had been occupied with various tentative experiments that resulted in nothing notable.

He did not altogether "find himself" until that summer in 1884 when he made a casual visit to Holland after a brief visit to his home in America. The discovery of these simple, unspoiled people put him on the track of his own esthetic evolution and from that moment dates his life as a productive artist. Here he found something that aroused slumbering traits of character, quite as unsuspected by himself as by his colleagues and fellow-pupils, among whom were Kampf, Vogel and Hans Hermann.

## Gari Melchers—Painter



Copyright, 1907, by The Detroit Publishing Co.  
Ann Mary Brown Memorial Collection

BRABACCONNE

BY GARI MELCHERS

The picture that was to mark this mile post in his career represented the bleak interior of a little Lutheran church, filled with its worshippers, intently listening to the sermon being delivered by the preacher, who is not visible. The women are shown sitting apart in the body of the church, while the men are seated along in the high-backed

blue benches against a whitewashed wall that accentuates the stark austerity of this bare interior, as well as the grim immobility of the worshippers.

While it is not a profound psychological study of facial expression it none the less reveals a depth and sincerity of observation that is quite unusual in the first pictures of a *nouveau*. It is remarkable chiefly for its great simplicity, its good draughtsmanship and its naturalistic, unhackneyed treatment of a chapter out of the inner life of the people. However, the fact of his having been drawn to this simple, unaffected life is in itself noteworthy and significant of the man's inherent simplicity of character, to which he has remained true from the moment he found himself. This canvas won him an honorable mention.

It was quickly followed by *The Communion* and *The Pilots*, which, together with *The Sermon*, were awarded one of the two medals of honor given in the American section of fine arts in the International Exhibition of 1880. This honor he shared with Sargent, to whom the other medal was awarded. These pictures were painted with an almost brutal directness that conveyed a strong impression of elemental life.

The people in these canvases are no anemic abstractions; they have the maximum number of red corpuscles in their even-flowing blood. They are distinguished by a sane forthrightness of outlook and execution that holds on to the real and lets the sentimental go. To me these pictures constitute a truer interpretation of the every-day, actual life of Holland than anything done by Israëls, whose representations of Dutch life are slurred over with a romantic and poetic glamour such as never was on dune or sea.

I recall vividly the strong impression of actuality made upon me by Melchers' paintings when I first saw them after several years' sojourn in Flanders. And I remember how, in the first flush of enthusiasm, I hailed him as a new Dutch painter who had succeeded at last in interpreting the spirit as well as the outward aspect of his people. These peasants were painted with a genuine appreciation of their life and its narrow round of interests.

The name as well as the point of view revealed in these canvases led me to the easy conclusion that this must surely be the work of a Dutchman, nor was I set straight by the Americans whom I then knew; none of them seemed to be aware of the fact that he was a compatriot; all regarded him at that time as either Dutch or German, and I





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Hugo Reisinger Collection

THE SISTERS  
BY GARI MELCHERS

## Gari Melchers—Painter

have since learned that this ignorance of his nativity persisted for many years. It is only quite recently that any very large number of the more cultivated citizens of Detroit have come to realize that in Gari Melchers they possess an artist no less renowned beyond the confines of his own country than the illustrious connoisseur, Mr. Freer. All of which is highly indicative of the reticent, modest personality of this man who, at the age of fifty, has received about every honor that is of any consequence in the world of art.

His career is one of those singular instances of good work getting its prompt reward without the aid of advertising. There has been a total absence of reclame, and all the noise and bluster that even a Whistler found necessary to the proper exploitation of his art has been as foreign to Gari Melchers as he himself has been to his own countrymen, who did not awaken to the fact that he was an American until long after he had won an international reputation. To me this is not the least of his charms, as a man or as an artist.

The record of his life is almost monotonous in its uneventful placidity. At the start he met with none of the usual parental objections, nor did he have to endure a long, weary novitiate, and when at the age of twenty-two he sent in his first canvas for the inspection of the jury made up of his

seniors he was cordially received. His student years were passed in Dusseldorf and in Paris, where he worked with unremitting ardor under Boulanger and Lefebvre. In Dusseldorf he studied under Von Gebhardt without becoming a Dusseldwarf, if I may coin a word to express the myopic point of view of the exponents of that school.

From the very beginning of his career he has gone his own way, undisturbed by fads and fashions in art. Neither a reactionary nor a revolutionary, he has remained unmoved by the clever precociousness of the age, content in the belief that the really fine things in art are so by virtue of kindred attributes expressing themselves in much the same manner in diverse individuals. Thus his art is related to the past by strong bonds of sympathy as well as practice, while remaining essentially modern in outlook and treatment. His *Portrait of a Gentleman* has something of the dignity and simplicity of design and treatment of a Velasquez, while in the decorative portrait of Mrs. Melchers is expressed in terms of today the flavor of the best achieved by his predecessors. This combination of modernity with a sincere regard for the established achievements of the past is what gives to the work of Gari Melchers its abiding value.



THE COMMUNION

BY GARI MELCHERS



THE MORNING ROOM  
BY GARI MELCHERS



*Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

THE MADONNA  
BY GARI MELCHERS



*Copyright by Gari Melchers  
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MOTHER AND CHILD  
BY GARI MELCHERS



## The Late Francis Davis Millet



MAIL COACH ON THE PLAINS  
THE CLEVELAND POST-OFFICE

BY FRANCIS D. MILLET

### THE LATE FRANCIS DAVIS MILLET—NOTES ON THE DECORATIVE PANELS IN THE CLEVELAND POST OFFICE BY C. MATLACK PRICE

It is difficult to write of the art of the late Francis D. Millet in terms disassociated from his personality, for great as was his art, those who knew him—and there are many—speak first of the man. And perhaps it is the greater tribute.

It has recently become the vogue to decry and discount the utterance of laudatory remarks upon recently deceased celebrities. "*De mortui nihil nisi bonum*" seems to find little favor with latter-day critics, but in the present case, either in Millet's public or in his private life, any detractor must stand self-convicted of stupidity, or ignorance, or both. For Millet's life was one of noble actions and high ideals, and his heroic death, among the victims of the ill-fated *S. S. Titanic*, was a closing chapter as fit as it was untimely.

Of New England birth, in the year 1846, Millet completed a brilliant career at Harvard, graduating with the class of 1869. At this period it seemed a question whether the brush or the pencil would claim his ultimate activities, for he attained a skillful finish in the writing of fiction. As a linguist he distinguished himself by writing a translation of Tolstoi's *Sebastapol*. In 1877 he acted as a war correspondent in the Russo-Turkish War of that year, when the Czar had occasion to decorate him for signal bravery on the battlefield, and some years later Millet was again heard from at the front as a war correspond-

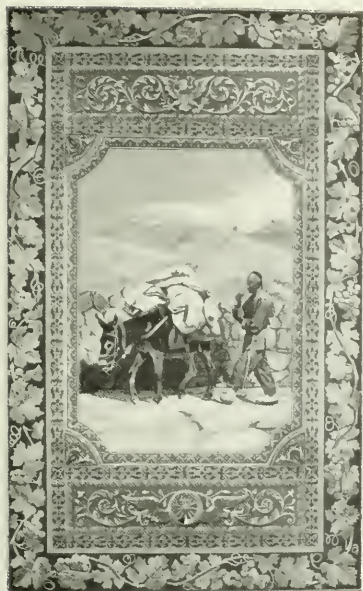
ent to the *London Times* in the Philippines. His more pacific activities and interests were legion, for he became generally known as everyone's friend—an active and sympathetic counselor, and a man who never shirked any obligation, real or fancied, public or private. His interest, sympathy and insight endeared him to everyone with whom he had occasion to work, and he was never weighed and found wanting. On the art committee of New York, and on that of Washington, he was an active member, and felt it his duty never to miss a meeting if he could possibly attend it. Among other similar activities we find him to have been a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the incorporator and secretary of the American Academy of Art in Rome, and the organizer of the National Federation of Art for the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Nor did he consider any of these offices nominal. He made his personality and ambitions one with the work which he entered upon, and was not only an officer or member of these and many other organizations, but an active worker in their interests.

Apart from these activities, which might be classed as associated with his work, we find that he even had time to take a very keen and practical interest in a tubercular hospital founded by his brother.

An interesting incident is told which illustrates his ever-ready interest in attending to matters of any kind which had long escaped attention because they were "nobody's business."

Mr. Arnold W. Brunner, the architect, Mr. Millet and a United States senator were lunching to-

## *The Late Francis Davis Millet*



CARRYING MAIL IN  
NORTH CHINA  
THE CLEVELAND POST-OFFICE

BY F. D. MILLET

gether in Washington. The senator, knowing Mr. Millet's nature and peculiar capacity, casually mentioned the fact that on a certain part of a certain street there was a little oak tree, struggling to grow under the overshadowing branches of a larger tree. If it were moved, or if the shadowing branches above it were moved, it might grow into a splendid tree. Probably it was some one's business to give this little tree a chance, but it was neglected. Millet's note-book came out, the exact locality of the two trees was put down, and Millet said, "I'll attend to that." It was attended to. And so, wherever he went, with whomever he came in contact, no duty or obligation was too small or apparently inconsequential for his most earnest attention—wherein is the reason that he became known as "everybody's friend." "His work was pleasure, and his play was work . . . He made it his business to get the best out of everything."

In his art that same capacity and love for detail, for the "tremendous trifles" that characterized his daily actions, brought results in his painting. He was like the late Edwin A. Abbey in his

accuracy in the costumes and other accessories in his pictures, and no detail was too small for his most careful and conscientious study.

This is readily illustrated in his painting, *Between Two Fires*, which is still a picture of wide popularity, and one probably better remembered and by more people than any other example of his work as a painter. It showed a dour and grim-visaged Puritan, seated on a wooden bench before a table, while two unquestionably comely and pleasing lasses, standing one on either side, are obviously twitting him on his unsociability. The delineation and expression of thinly concealed irritability on his part and trivial badinage on the girls' part is consummately rendered, while the



THE POSTMAN IN ENGLAND  
THE CLEVELAND POST-OFFICE

BY F. D. MILLET

## The Late Francis Davis Millet

whole picture rings true by reason of the perfect accuracy of every smallest detail of architecture, furniture and costume.

Although Millet's signature appears on many easel pictures, it is hard to say whether he is better known through this or through his mural painting. He acted as superintendent of the decorations of the World's Fair in Chicago in 1892-93, and those who visited the buildings will remember his charming lunettes in the loggia of the Liberal Arts Building, and the decoration of the ceiling of the New York State Building.

In the Baltimore Customs House Millet painted a series of decorative panels of various types of ships, and in the new post-office in Cleveland he decorated the post-master's official suite with a remarkable series of paintings illustrative of the many vehicles for mail distribution over all the world. One is fortunate in being able to illustrate a number of these panels, of which an analysis will only bring out more forcibly the truth of the statement that Millet was a lover of detail and exacting in his accuracy.

The last work which he had in hand, and which was lost forever in the sinking of the *S. S. Titanic*, consisted of a complete set of working sketches for the decoration of the New Bedford Public Library—a set of panels illustrative of the history and development of the whale-fishery industry, native and characteristic of the town.

In the panels decorating the Cleveland post office Millet went into many conferences with the architect, Arnold W. Brunner, for the purpose of evolving compositions which would best conform with the design of the rooms. Here his capacity for detail appeared in his conscientious study of the design of the ornamental borders enfaming the various panels, while it found its fullest expression in the paintings themselves.



THE ARABIAN MAIL CARRIER  
THE CLEVELAND POST-OFFICE

BY F. D. MILLET

His intention, in which he succeeded, was to leave for posterity a series of strictly accurate historic documents rather than a collection of vague symbols. The express train, carrying fast mail, is not merely a picture of a train—it is a picture, one might almost say a *portrait*, of the famous "Twentieth Century Limited."

In England the scene is laid in Stratford-on-Avon, with Shakespeare's house in the background. The postman is unlocking a "pillar-box," to take the mail. He could be mistaken for no one but an English post-man, and the portion of his bicycle which shows in the picture is an English bicycle, accurate in every detail. The French *facteur* is no less characteristic, and in the same group are shown the Norwegian mail cart and the Belgian "post-girl."

It was to the more picturesque methods of letter carrying that Millet would seem to have desired to devote the larger panels—such as the weather-beaten mail coach of the early days of

## *The Late Francis Davis Millet*

our Western plains. Drawn by six wiry horses, trotting in a white cloud of alkali dust, it pursues its perilous way, guarded by a plainsman, sitting at *porte armes* on a seat above the driver. Nor would the painter have shown an imaginary stage-coach.

One may be safely assured that this is a faithful representation of some actual relic of the days when Pacific coast mail took this picturesque and danger-fraught route across the plains.

In Arabia the shambling camel swings over the burning sands, guided by a white-robed native perched on his oddly fashioned saddle, behind which is slung the parcel containing the letters. In North China the carrier, peacefully drawing at a pipe, as accords with his placid race, trudges along afoot, behind his mail-laden donkey, and in the background the great wall of China may be seen girdling the distant hills. In West Africa the slow and lumbering bullock, and in Alaska the dog team—to each country its every peculiarity of method, costume and scenery. The Alaskan panel is one of the finest of the series, the five pair of “huskies,” tailing out on their long harness, being a splendid piece of animal painting. The immense amount of careful research required for the conscientious painting of this series can only be imagined. We look at a picture such as the dog team, and we know that it is a dog team. If it were not before us, and we were required to make an accurate drawing of the exact sort of harness used for the dogs, we might begin to realize, in part, the gleanings from the four quarters of the globe that went into Millet’s great “letter-carrying” series in the postmaster’s suite in the Cleveland post-office.

From his wide travels, his keen observation and brilliant mind, Millet was recognized as a competent and weighty critic of painting, architecture and sculpture, and his sympathetic and ever alert nature made him always ready to offer his services in this capacity whenever any of his many friends called upon him to do so.

During the later years of his life he traveled and lived much abroad, becoming “a citizen of the world,” equally at home in London, Rome, Vienna or back in New York or Washington—and welcome anywhere.

He lived for several years in the quaint little English village of Broadway—a picturesque hamlet of a single street. The inn, the smithy, the little shops, a few cottages and the church made up the entire place—and an ancient priory, where Millet lived and worked. It was a place replete with history and romance, and the painter must have been very happy beneath its venerable roof, or working out in the wonderful old rose-garden behind it. He loved every stone of the house, and the local legends surrounding it were equaled only by those which he chose to weave around it after his own fancy.

There have been few painters, perhaps, in whom art has been so inseparable from their daily life. It is impossible to speak of Millet’s work, as any of those who know him will attest, without thinking of Millet.

And as I have said before, perhaps such a feeling is the highest tribute that can be paid to an artist—to go down to posterity not only as a painter of pictures, but as a man, in the words of Stevenson, “loyal and loving, down to the gates of death.”



LETTER-CARRYING BY DOG TEAM IN ALASKA  
THE CLEVELAND POST-OFFICE

BY FRANCIS D. MILLET



## *The Gothic Window in the Lawyers' Club of New York City*

### THE GOTHIC WINDOW IN THE LAWYERS' CLUB OF NEW YORK CITY BY G. LELAND HUNTER

OF THIS window the architect of the building and of the club, Francis H. Kimball, said: "If it had been made in the fifteenth century the people would have bowed down and worshipped it." For Mr. Kimball's admiration there is every reason. The window is appropriate in plan and design and texture to the position that it occupies, and invites comparison with the famous ancient windows in European cathedrals.

Wonderfully does the window tell the story of the law—of its growth and development during the ages, until Roman law and English law—the laws of Assyria, Egypt, the Roman Republic, the Roman Empire, the Laws of the Saxons, the Danes, the Normans—became merged in modern American Law. It is no mere picture window vaguely suggesting some ancient allegory or sacred scene. It is a storied window that reflects great credit on Mr. Guthrie's historical researches, and that is saturated with lore without pedantry.

The captions freely used in the ancient fashion to describe the different scenes make it easy to read the meaning of the window. And from the decorative point of view the captions have been designed and placed most happily. They are quite as essential parts of the composition as the leads and mullions.

The main divisions of the window are three—the tracery section at the top and two picture sections below. Each picture section is divided into seven panels—two groups of three with a single panel between.

In the tracery at the top of the window the divine law, that is above all human law, is symbolized by the Mosaic tables of stone, bearing the Ten Commandments. To the right and left of these two female figures, one bearing the fasces, the old Roman sign of magisterial authority, the other the scourge that was carried ceremonially by Egyptian monarchs.

The picture panel in the center of the window is occupied by a conventional tree, bearing several shields. The largest of these, supported by a lawyer in green and by an archbishop in ecclesiastical costume, pictures the latest development of the law, and carries the arms of the United States of America. Below this are the arms of Winchester, capital of England under King Alfred, and Canterbury, the see of Lanfranc, William the

Conqueror's Italian jurist, who founded the school in the Abbey of Bec and introduced the Roman law to the Normans. The other four shields are those of English barons—the Earl of Hereford, Simon de Montford, Robert Fitzwalter, Deburgh, Earl of Kent—leaders in the struggle that won Magna Charta from King John.

The middle picture panel in the lower row of seven shows a full-rigged ancient ship with *Mayflower* on a streamer floating from the masthead. Under the Pilgrims' ship, a figure of justice blindfolded with sword and scales, standing with mail-covered feet upon the Temple of Justice.

The upper group of three panels on the left pictures Roman law, with Justinian as the central figure. These panels are enclosed in a frame of Byzantine character. The details of the picture are drawn from the mosaics at Ravenna, the coins of Justinian and a painted ivory in the British Museum. The Emperor Justinian, in robe of white and gold, with touches of pure green and purple in the embroidery, is seated on a throne of curious design, in his right hand an open scroll, in his left a basket symbolic of the right of taxation. On Justinian's left is Maximian, his chief adviser. On his right, robed in dark green, the learned jurist, Tribonian, under whom the Roman laws were codified. Beside him, in purple robe and jeweled armor, Belisarius, the victorious general of many campaigns. Behind him shows the head of the historian, Procopius. On Justinian's left, next to Maximian, John of Cappadocia, finance minister and pretorian prefect.

The bases of these three picture panels are three small scenes, illustrating details of Roman law: (1) Usufruct, by Justinian standing between the owner seated on the steps of his house and the holder of the right of usufruct, who is plucking the fruit of the orchard. (2) Marriage, by Justinian standing between a man and a woman, holding a hand of each. (3) Personal liberty, by Justinian protecting a young man in his rights.

The lower group of three picture panels on the left shows the origins of Roman law—the laws of the Assyrians, of the Egyptians and of the Roman Republic.

Equally interesting is the upper group of three panels on the right, picturing English law, with William the Conqueror as the central figure. The lower group pictures the origins of the English law—the laws of the Saxons, the Danes and the Normans.

The window is a liberal education in the history of the law, as well as an inspiring work of art.





THE WINDOW IN THE LAWYERS' CLUB  
FRANCIS H. KIMBALL, ARCHITECT  
PLANNED BY HENRY J. DAVISON  
DESIGNED BY J. GORDON GUTHRIE

## *Exhibition of the Society of Illustrators*



AN ILLUSTRATION

BY HANSON BOOTH

### THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS BY GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

WITH the Third Special Exhibition of the Society of Illustrators, held there in October and November, the National Arts Club has added another notch to the width of its scope. It was, coincidentally, in October and November, 1899, that the first exhibition given by the club took place. That was made up of objects in gold and silver, and included a series of exhibitions in which were represented all the many varied branches of the arts and crafts, painting and sculpture and drawing, modern and ancient, foreign and national.

While the work of American illustrators has been shown here in connection with

the annual "Books of the Year" exhibition there has never been a particular exhibition of illustrations at the club; thus the significance of the present show. There are two hundred and sixty-one numbers in its catalogue. Apart from that movement in illustrating, headed by William Glackens and John Sloan, which numbers among its followers Raleigh, Gruber, Brown, the trend of modern illustrating is very thoroughly exemplified in it.

One may feel there immediately that our illustrators march on abreast of the painters in technical accomplishment. Technical accomplishment is, indeed, the keynote of the show. That is lamentable or not. There are many things that an illustrator should be that a painter must not be. The line of division is similar to the one that comes be-



AN ILLUSTRATION

BY ARTHUR I. KELLAR

## *Exhibition of the Society of Illustrators*



"THE ICONOCLAST" BY J. CLEMENT COLL

and just. Mr. Gibson has been classed as a painter of pretty pictures, and has had, for that reason, a rather scornful finger pointed at him. He deserved neither the scorn nor the classification. If I were to attack him at all I should argue that he drowns artistic and, that is, personal expression in accuracy; that he shows too much fidelity to superficial fact. That is a common fault among our facile portrait painters, who paint shells of people and do not bother to illuminate them with the light from the lamps that keep them alive.

One of our old masters of illustrating—Arthur I. Keller—is here with five contributions so ably executed, so full of technical brilliancy, of learning in the value of accent and contrast, in the animating power of spirited brush work, that one wonders if he might not make dancing compositions without the introduction of solid figures. He has a sense of color, that intuitive feeling for values that

tween the playwright and the actor. One of these holds strings to the despotic tugs, of which the other must answer. The first gets his inspiration from nature, and the second must fashion his impressions after that inspiration.

That is the theoretical significance of illustrating. It is to be battled with in practice and its error proved often as not. Actors have saved plays, just as illustrators have made books. And again the two have run hand in hand very prettily. I am thinking of Dickens and Cruikshank, "Alice in Wonderland" and Sir John Tenniel. Either of these is better for the presence of the other.

Keene and Leach illustrated a time and a people rather than a book about them. That is true of Glackens and Sloan, who, by the way, as painters, along with Robert Henri, Maurice Prendergast, George Luks and Arthur B. Davies were first brought prominently before the public eye (January, 1904), through the agency of the National Arts Club's galleries—and Gibson.

The last is represented here by three characteristic pictures. They are honestly and ably executed. They tell a story of life that is accurate



"THE ICONOCLAST" BY J. CLEMENT COLL



## *Exhibition of the Society of Illustrators*

is essentially a painter quality. He is a good illustrator. This statement holds up a rather tempting bait, for which space, even though the ability were there, is lacking—a discussion on the novels of the day, the sort of novels for which Mr. Kellar is a good illustrator.

Frank Craig displays three of his very well-done works and Louis Fancher a poster for "Sumurun" that is admirable. Locke's "Septimus," as James Montgomery Flagg, too rapidly, has seen him, is near Denman Fink's broadly and simply treated *Mr. Vance*. George Harding shows *A Wreck on Florida Reef*. Lucius Hitchcock is here, as well as the Kinneys, J. A. Williams, F. B. Masters—whom publishers have assigned to an endless series of railroad pictures; Ernest Peixotto, Joseph Pennell, Will Howe Bradley, Wallace Morgan and May Wilson Preston and Reuter Dahl, who belong rather to the independents of illustrating; Schoonover, Harry Townsend, Robert Wildhack and Arthur Young, who is an artist and a proof that publishers do not, as it is the fashion to claim, invariably suppress personal expression. His art is individual and of truly virulent force.

History has shown that a renaissance in a single art is likely to be carried through all of them, and certainly that is true with regard to illustrators and authors—Dickens found a Cruikshank; De Maupassant, Steinlin. The two are inconvertibly linked—for the school of Chambers we have the school of Gibson.

In one corner of the present show are a number of examples of illustrations in color, the majority of them by pupils of the late Howard Pyle, who with Abbey was made the feature of last season's show held at the New York Public Library.

Elsewhere one finds the solid drawings of Will Foster executed with faultless precision; a *Hurricane* and *Laughing Girl*, by W. T. Benda, who sometimes displays a kind of wild force; Hanson Booth's *The Tramp* and a photographic *Comrades*, by Worth Brehm.

With this exhibition at the National Arts Club, that does very successfully round off an effort, one may not help but suggest that here is a kind of modern patronage that may well take the place of that old one so long covered with the dust of disuse. The club aims to "promote the acquaintance of art lovers and art workers, one with the other; to stimulate the artistic sense of the American people; to provide proper exhibition facilities for such spheres of art, especially industrial and applied arts, as shall not be adequately provided for, and to encourage the publication and circulation of news and information relating to the fine arts."

I have before me a list of exhibitions that have graced these galleries since 1899. To show their diversity I shall mention a few: "The Woman's Art Club," "Works by the Society of Mural Painters," "Old and Modern Japanese Prints," "Glass in the Arts," "Artistic and Commercial Posters," "Pictures by Old Masters," "Sculptures by Rodin, Roche and Riviere," "Rugs and Embroideries," "Birds and Beasts in Art," "The Drake Collection of Brasses and Objects in Metal," "Paintings from the Collection of W. T. Evans," "Advertising Art," "Paintings by Louis Mark, of Budapest," "Paintings, Embroideries, Textiles and Tapestries from the Collection of Emerson McMillin," "Jewelry and Precious Stones, Modern, Old and Oriental," "Textiles and Ceramics," and "Color Prints by S. Arlent Edwards."



DRAWING IN TEMPERA FOR A THEATRICAL POSTER

BY LOUIS FANCHER

## The Stevens Series of College Etchings



Original etching by Thomas W. Stevens  
Copyright, 1911, Brown-Robertson Company

THE ARCH BETWEEN THE  
LARGE QUADRANGLE AND  
THE TRIANGLE

UNIVERSITY OF  
PENNSYLVANIA

### THE STEVENS SERIES OF COL- LEGE ETCHINGS BY ALDEN NOBLE

ETCHING would seem the most difficult of mediums in which to force an inspiration. One can paint almost anything; an etching ordinarily, and ideally, finds its subject more as a matter of fore-ordination, of predestined harmony between subject and method. One can hardly conceive of a fine etching being made where the artist did not feel that the thing ought to be etched.

When one considers that in the series here discussed the choice of subjects was in a measure prescribed, the achievement becomes the more significant. It is one thing to wander free till your etching, in all its allurements of line or of light and shade, bursts upon the retina; far different, and far more difficult to find, in a restricted territory, a scene which shall not only reflect its own essential character but also be susceptible of being made into a good etching. This was the problem which Thomas Wood Stevens and Helen B. Stevens approached, and which in the main they have solved in a thoroughly satisfactory manner.

There are in all twelve American colleges or universities in the present series, and proofs of all but a few of the etchings are here reproduced.

The entire list comprises Harvard, Wellesley, Smith, Yale, Vassar, West Point, Columbia, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Bryn Mawr, Virginia and Chicago. It does not lie within the scope of this article to do more than touch lightly the most interesting features of this unusual set of prints, most of which have appeared in full in the pages of the *Century Magazine*.

Nowhere perhaps is better found the wedding of subject and essence than in the Yale plate, which shows one of the old, characteristic buildings, "South Middle," with an interesting arrangement of overhanging foliage in the immediate foreground, with a splendidly done sunlit tree standing forth against the old brick wall. Aside from the technical interest this plate succeeds perhaps better than any of the others in conveying atmosphere, the atmosphere of its environment.

In the Harvard plate also the scene has been chosen in such a way as to preserve the idea of the campus in its most characteristic guise. Here appear two of the things which must remain in the memory of all who ever walked over these grounds, the great tree in the foreground and, a little farther back, a fair-scrrolled iron gateway.

A very interesting plate, wherein however the subject forced upon the artist an arrangement which he would not otherwise have chosen, is that showing the Library of the University of



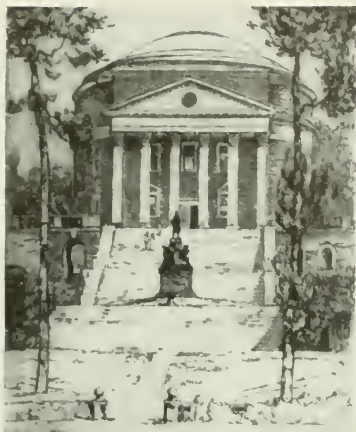
Original etching by Thomas W. Stevens  
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BLAIR  
ARCH

PRINCETON  
UNIVERSITY



## *The Stevens Series of College Etchings*



*Original etching by Thomas W. Stevens  
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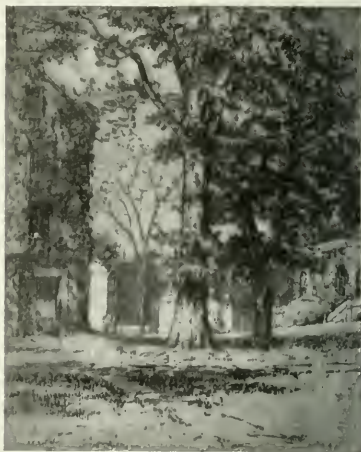
THE LIBRARY, WITH STATUE  
OF JEFFERSON UNIVERSITY OF  
VIRGINIA

Virginia at Charlottesville. This library building, which is historically significant from having been built under the direction of Thomas Jefferson, is a half-size model of the Pantheon at Rome.

Blair Arch confronts the traveler to Princeton as soon as he leaves the train and turns toward

the University. No more imposing aspect could possibly have been chosen, and of it has been made a plate which for richness of color and of handling is not surpassed by any in the set. The massive architecture of the twin towers, the solid, clean dignity of the masonry face of the wall, contrast magnificently with the rich and heavy shadow under the arch itself; altogether, an impressive arrangement handled in precisely the proper manner.

Whether it be that the idea adds an extra touch of romance to the two colleges for women,



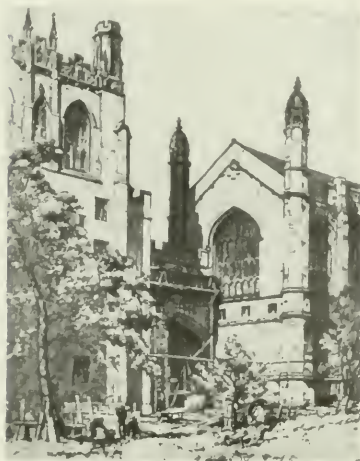
*Original etching by Thomas W. Stevens  
Copyright, 1911, Brown-Robertson Company*

THE YARD, SHOWING JOHNSTON GATE BETWEEN  
HARVARD AND MASSACHUSETTS HALLS

Wellesley and Bryn Mawr, which plates are here shown, or whether these college grounds owe their attractiveness to the spaciousness of these demesnes and the decorative character of the buildings, matters little.

At Bryn Mawr, the library cloister arch; showing, across a sunny interspace, the turret and low arches of the main building itself. In the center of the open yard a fountain splashes. Here there is no effort, no straining for poetic touch, yet the whole conveys somehow a sense of old-world quietness and peace, with an air that blows straight from the cloister whence these arches sprang.

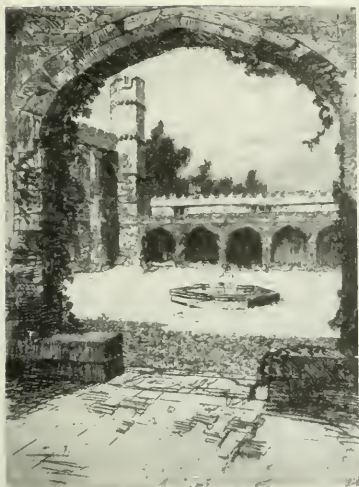
Technically, this plate is among the most admirable; the light and shade, the mellow pavement, the sunny midspace, and the dark but



*Original etching by Thomas W. Stevens  
Copyright, 1911, Brown-Robertson Company*

HARPER MEMORIAL AND  
LAW BUILDING UNIVERSITY OF  
CHICAGO

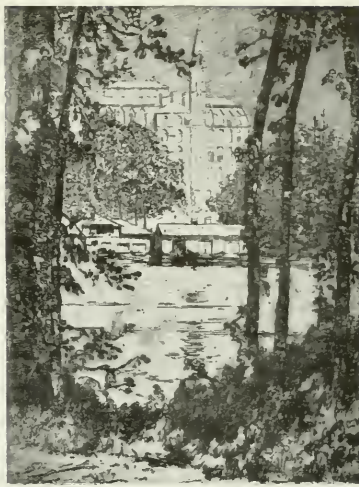
# *The Stevens Series of College Etchings*



*Original etching by Helen B. Stevens*  
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THE LIBRARY FROM  
THE CLOISTER

BRYN-MAWR  
COLLEGE



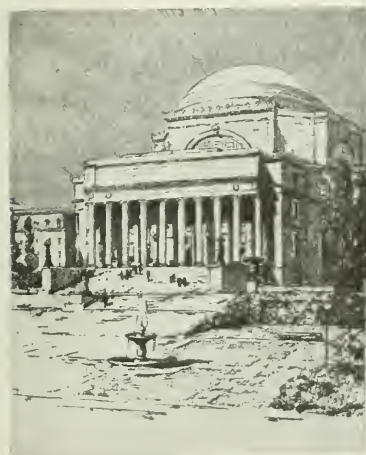
*Original etching by Helen B. Stevens*  
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MAIN BUILDING AND  
BOAT HOUSES  
FROM THE LAKE PATH

WELLESLEY  
COLLEGE

never sinister overhanging arch, combine to give it unusual and appealing quality. It, as well as those of the other three girls' colleges, is the work of Helen B. Stevens; the eight others are by

Thomas Wood Stevens. They have reached an accomplishment in this series of etchings worthy to take rank with any similar series by contemporary workers in this domain of art.



*Original etching by Helen B. Stevens*  
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THE LIBRARY

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY



*Original etching by Thomas W. Stevens*  
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THE OLD CADET BARRACKS  
AND CHAPEL  
FROM ACADEMIC BUILDING

WEST POINT

# BOOK REVIEWS

PRINTS AND THEIR MAKERS. (The Century Company, New York. \$3.50.) Edited by FitzRoy Carrington.

Perhaps there has been no greater influence toward a keen and intelligent appreciation of fine prints in this country than that exerted by the late Frederick Keppel, and this book now put out by Century seems to illustrate that here, at least (to misquote) "the good that men do lives after them." To Mr. Keppel his prints were far more than mere stock-in-trade. He knew nearly all the great etchers and engravers of his time, and held them in warm personal esteem, which his broad appreciation and limitless enthusiasm caused to be no less warmly reciprocated.

Mr. Carrington feels that "Prints and Their Makers" should be considered in the nature of a memorial to Mr. Keppel, with whom he was so long a devoted friend and co-worker. Following the title-page, indeed, is this short and sincere inscription: "To Frederick Keppel, in Memory of a Friendship of Twenty Years, this Book is Dedicated by the Editor."

That much of the material in the book does not make its first appearance therein is by no means detrimental to its value. The subjects which Mr. Carrington has chosen for its contents are of such great intrinsic interest that their previous publication in *The Print-Collectors' Quarterly* is immaterial. Further, inasmuch as back numbers of the *Quarterly* are likely to be very rare within the year, and as that admirable periodical is, unfortunately, not so widely known as it should be, a presentation

of many of the most interesting of its articles in permanent library form, under one binding, should find a warm reception.

The book is rich in material—a variety and interest of subject worthy of the collector to whose memory it is dedicated, and the illustrations have the clean-cut nicety (befitting print reproductions) so noticeable in the *Quarterly*. The contents opens with an article on Dürer's wood cuts by Campbell Dodgson, of the British Museum Print Department, and reckoned as the greatest authority on

this phase of Dürer's art. "Early Italian Engravers" delves in a little-known epoch of the history of engraving, and "Jean Morin" and "Robert Nanteuil" form the subjects of a splendid pair of historical and critical essays on French portrait engraving. Follow "Rembrandt's Landscape Etchings" and "Giovanni Battista Piranesi" (including many reproductions of the famous series of "The Prisons") and there are also reprinted the two articles on the weird nightmare-like etchings of Goya—suggestive of strange ideas, sinister, morose, repellant. A lighter note is struck in "The Etchings of



From "Prints and Their Makers," Century Co.

"AN IDYLL"

BY MARIANITO FORTUNY

Fortuny." The value of the book is greatly enhanced by the republication of the splendid articles on "The Characteristics of Sir Seymour Haden," written by Mr. Keppel himself. "Meryon and Baudelaire," "Félix Bracquemond," "Auguste Lepère," "Herman Webster"—a succession of brilliant articles, ending the collection with the remarkable work of "Anders Zorn," a crescendo finale, indeed, and making up, in all, a book of the greatest value and interest, which, it is to be hoped, may be followed by others of a similar character.



Authoritative literature dealing with prints is rare, the subject is a vastly interesting one, and "Prints and Their Makers" is the kind of a book which will appeal in terms equally strong, even if of a different nature, at once to the connoisseur-collector and the aspiring amateur.

**JOHN LAVERY AND HIS WORK.** By Walter Shaw Sparrow. (Dana Estes & Co., Boston. \$3.50.)

The author has not only introduced himself (and pleasantly) before as one of a facile but trenchant pen, but also as one who seems ever happy in the choice of his subjects. His "Life and Work of Frank Brangwyn" is fresh in our minds from last year.

And in the same manner, if not even more intimately, Mr. Sparrow chronicles and analyzes the work of his brilliant friend, Lavery, with many a personal note that tells us, as in the Brangwyn book, of the man no less than the painter, and follows the same excellent arrangement of contents. And of Brangwyn and Lavery, perhaps the biographer found, in the Irish spontaneity of the latter, a possibility of getting closer to the man behind the painter.

Apart from the interest which surrounds his subjects Mr. Sparrow should become a most popular biographer by reason of the warm generosity and appreciation which he continually shows in his viewpoint, and by the facile and cheerful manner of his writing. He deals not only in facts but in fancies, and when it is realized that the two play equal parts in our lives, it will also come to be realized how many half-biographies we have read. Dates, facts, dates—alternated or thrown at us in solid blocks, with nothing of the man, none of his whims or that lighter side which has so much to do with the vitality of his art. One would be as successful in attempting to paint a picture all in shadows. And with painters, above all other mortals, how can we hope to arrive at an estimate of a man's art when he is so much a part of it (and perhaps the greater part)—if we do not know the man?

John Lavery came prominently into the view of the picture-loving American people in last year's Exhibition of International Art at Pittsburgh, where he showed a group of thirty-six paintings. It is the custom of the exhibition committee each year to devote one of the smaller galleries to a "one-man" show, and last season John Lavery was the painter featured.

Those who were especially impressed with Lavery's art on this occasion will find great inter-



From "John Lavery and His Work," David Estes & Co.

A PORTRAIT

BY JOHN LAVERY

est in the present biography, which is beautifully illustrated with a profusion of the same sort of excellent color plates and heliotype reproduction which made the Brangwyn book so pleasing in this respect.

**RICHARDS: MASTERPIECES OF THE SEA.** By Harrison S. Morris (J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.00.)

Perhaps there have been no painters of the "old school" who attained such wide recognition as the late William T. Richards, and whose work has been less a matter of written chronicle.

In the Corcoran Gallery, at Washington, in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in the Metropolitan Museum of New York City, and in many other important collections, public and private, there are paintings by Richards—paintings as saliently admirable today as they were when they were first hung—and yet not only their painter but the ideals of art which inspired him take little if any part in the tidal wave of impressionism and half-founded "schools" that seems to have nearly swept away the last breakwaters of conservatism.

If the paintings of Richards—landscapes and

## Book Reviews

marines represent any "school," that school is unknown or ignored today by nearly all our painters. "Nature" and "conscientious study"—does a generation of aspirants for tricky "effects" and smart "impressions" think of these in connection with painting? One can almost fancy some of our contemporary exhibitors saying: "Draw? Oh, no, I don't *draw*; I *paint*"—and if they do not say it they think it, even if they realize what a mighty serious and important thing "drawing" was to the men of the old school.

Richards should have been reckoned as the logical successor of Inness and Wyant, excepting that, unlike those two great landscapists, he did not paint by formula. No matter how good the formula may be, it is dangerous and detrimental when it forms the basis of any work of art. Winslow Homer, generally considered one of our greater marine painters, undoubtedly loved the sea, and while he came very near to understanding it, one cannot help feeling that he regarded it more as a stage setting than as subject. It was the background for some rendering of nautical *genre*.

In Mr. Morris' intimate memoir of the life and work of William T. Richards, one could have wished, perhaps, a view of art on the part of the biographer as broad and deep as that of his subject—there are no inaccuracies, but Richards' work was of such import that even the largeness and vitality of his character, which Mr. Morris has shown in the sympathetic light of a warm friendship, must seem almost secondary.

It is true enough that to understand paintings we must understand the painter, and with Richards this was certainly true. Those who knew him only on canvas knew a master painter and missed a never-to-be-forgotten friend. Those who knew him first as a friend, have, perhaps, been prone to overlook his remarkable power as a painter. Free of all studio "patter" and jargon of "tones," "values" and "technique" (though a master of all), many people could not believe that the quiet, genial man could be a really great painter without talking about painting.

Mr. Richards' art was a thing to him too vital to bring into casual conversation—not his *opinion* of his art, but the feeling so nearly akin to humility with which he approached the ever-changing phenomena of nature.

To the very end he was, to himself, still trying to grasp his subject; he never fell back on a "style," or let his painting fall into the fatal rut of self-assured mannerisms or "tricks." And he never felt that he had solved entirely the problems he loved and of whose rendering he was an acknowledged master.

Yet all this Mr. Morris suggests, if he does not actually define it, and his life of William T. Richards must come as a welcome memoir as well to those who knew Mr. Richards in name or in person, as to a younger generation which is in a fair way to accept as landscape and marine painting the canvases of those who now fill the public eye in the galleries.



From "Richards: Masterpieces of the Sea," J. B. Lippincott & Co.

ON THE JERSEY COAST

BY W. T. RICHARDS





CUPID AND PSYCHE

PLATE no. 23. The Bath of Cupid and Psyche, a Louis XIV Gobelin in the set of eight entitled *Sujets de la Fable* after the XVI century designs of Guilio Romano (See chapter VI). It is signed LEFEBVRE (Lefèvre) and is in the French National Collection. The dominant color in both border and panel is rose against which the flesh tones stand out with wonderful clearness and delicacy. Note the double L monogram of Louis XIV in the cartouche of the bottom border.

# TAPESTRIES, THEIR ORIGIN, HISTORY AND RENAISSANCE. By George Leland Hunter.

Reviewed by Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art.

Occasionally a man knows what he believes and believes in what he knows. If this man happens to write a book the truth therein revealed and the decision and clearness with which it is expressed should appeal strongly to the intelligence of persons searching for that which is worth while in this day's wilderness of worthless books. "Tapestries, their Origin, History and Renaissance" is such a book.

At last here is a book about tapestries which is not a dissertation on the technicalities of design and weaving, nor is it wholly a chronological directory of the period growth and decay of this form of art, with a properly arranged index as to

where each set of remains can be found. It is a psychological, geographical, practical and artistic treatise of the subject. It is the cause and effect, the how and the why of tapestries as they are related to man's experiences and to his other forms of art expression. This certainly is a new viewpoint in the history of art production.

Mr. Hunter sees art, first of all, as a quality, the sacred possession of the individual, and he sees this quality as the conscious impulse of man to put into concrete form his best ideals. He sees this conscious impulse, constant in its endeavor to form the spirit or atmosphere of the individual's entire thought. He shows clearly, in this book, many concrete things that even the cultured public needs to hear about tapestries, their interpretation, expression and use. His preface declares that there should be a story interest and a texture interest, that there may be a picture interest in

## Book Reviews

every tapestry piece. He adds to this later the significant fact that these things influence the proper use to which tapestries should be put. This combination of use and esthetic correlation is the ideal viewpoint for the study of any practical art.

In discussing origin he shows, more clearly than I have ever seen before, the unspeakable bad taste of persons who have thought tapestries must conform to the possibilities and limitations of period picture painting. He also makes clear that the decorative quality is the ideal picture quality, and that the loss of decorative knowledge was the death-knell to ideal tapestry pictures, as it was to painting, during the decadent eras of the naturalistic, materialistic renaissance in Italy, France and Flanders.

His emphasis of texture is splendid. Persons who think only in terms of photography, painting or sculptured marble will find particular interest in his sincere delight at the character, story power and decorative quality given each style and type by its textural peculiarity. He says so frankly that art in tapestry is not a practical repetition of facts, a story every whit told, but that the master artist weaver is known as much by the texture of his production as by his subject, his color, or his picture-making power.

The one thought that tapestries, when used outside of museums, are or may be related to the position in which they are to be shown and to their environment or their uses, is worth the price of the book. The proper promulgation of this doctrine would do much to establish good taste on the part of decorators and collectors in the use of this form of decorative material. "The decorations of the French Revolution" have by no means been ended.

A very interesting sequence in the development of composition is Mr. Hunter's choice of illustrations in this book. Persons thinking in any field of decorative art work will find help and inspiration in the excellently chosen Gothic and Early Renaissance decorative pieces. One should, however, give only due appreciation to the realistic, materialistic, overfed productions of the Renaissance decline, with their oft-times unrelated settings and useless, unfilled background spaces. The author, while appreciating fully the skill, the sensuous lines, the voluptuous color and the technique of this period, very subtly shows his opinion of its weaknesses, on page 127, by the introduction of William Morris and his work.

Mr. Hunter shows conclusively in many places

that he does not value a tapestry because it is a proven Arras, Gobelin, Beauvais or Aubusson, but always takes a thing on its own art merit. This should sound the key note to a new intelligence in judging art objects in that field. Too long, indeed, have persons of taste based their judgment on the degree of antiquity, the prominence of the artist producer, or the acknowledged traditional form or art merit of the period in which a thing was produced.

Another strong feature in this book is its recognition and discussion of some American masterpieces of the Tapestry Periods. This fact not only stimulates the reader to actual research, but locates for him his objects of study.

The general form of the book is a delightful demonstration of the thought that "As a Man Thinketh, So Is He." The printed page, in its proportions, the illustrations in their size and placing, are but the reflection and artistic conception of proportion. The same *feeling* and *knowledge* which enables an expert to recognize, realize and appreciate beauty of line, form and color in tapestry structure should, as in this case, find its expression in whatever field the artist works.

Mr. Hunter's book will not only find immediate recognition, but it will live, because it unites a strong sense of artistic feeling with a clearly defined intelligence in its general form, its subject matter, its illustrations and its teachings other than the bare facts which the book reveals.

"THE COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD." By H. Donaldson Eberlein and Horace Mather Lippincott (J. B. Lippincott Company. Philadelphia) \$5.00.

In this carefully prepared book, and disguised beneath a title which flavors of extreme localism, the authors have produced, rather, a book of nation-wide interest. With the exception of Boston no early American city played so prominent a part in the inception of the Revolutionary War as Philadelphia—"The Red City," as its predominance of brick houses once characterized it.

The families which constituted the backbone of Philadelphia and its environs occupy today much the same place which they held prior to the Revolutionary War, and in the unstable and ever-varying nature of society in this country, the fact is an interesting one. Many of the old houses described in this book, indeed, have never gone out of the hands of the immediate family which built them—and nearly all the houses saw stirring



From "*Colonial Homes of Philadelphia and Its Neighborhood*," J. B. Lippincott & Co.

AN INTERIOR

HALLWAY, "HOPE LODGE"

and interesting incidents which are a part of national history.

Biographically and genealogically there is a fund of interest in the careful text, which reflects not only the authors' knowledge of their field, but their love of it as well.

Architecturally it is by way of being a revelation to realize what a factor in the evolution of current architecture in Pennsylvania are the old pre-Revolutionary manors and family seats in and around Philadelphia. In "Wynnestay," in "Graeme Park," in "Waynesborough," and in many others of these old houses there is to be seen the direct prototype of the present logical development of the country house architecture of the locality today. Houses of the Southern Type, or even of the strictly Georgian Type are rare, and the Classic Revival played a still smaller part. For the most part the older of the houses are of local fieldstone, with solid wooden shutters and small-paned windows, and the interiors are of the purest "colonial" type.

There is a dignity which is inseparable from these early examples of American architecture,

and a sincerity which seems reflected today only in the immediate sphere of their influence on modern architects, and when there is added to these qualities the rich historical interest which surrounds them, some measure of this "Colonial Homes" book may be had. Its pages take one directly back to the days when Boston, Newport, New York and Philadelphia were our four leading seaport towns—to times of a less complex yet more rigid social system than obtains today—and certainly to a day when plain living, high thinking and large deeds were national characteristics.

And it comes as quite a pleasant surprise to find that Philadelphia and its neighborhood have had more veneration for historic and family landmarks than has shown itself in most parts of this country. Possibly no other locality of such historic importance has retained so much of its oldtime flavor—that quaint and thoroughly charming sort of conservatism which is so pleasantly and entertainingly chronicled in "Colonial Homes of Philadelphia and its Neighborhood."

## The Etched Work of Cadwallader Washburn



From the Original Etching  
SANTA MARIA, MEXICO

BY CADWALLADER WASHBURN

### THE ETCHED WORK OF CADWALLADER WASHBURN BY FRANK WEITENKAMPF

IN THE recent revival of painter-etching among American artists the influence of Whistler was to be expected, but that of Meryon is equally strong or more so. Yet neither, nor any other, is dominant. It is the spirit that has been followed, rather than the manner, and it has been absorbed, not copied. The note of direct expression is strongly felt in this work of the younger American etchers. In the best of it we feel that intimate relation between artist and subject in which we may join and which forms one of the chief charms of the print. This general characterization applies with particular force in the case of Cadwallader Washburn.

When Washburn, in the course of his wanderings, came to Venice in 1903, he entered into the spirit of the group—Duveneck, Bacher, *et al*—who had sat at the feet of Whistler in the city which he had glorified with the etching needle. The result appears in some very creditable views of Venetian

palaces and plazas and canals. But Washburn very soon went his own way.

Lessons in etching he never had. After studying under H. Siddons Mowbray at the Art Students' League, New York City (about 1883-85), then for three years with W. M. Chase, in Spain with Sorolla and in Paris under Albert Besnard, he one day exchanged canvas and brush for plate and needle. One may not always see just as he did; one may even find his powers inadequate in certain instances; but his seriousness and steadfastness are always undoubted. From Italy the *wanderlust* took him to Japan, Cuba and Mexico. His travels in various lands have resulted in groups or series of plates which accentuate well-defined stages of development. The Norlands sets, the only ones of these series done in his native land (though to them should be added some stray views in New York City and Coney Island as home products), may appear to some as perhaps the least satisfactory; the latest ones (the Mexican) again may seem probably the best. Yet one hesitates to make this comparison, from fear that it may be instigated by too strong a preference for



## The Etched Work of Cadwallader Washburn



From the Original Etching

BORDA GARDEN, FROM SAN ANTONIO

BY CADWALLADER WASHBURN

technical facility, or that the appearance of greater definiteness and sureness in the architectural plates may be due, in part at least, to the subjects. In the Norlands series one balks at the somewhat fumbling rendering of water in *The Turn in the Creek*, for instance, or at the apparently meaningless foreground in *Elms at Early Sunrise*. Or the juicy application of dry point in *Creek Meadow* (the first plate) or *Bog Creek* seems not entirely conscious of purpose, something like aimless gestures in speech.

Yet in *Martin Stream* and *The Androscoggin River* the water is good, treated with some of the simplicity of Haden or Platt. In *Wood Road* or *The Androscoggin River at Strickland's Ferry* (simple and direct in conception and composition) what is elsewhere an apparent or real insufficiency of statement resolves itself into a delightful example of repression of detail, while in *Road Near Turner*, the summariness brings up recollections of Pissarro or Raffaelli.

Throughout these Norlands plates one finds a delicately expressed feeling for light and air. Quivering, pulsating sunlight and atmosphere fill

scenes such as *Elms at Early Sunrise*; *Meadow near Martin's Stream* (a crisp impression of sunny nature) among others. That feature takes us from the contemplation of details in execution to the consideration of a more fundamental characteristic, the expression, in these Maine views, of the charm of everyday nature. The old tree in the corner of the lot, the brook winding through meadow and beneath tangled undergrowth or water plants, the road through the woods, with their ever-present note of mystery—these things are set down with an absence of any human or animal element. The resultant feeling of remoteness centers attention on the mood awakened by nature alone. These Norlands dry points are pure landscape art, a type occurring quite frequently in our first noteworthy movement in painter etching, about thirty years ago, but strangely rare in the present revival. Mr. Washburn's interest in his native soil and the emotions appealed to in its scenery, emphasize again the importance in art of the combination of national characteristics with a given personality, the important role of local influences.

## The Etched Work of Cadwallader Washburn

An entirely different world and in a measure a different outlook are presented in the Mexican series. True, here, too, there is preeminently the vision of buildings as they appear, as they are bathed in atmosphere and sunlight, but the very choice of buildings and street views, and the human staffage, causes a change of viewpoint which is affected by the thought of the relation of man to all this. In fact, it has in this case drawn from the artist a written expression of his interest in the poor, oppressed peons, with whom he entered into congenial relations and whom he found "strangely polite." This attraction of the human element prompted the execution of a few studies of single heads, which, together with the delightful Buddhist priest done in Japan, have been named by some as his best work. Perhaps they appeal because their good points are so apparent, perhaps because they offer the interest of the unusual, the unexpected in this artist's product. They illustrate, furthermore, the characteristic alertness of Mr. Washburn's art and personality, which is set forth, likewise, in his portrait of himself.

"If you compare the different plates, you will note that I made no attempt to specialize the different styles of architecture, but rather to depict their peculiarities as emphasized by *sunlight*. That is to say, the distinguishing features of each style are subordinated to the *actual appearance* of the object as a whole. . . . Where confusion of detail tends to embarrass presentation of a truthful and simple impression, it is either generalized or suppressed completely so that often the style of architecture may not be discerned. In thus sacrificing ruthlessly the detail in *The Front Façade of La Compania* the impression of solidity and seclusion improves; while the preserving of it in *West Façade of La Valencia* suggests buoyancy and elegance."

The points emphasized can be further illustrated in their individual application by the reproduction of notes made on the occasion of the exhibition of Washburn's etchings in New York in 1910 and 1911. Of the two plates referred to in the preceding extract from Mr. Washburn's letter, *West Façade of La Valencia*, *Guanajuato* shows a light yet sufficient treatment of stone in sunlight, and in *La Compania*, *Front Façade*, *Guanajuato* the rendering of sunlight-flecked shadows by close, uncrossed lines is of technical interest.

The *Cathedral of Leon*, with similar sun-spotted tremulous shadows, has comprehensive

suggestions of effect without detailed delineation of ornament; the building is thrown into delicate relief by the translucent shadows in the foreground. In *Grand Cathedral of Mexico City*, again, the architecture is carefully drawn, the *Cathedral of Orizaba* is interesting in its attempt to render stone texture, and *Templo Parroquialo* (No. 1), *Taxco* is somewhat suggestive of Pennell in its synthetic grasp and presentation. The lines of bridge, balustrade and clouds in *Porficio Diaz Bridge, Cuernavaca* combine into a harmonious pattern, and the dark shadows under the foliage at the left of *Calle Hidalgo, Cuernavaca* throw a strongly accented note into the usual sunniness of the series. A like sonority marks the Cameron-like interior of the *Cathedral of Puebla*. An effect of peculiar and juicy richness is produced in *Sacred Well, Guadalupe Hidalgo*, executed in straightforward style with a combination of judicious distribution of light and shade, delicate treatment of ornamentation, and the use of brownish ink.

One may easily connect the architectural training at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (which preceded his art studies) with his choice of architectural subjects, particularly in Mexico.

His interest in the buildings which he portrays is plainly that of the architect, but his expression is that of the artist. He sees architecture in its ultimate appearance, as affected by surroundings, by local conditions of light and atmosphere, by the disintegrating action of the elements or the mellowing effect of time. And the personal note, the rendition of mood, is carried into this appreciation of the picturesque qualities of architectural beauty.

These notes may serve to some extent to indicate the variety in subject, treatment, attitude of the artist, and interest, which Washburn's work offers. But any appearance of finality in the present estimate of this artist was to be avoided. Definite judgment must of necessity be deferred to some future time. Washburn's critical attitude toward his plates is shown by the number of prints that he has from time to time ordered his dealers to destroy. His adaptativeness in method to subject, his sober enthusiasm and the ever-fresh aspects of the world about him which he sees and records, warrant one in believing that the full measure of his development is yet to come. But in the meantime it seemed worth while to note the mile-stones in his career already passed, to record the progress of an interesting individual factor in the present American renaissance of painter-etching.

## In the Galleries

### IN THE GALLERIES

AMONG current exhibitions which open the season it would seem that the print fancier is particularly favored. In the matter of "popularity" (deplorable as the word is in connection with the fine arts) it is evident that Frank Brangwyn, the etcher, is looming strong and powerful over all other etchers, like Rodin over sculptors. Even if one be not an enthusiast on etching, Brangwyn appeals through his tremendous strength and virility, though amateur and connoisseur alike would do well to study his plates separately—seventy-five seen together are like seventy-five kings; they are all co-important, and while they do not fight with each other, they certainly are over-powering. But the Kraushaar Galleries are showing a larger collection even than last year, including many new plates. *The Storm* is a small plate, but a very stormy one. Brangwyn's splendid appreciation of the majesty of architecture is manifest in the *Castella della Zizi, Palermo*, and of course there are the two tremendous windmill plates, *Dixmude* and *The Black Mill*. I do not know if the comparison has ever been made between Brangwyn's *Breaking Up the "Duncan"* and Seymour Hayden's *Breaking Up the "Agamemnon."* Comparisons are usually unprofitable, but the subject is so similar here that there is point to it.

At the Keppel Galleries the print lover is again rewarded for a visit by a splendid showing of Rembrandt's etchings—and perhaps in these there is interesting food for a still closer comparison of Brangwyn. Certainly the latter's *Crucifixion* and many of his other plates have much of the strength and much of the violent play of light and dark that made the great Dutchman one of

the most powerful etchers of all time. From the 7th of November until the 30th of December these will occupy the Keppel Galleries, and, being the basis of all subsequent etching, should be taken not only on their face value, but on their educational value as well.

The Berlin Galleries will continue this season the interesting and highly unusual type of exhibition which ran last season, and which by their brilliancy almost seems as though they were intended to make us forget that the permanent attractions of the establishment comprise a stock of remarkable carbon and color photographs of famous paintings.

The charm of colored etchings and modern color prints is a comparatively new one for this country, and those who are in any way attracted to these will find many new examples in the galleries. Those of Moulton & Ricketts and of A. H. Hahlo & Co. contain an importation of recent aquatints



Associated Artists of Pittsburgh  
"VANITY"

BY GEORGE REITER BRILL

## In the Galleries



Associated Artists of Pittsburgh  
"REFLECTIONS" BY MARGARET WHITEHEAD

by F. T. Simon—very rich and soft in their coloring. Among these there is a charming spring impression of the open-air old book market of Paris, and there is also an admirable city vista, with snow, and a soft gray color scheme. These will be on exhibition at the Hahlo Gallery from the 12th of November until the 1st of December, and will probably be followed by a collection of etchings and of unusual lithographs by Whistler. Moulton & Ricketts show, as well, a selection as wide as their last season's one of etchings by Brangwyn, Hedley Fitton and Axel Haig.

Certainly the most varied exhibition of color prints is that of the "British Society of Graver Printers in Colour," held at the Architectural League Galleries from the 4th to the 23d of November, by Manzi, Joyant & Coupou (Successors to Goupil, of Paris). The work of this society has attracted a good deal of attention in Europe, and is interesting in that every plate is entirely the work of its author, in engraving, coloring the block and printing.

Another type of print, the exquisite steel engraving of the Seventeenth Century in France, as embodied in the work of Robert Nanteuil (1630-1678), is being shown at the Galleries of Rudolph Seckel. Here are fifty splendid portrait engravings which illustrate what has often been called the "Golden Age" of steel engraving and certainly an exhibition which no print lover will fail to visit.

From this it may readily be seen that it is a month for the print fancier, although many of the galleries are following the general policies. With the exception of an unusually interesting show of art in photography at the Montross Galleries, followed from the 11th of November to the 7th of December by one of early Chinese art, the exhibitions will, as in the past, be devoted to American painting. Announcement is made of a group of paintings, mostly of Egypt, by Henry Bacon, and of another, from the 2d to the 16th of January, of the ever-charming art of Robert Reid.

Old Masters are on view at the Ehrich Galleries, at the Fischer's Galleries, and the splendid collection of the Kleinberger Galleries will soon be more advantageously shown in new uptown galleries at 709 Fifth Avenue.

The first important exhibition at Macbeth's Galleries was of recent paintings by F. Ballard Williams, pleasing and colorful as ever, and unusually sincere in the obvious homage paid by the painter to abstract and ideal beauty. During the first two weeks in December the Macbeth Galleries will hold a special exhibition of the recent work of Lawrence Mazzanovitch, whose last five years have been spent painting in Europe.

Any monopoly of this season's exhibitions by paintings alone would be infringed on not only by the wide and varied showings of prints, but by sculpture as well, for the latter half of November the Gorham Company holds an imposing and exceedingly interesting "Exhibition of Sculpture by American Artists," and the National Academy of Design announces an intention of devoting an entire gallery to sculpture in the winter show.

Out of New York the season begins in Philadelphia with the opening of the Philadelphia Water-Color Club and the Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters, and in Pittsburgh with the Third Annual Exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh (October 24 to November 25). The first and second awards in this exhibition were given, respectively, to Margaret Whitehead, for her *Reflections*, and to George Reiter Brill for his *Vanity*. The exhibition, hanging two hundred and seven paintings this year, places it in the fore among the season's exhibitions in the Middle West.

In Chicago the Roullier art galleries are holding a splendid exhibition of etchings, dry-points and Mezzo-tints by Seymour Hayden, while the galleries of W. Scott Thurber are featuring an exhibition of the paintings of B. J. Olson Norsfield.







"CHINTZ. FROM THE OIL  
PAINTING BY HAROLD KNIGHT.

*(In the possession of  
J. G. Lyon, Esq.)*

# The INTERNATIONAL • STUDIO •

VOL. XLVIII. No. 191

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JANUARY, 1913

## THE PROGRESSIVE SPIRIT IN SCANDINAVIAN PAINTING BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

MUCH has lately been said in club and studio circles concerning the existence in this country, and more specifically in New York City, of a so-called "Art Trust." Its inception is supposed to have been a logical outcome of the unprecedented financial success of the recent Sorolla Exhibition at the Hispanic Society. Directly following this particular event certain elements were supposed to have banded together in a spirit of self-protection and unanimously to have decreed that nothing of the kind must ever happen again—that, in short, American art and artists must be safeguarded from future foreign incursions. It has even been darkly hinted that the sinister machinations of this organization were mainly responsible for the non-appearance here last season of the notable exhibition by members of the Société Nouvelle, so ably arranged by Miss Sage, of the Albright Gallery, Buffalo. It was furthermore subtly insinuated that those responsible for the present display of contemporary Scandinavian painting at the American Art Galleries would likewise be unable to obtain a foothold in New York. While such savory hearsay may or may not have any foundation in actual fact, it nevertheless affords opportunity for a fruitful fund of speculation. There are, however, in this connection, two points which cannot be overlooked, one of them being that, despite definite efforts to that end, the exhibition of the Société Nouvelle did not succeed in making its metropolitan appearance, and the other being that the current exhibition of Scandinavian art has come to us largely owing to educational and patriotic initiative, and not because of a specific desire upon the part of any of our leading institutions or art societies to extend it their welcome.

While there had been for some time since a

desire on the part of those Scandinavian-Americans who were familiar with the work of their countrymen at home to hold an exhibition of this character in America, it was not until the arrival in this country of the distinguished Norwegian painter Mr. Henrik Lund that the movement took definite shape. It was he who proved the guiding spirit of the undertaking, the success of which from thence onward was assured. The idea itself was a thoroughly praiseworthy one and, fortunately in this case, patriotism was more than justified by the actual esthetic importance of the work of these sturdy, clear-eyed Northmen, whose efforts had already been frequently acclaimed on the Continent and, on not less than three different occasions, in England, also.

Apart from the strictly limited showing of contemporary Scandinavian painting at Chicago just a score of years ago, and the small itinerant display of two years later, it was not until the Louisiana Purchase Exposition of 1904 that the American public was able to form a first-hand acquaintance with this essentially vigorous and individual artistic expression. Both the Chicago and St. Louis exhibitions were, however, official affairs, the organization of each being confined to strictly Government channels. In the case of the itinerant venture already referred to, which toured the leading provincial cities during 1895-96, the selection was exclusively Swedish, while the still more limited showing of Scandinavian art held under the auspices of the Copley Society of Boston, in 1907, included the work of Norwegian painters only. If it was the Swede, Carl Larsson, who won chief honors at Chicago in 1893, with his ever-spirited and delightful *My Family*, now in the possession of Mr. Thorsten Laurin, of Stockholm, it was the masterful painter of animal portraits, Bruno Liljefors, also a Swede, whose splendid group of canvases was the sensation of his country's offering at St. Louis.

It will be readily inferred from this brief résumé

FOXES  
BY BRUNO LILJEFORS



*Courtesy of Mrs. Joseph T. Jones and the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo*



## Scandinavian Art

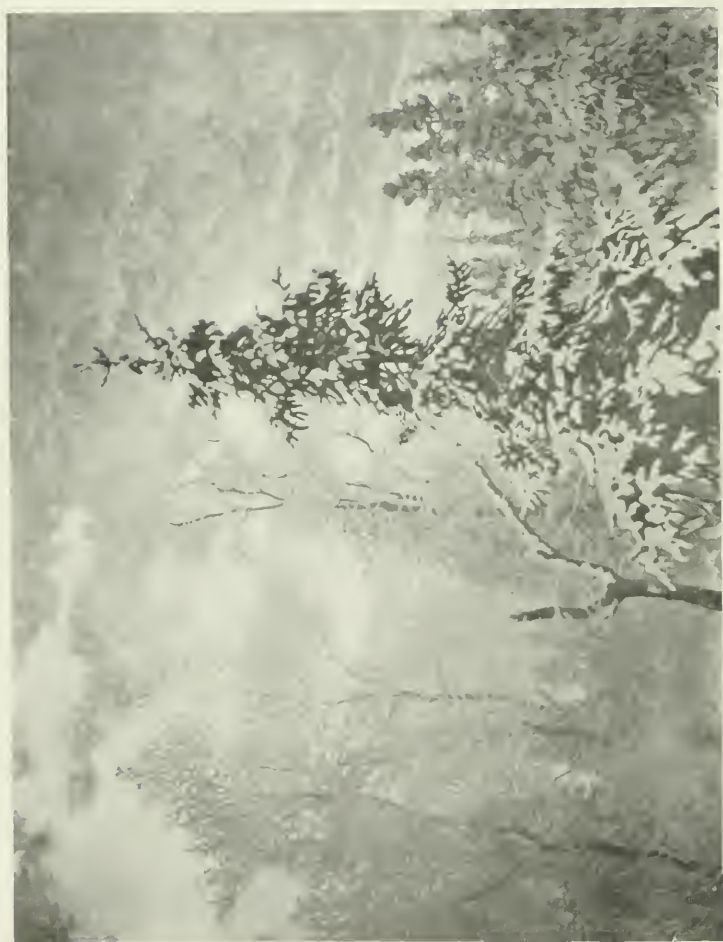


Collection of Mr. Carl Nisser, Broby  
ON THE FROZEN SNOW

BY GUNNAR HALLSTRÖM

that, while Sweden has been reasonably well represented in America, the art of Denmark and Norway has been chiefly conspicuous by its long-continued absence. The reasons for this are better known to the countries themselves, for the occasions when they have appeared together in full force have been indeed rare and far between, the recent International Exhibition in Rome, and the present instance being notable exceptions. Considering its necessarily limited scope, the current display of Scandinavian art is beyond question the most significant ever held. The selection has been frankly confined to the work of living men only, and, in as far as possible, the choice of artists has been conducted on eclectic as well as stimulatingly progressive lines. The canvases are, however, in numerous instances something more than the work of merely living men; they are not infrequently the work of men who will continue to rank for many years to come as the veritable founders of latter-day Scandinavian painting. It is not in any sense claimed that the exhibition is an ideal one; those who have been more or less closely connected with it from the outset best recognize its faults and shortcomings, but it may fairly be stated that it represents the artistic activity of the three countries as it obtains at the

present moment. And apropos of this may be mentioned one cardinal point of difference between the present undertaking and all of its predecessors, either here or abroad, and that is that it is the first exhibition of its kind to show, as it were, art in the making. Those responsible for previous displays have been distinctly more cautious in their choice of men and of canvases. They have as a rule taken only those names which were hallowed by precedent and backed by the weight of official dignity and prestige. It would have been a simple matter to have done the same sort of thing in the current case. One is always safe in selecting popular and well-established figures; the possibility of committing mistakes of judgment is thus reduced to a minimum, but, conversely, the chances for the discovery of new and virile talents virtually disappear. To have been ultra-conservative would, moreover, in this instance have been flatly untrue to existent conditions in Scandinavia. The art of these nations is the youngest, in point of actual date, in all Europe. It is but a scant century since either Sweden, Denmark or Norway, boasted what may be described as a native school, and to have exhibited the production of the older and essentially derivative painters would have been a work of pure super-



WINTER MORNING  
BY GUSTAF A. FJÆSTAD

## Scandinavian Art

erogation, not to say superannuation. While there are doubtless in our midst many resident Scandinavians, and not a few native-born Americans who would have preferred to see in the present exhibition the works of leading Fontainebleau-Swedish, Düsseldorf-Norwegian and Dano-Dutch painters, it was not the purpose of the organizers of this undertaking placidly to rely upon past performances, but rather to plunge courageously into the present—the present with its often crude and undigested actuality, yet its ever-potent promise of fresher outlook and wider possibility. You will have already noted upon the walls of the American Art Galleries, and you may subsequently see in Buffalo, Toledo, Chicago, and Boston—to which cities the exhibition moves in unbroken sequence—not only the work of the older living men, but by its side the newer and bolder triumphs of young painters whose efforts have as yet barely been recognized in their own countries. It is this strong and unmistakable stamp of modernity, this conception of art as a vital, living force that lends the current exhibition its distinctive character and which also serves to mark an epoch in the all too monotonous succe-

sion of similar undertakings. It need not be assumed from the foregoing that art is necessarily good simply because it is fresh and radical, for much that is both fresh and radical is indubitably bad. And yet the fact remains that a bad new thing is better than a bad old thing; its defects at least having the distinction of novelty.

It was held by the leading critics of Berlin and Munich on the occasion of the exhibition of American painting organized under the liberal auspices of Mr. Hugo Reisinger, that we, as a nation, had nothing new to say in art. They were one and all surprised to find that the acknowledged novelty of our contribution to other fields of activity was in no sense paralleled in the province of painting. Whistler alone, they argued, had contributed something new, but he had done it so long ago that it had lost considerable of its delicate and insinuating pertinence. Viewed not from a narrowly chauvinistic, but rather from a broadly Continental standpoint, there can be little question concerning the justness of these strictures, which indeed are echoed by wellnigh every really frank and honest foreign authority who comes to our shores. American art



FRAGMENT OF WATERFALL

BY GUSTAF A. FJÆSTAD

is, or at least appears to be, at a standstill. We clearly need the stimulus which comes from outside sources. We condemn what is known as the modern movement, without grasping its significance, and keep on liking the same pictures which pleased us a generation ago. And they are in substance identical. Their general tonality is a bit more crisp and clean, they are perhaps less constrained in treatment, but the underlying mood is the same as before. Impressionism has come from overseas and

has been discreetly adapted to our local needs, yet in essence these landscapes—for landscape is thus far our only characteristic expression—are based primarily upon a mere genteel appeal to sentiment. We have not thus far attempted to master the synthetic or stylistic points of view, and, if placed beside the stimulating and colorful abstractions



HOARFROST

BY GUSTAF A. FJÆSTAD

of the newer men, the work even of our boldest talents seems strangely antiquated.

It is these facts, however unwelcome they may prove in certain quarters, which makes the coming of an exhibition such as the Scandinavians have sent us an event in the history of American artistic development. The success of the Sorolla display was clearly more psychological than esthetic; the splendid welcome accorded the exhibition of the Société Nouvelle was in the nature of a tribute to a firmly established and consistently sustained tradition, but with the Scandinavians one goes a step further in the conquest of fresher territory. They are a young nation like ourselves, yet unlike us they strike valorously forth into relatively untrodden pathways. It must not, however, be assumed that these men of the North have thus far epitomized the modern movement in its most acute phases, for the relative difference in radicalism between the present exhibition and that epoch-making demonstration made by the Sonderbund at Cologne during the past spring and summer will be patent to any who are fortunate enough to be in a position to make the comparison. Side by side even with the recent annual display of the renowned Konstnärsförbundet in Stockholm the difference is almost equally great. And still there is no conspicuous lack of a healthy, progressive spirit in the current Scandinavian exhi-



THE MOUNTAIN GIRL

BY J. F. WILLUMSEN





*Collection of Dr. Alfred Bramsen, Copenhagen*  
SUNBEAMS

BY VILHELM HAMMERSHÖI

bition. It will indeed doubtless be considered much too advanced by those somnolent beings who are in the habit of regarding art as a stationary product—as something which, if not reminiscent and reposeful in appeal, is unworthy of serious consideration.

It is owing mainly to the regrettable absence of the members of the *Konstnärsförbundet*, that close corporation which never exhibits save in full force and entirely by itself, in exalted and imperious isolation, that the work of the Swedes

herewith appears less advanced in feeling than that of the other Scandinavian countries. It was a question of the *Konstnärsförbundet* or the rest of Sweden, and the decision was, alas, made in favor of non-members of this unquestionably able but dictatorial organization, the only exception being Prince Eugen, who graciously consented to lend his support to the undertaking. There are nevertheless in the work of the Swedes as here represented notes which are new to the art-loving public of America. We are of course familiar

with the superlative manipulative mastery of Zorn, but we have never before encountered that broad synthesis and spacious grandeur which are the leading characteristics of the work of Otto Hesselbom, nor have we previously met with that incomparable fusion of motives at once naturalistic and stylistic, which is the keynote of Gustaf Fjæstad's crisply viewed snow scenes. You will in fact readily discover in the work of the Swedes a highly developed technical facility, an unflinching sense of style, not visible in the work of her sister nations. Though its climax is perhaps attained in the brightly tinted water-color panels of Carl Larsson, one sees it in all this essentially consistent and conservative work. Stockholm has not forgotten her one-time close association with the Court circles, and the esthetic and intellectual traditions of her one-time ally, France, and there is in the art of the Swedes, despite its manifestly national flavor, a distinct element of refined eclecticism.

Denmark one habitually considers the epitome of conservatism, and in most respects it certainly answers the definition, yet in the production of Willumsen we have a creative vitality and exuberance which, in their salutary quest of self-expression have sought to break all conventional bounds. His huge and brilliantly executed canvas entitled *Youth and Sunshine* may be taken as something more than a simple bathing scene. Though by no means ultra-radical, it symbolizes in its freedom of treatment and joyous delight in clear color and spontaneous movement, the essential characteristics of new school. With Willumsen may be grouped the younger men, Sigurd Swane and Edward Weihe, who are continuing a work which bids fair to change the character of latter-day Danish painting. These men stand in a position of direct antithesis to Vilhelm Hammer-shöi, an artist revealing such delicate subtlety and penetration, and such rare subjectivity of feeling, that he will never be superceded, no matter to what lengths the men of the restless present or uncharted future may see fit to go.

With the exception of a few canvases by certain of the older men, such as Christian Krohg, Erik Werenskiöld, and Eilif Peterssen, whose existence it is impossible to ignore, the Norwegian section of this triune exhibition is still more uniformly modern than are the Swedish and Danish. The youngest nation of the three, and possessing comparatively few artistic traditions, they have been free to go their own way, and, with the present generation, the path of progress has been trodden with no hesitant footsteps. The most copiously

represented Norwegian painters are Edvard Munch and Henrik Lund. The position of Munch in Norway is analogous to that of Willumsen in Denmark. They are the veritable precursors of the modern movement in the Northland, and to their valiant and so frequently misunderstood and maligned efforts is largely due the position which Scandinavian art at present occupies in Continental appreciation. With Lund, who is perhaps the most brilliant and dexterous technician, and who is distinctly the leading portrait and landscape impressionist in Norway, may be mentioned Ludvig Karsten, Arne Kavli, Sören Onsager and, lastly, Per Krohg, the youngest and most appropriately radical of that talented group whose success was so marked at the recent exhibition at the Vienna Hagenbund. It is a noticeable fact that while the older painters of Sweden and Denmark have in the main remained impervious to latter-day influences, certain Norwegians, on the contrary, who have comfortably passed middle age, such as, for instance, Erik Werenskiöld and Edvard Diriks, have courageously espoused the new cause.

Vigorous and advanced as some of this work unquestionably is, it nevertheless remains sturdily nationalistic and Scandinavian in spirit. These people who for centuries have lived a typically free and unspoiled outdoor existence have sacrificed nothing of their fundamental esthetic birth-right during their brief conquest of self-expression. Their message to America is full of robust beauty and delicate sensibility. It reveals by turns that passionate lyric exaltation, and that heroic, bardic strength which are alone the gift of the North.

Despite features of such undoubted significance as have herewith been noted, the exhibition in its entirety leaves a somewhat inconclusive impression upon the popular as well as the critical mind. While revealing here and there decidedly progressive tendencies, it betrays in essence a fluctuation between the old and the new. A purely retrospective display on the one hand, or a fearless demonstration of radicalism, on the other, would have been preferable to the present vacillation between the yesterday and the today of Scandinavian artistic production. With such incomparable material as might have been furnished by Edvard Munch, for example, seen in full force, the affair would have assumed a vastly different aspect. In brief, one must not fail to recognize the fact that in art, as elsewhere, compromise is but thinly disguised cowardice.



PORTRAIT OF MADAME SIMONE CASIMIR PERIER

BY HENRY CARO-DELVAILLE

HENRY CARO-DELVAILLE  
BY ARTHUR HOEBER

ONLY once in a great while does it happen that the painter finds recognition from the very beginning of his career. Such good fortune is the exception to the rule in art where the tale is generally one of struggle against odds, of patience well-nigh exhausted, of hope deferred till the heart is sick. A prominent case in point happily of labor rewarded, of searchings culminating in appreciation, of commissions following serious application, of honors supplementing earnest endeavor, is that of the Frenchman, Henry Caro-Delvaille, today the vogue in Paris, both as a painter of portraits and a maker of decorative panels, a man barely thirty-six, recognized, holding a place entirely his own, and all this in a land where one has to be much out of the commonplace to attract attention, for your French public has to be thoroughly convinced before it will yield its capricious favor or, once yielding it, continue to be loyal. "A picture," said a writer once, "is nature seen through a tem-

perament." Surely it is late in the history of art to see anything specially new in human nature, to make of the portrait an accomplishment that shall set the world talking. Singularly enough, however, this is what M. Caro-Delvaille has done and done it by the most simple, direct methods.

A little more than a decade ago there appeared in the Paris Salon a canvas so novel in arrangement, so personal in color, so happy in the disposition of light and shade that the jaded public of Gaul's capital sat up and took notice. A charming, well-bred young woman half reclined on a divan, while an elderly woman in black, with bonnet on, manicured the nails of the younger lady. Ordinarily one would say not an inspiring theme for a painter! Yet there was the touch of nature, the intimacy of a refined household. There were grace and naturalness to the poses and, in spite of everything, the canvas held one. A new note had been struck. A painter far out of the commonplace had arrived. It was M. Caro-Delvaille's debut in the French official exhibition and, quite unheralded, quite without influence, the picture found instant favor with the jury and a medal

## Henry Caro-Delvaile

resulted. The artist was a lad of twenty-four, a chap with jet-black hair, an alert face, a serious-minded worker, full of enthusiasm, deadly in earnest, a painter by the grace of God, who was so overcome by his unexpected good fortune that he jumped into a cab and rode about Paris that he might hide his smiles and curb his crazy joy!

Yet this was about all the vacation he allowed himself, for his profession was his life. Away from his easel he moped, pined. His was the gospel of work and again work. Not mere labor, but intelligent work, scheming, studying, analyzing, preparation to the end that he should make the most of his endowments. And from that time his life has been uneventful, save as he has passed certain milestones in the road of art. Three years later came a work that was yet a serious advance, a portrait group of his wife and her sisters. Here, in the splendid pride of maternity, sat Madame Caro-Delvaile, with her first-born at her breast, the mother clad in evening dress, her lovely, illumined face looking out at you with breeding and charm. At a table two handsome young girls play chess. Over the shoulder of one of these lovingly leans still another sister, while the last of the quin-

tette, a young child almost, passes somerefreshments. A family party such as one might be permitted to see "*chez eux*." Indeed, so free was the canvas from any suggestion of pose, one really felt intruding at gazing at the intimate gathering of the sisters. Apathetic Paris was again stirred. The Minister of Fine Arts bought the work for the *Musée de Luxembourg*, and there came that simple scrap of red ribbon that means so much in the world of art. for Monsieur Caro-Delvaile had been created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor!

To tell more simply would be to chronicle a series of continued successes, of portraits of the great in their various walks of art, for M. Caro-Delvaile has painted people congenial to him, leaders of the dramatic and operatic stage, writers, artists like himself. Mme. Rostand sat to him and the Rostand house was embellished by the man's beautiful decorations. In this field he has accomplished much and of a varied sort and commissions came to him a-plenty. He was born at Bayonne, France, close to the Spanish border from which country came his forebears to settle at Bayonne. From there, too, came his master, the distinguished portrait painter, Léon Bonnat, with whom he studied at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, in Paris. M. Caro-Delvaile at present is in New York, where he will remain for some months, completing portrait commissions, and, later in the season, we are promised an exhibition of his works at the galleries of E. Gimpel & Wildenstein, 636 Fifth Avenue. Even now one may see there two of his better-known canvases, one a portrait of the distinguished French actress, Mme. Simone, now playing here, the other a group of the painter's wife and two children.

It is always a stimulus not only to the lay observer but to the painters of this country as well when a European of such marked brilliancy and *chic* as M. Delvaile exhibits.



PORTRAIT OF MADAME LACLOCHE

BY HENRY CARO-DELVAILLE



## *The Principles of Advertising Arrangement*

“THE PRINCIPLES OF ADVERTISING ARRANGEMENT”  
BY FRANK ALVAH PARSONS  
REVIEWED BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

THE lectures of Mr. Frank Alvah Parsons, the president of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art, upon “The Principles of Advertising Arrangement,” have been printed in book form, to the manifest advantage of all interested in what the author calls the topography of the advertisement. Mr. Parsons’ talks were delivered to a body of men engaged in the production of advertising. They are of a character to hold the attention and clear the vision of the experienced advertising man, while simple enough to offer a real help to the artist, designer, compositor or advertisement writer whose foot is on the lowest rung of the advertising ladder.

Mr. Parsons writes simply and sanely on a subject he is competent to discuss. That which makes a design good makes an advertisement good. Balance, movement, emphasis, decoration come under the same general laws, whether applied to furniture and architecture and fabrics, or to a page ad in a magazine. The fact that advertising men have produced strong, symmetrical, well-designed ads without the aid of Mr. Parsons’ books means nothing. The fact that advertising matter wholly lacking in good arrangement has sold goods means less.

Advertising men know even better than Mr. Parsons how much this atmosphere has improved the selling power of the ad. Mr. Parsons lays down the simple rules whereby this atmosphere is produced. It is capable of analysis, and analysis that is easily understood, as this book shows. Mr. Parsons lays down the rules that apply to all good designing, but applies them specifically to advertising. He shows the importance of related shapes, of balance, of movement, of emphasis (the “display” of the advertising man’s lexicon), and, what is more important, proves that the ad is improved by the correct application of these principles. These principles are not Mr. Parsons’. They are fundamental. They are felt in a way by every human being. They are the principles upon which all art rests. In applying them to the construction of advertising Mr. Parsons has rendered a service to the real advertising man. An intelligent following of the lines laid down in this book would bring about a great improvement in the appearance of all advertising, in magazines, in



PORTRAIT OF MADAME  
DE POZNAŃSKA

BY HENRY CARO-  
DELVAILLE

newspapers, in street cars, on billboards and in printed things. This improvement would be double. The advertising would be intrinsically more attractive. It would afford a certain esthetic satisfaction. What is still more important, the advertising would have greater efficiency. It would sell more goods.

Mr. Parsons is an artist and a teacher of art, applying to a business instrument the principles of the art he knows best. He does not pretend that good arrangement puts the salesmanship into the ad. The latter may contain an insipid message and yet be correctly designed. Art does not supersede copy. What he does contend is that a good arrangement will permit the ad to yield up its message more quickly and make a better collateral

## *Exhibition of National Society of Craftsmen*

impression at the same time. And he is right. The principles of advertising arrangement bear the same relation to an advertisement that a well-designed body does to a motor car. An efficient engine is necessary, but graceful lines, lines that suggest the motor car at its best, are also necessary for the fullest expression of the motor car.

There are but ten short chapters in this book. No reader will accuse the author of being prolix. But each chapter makes its point, the language is clear and easily understood, and any one engaged in producing advertising or, for that matter, any kind of printing, will find much that he can use to his artistic and financial betterment. While some of us may disagree with the author on some minor points, still they are minor points. They have more to do with his illustrations and applications than with his principles. Besides, the book itself in its foreword lays out so modest a program and at the same time so inspiring a platform, that this notice will close with Mr. Parsons' own words:

"The erroneous idea as to the meaning of art and its application to industrial problems, more particularly in the advertising field, is the reason for this book. The term 'pretiness,' frequently used as a synonym for art, gives an entirely wrong impression. Pictures and drawings, particularly in color, often pass for art objects when the Art in them is too slight to be detected. Art is quality—not mere material. Its elements are fitness and beauty. The successful choice and arrangement of materials of any kind must take into account this art quality, because human intelligence demands fitness in things. The same human being loves and requires the element of beauty in all objects with which he is associated.

"Art is a force and is, therefore, subject to laws or principles. A knowledge of Art as a force in advertising means a knowledge of the principles of fit, arrangement and harmonious color. These are common to every field of so-called Applied Art. This modest effort is not calculated to exhaust the subject. It is only a set of condensed abstracts taken from ten lectures given before the Advertising Men's League of New York City. Its aim is to make clear some principles of form and color, and to apply them specifically in some of the fields of this important subject. If it proves to the advertiser that 'Order is heaven's first law'; to the business man that Quality, not Quantity, counts, and to the public in general that color and arrangement each speaks its own language, then it will have done its work."

## SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, NATIONAL SOCIETY OF CRAFTSMEN

SOME one hundred members of the Society are represented in fifteen hundred or more exhibits, including fine examples of jewelry, metal work, ceramics, bookbinding, illuminating, leather work, pottery, woodcarving, textiles, embroidery, and basketry from craftworkers from all parts of the United States.

The walls of the galleries are hung with beautiful, soft-toned tapestries, some of which are old and priceless, while others are American reproductions of the output of looms of the Middle Ages.

Exhibits of jewelry shown are the chains of clouded amber and silver links, also the abalone and pearl-blister necklaces Mary P. Gries is exhibiting. In gold stickpins and rings she has shown how harmonious and satisfactory is the opal matrix, and has fashioned a true artist's ring in her lapis with the lotos design. Floyd N. Ackley shows his famous "Moonlight" necklace, of silver, moonstones, sapphires and pearls, which was shown in the circuit exhibition of last winter sent out by the American Federation of Arts. His straight-lined ring set with pink topaz also deserves mention.

The Metal Workers are well and ably represented. Mr. Samuel Yellin, of Philadelphia, shows a wonderfully interesting collection of wrought iron work, inspired undoubtedly by the achievements of the medieval craftsmen, and the spirit of the old work is admirably retained. The exhibits range from examples of the best Gothic period to those distinctly influenced by the later Renaissance. Mr. Yellin has done much of the metal work used in the cathedral of St. John the Divine.

In the pottery exhibit it is evident that it has been the endeavor of each individual potter to show the best of his products. The Penman & Hardenbergh pottery, made at Birdcliffe, is especially interesting, beautiful in texture and full of individuality and distinction. Other potters showing charming work of a high standard in shape, texture and color, are the Marblehead, Walrath, Van Briggie, Quaker Road, Fulper, Glen Tor, and others. The Bowl Shop has a new variety of children's sets, attractive in design and in combination of color. Among those showing beautiful and interesting pieces are Dorothea Warren O'Hara, J. Nuger, Mrs. K. E. Cherry, Mrs. Hodgson, Mrs. Hibler and Miss Crowell.

## In the Galleries

### IN THE GALLERIES

THE close of the year has been characterized in the art world by successions of exceptionally good exhibitions in the different galleries on or bordering on Fifth Avenue. It has been possible to feast the eyes on many old masters, otherwise accessible only through the medium of a photograph or colotype. We have seen grand displays of etchings, notably by Brangwyn, who has attained a degree of popularity which, well deserved as it is, must none the less have come almost as a surprise to his keenest admirers. It is a strange coincidence that at one and the same time different dealers were independently occupied in London, arranging for an exhibition here, notwithstanding which each individual display of this artist's output has been eminently successful.

The Macbeth Gallery gave a very successful display of Western pictures in the latter part of November, and the public had an opportunity of seeing for the first time an exhibition by painters of the Far West. Such artists as Parshall, Couse, Moran, Daingerfield and Groll were represented by two pictures apiece. Mr. Daingerfield is seen at his best in a large canvas representing a cañon of the weirdest grandeur and of impenetrable depth, which is the keynote and essence of the picture. The tree in the foreground might, however, have been better handled; it is insufficiently drawn and lacks form. Mr. Moran has shown us that he can paint mountains with the same masterly technique that we are accustomed to see in his pictures of the plains. No. 13, by Mr. Potthast, breathes the spirit of the great Northwest, and has

been much admired. It represents Lake Louise, Alberta. Now canvas has had to yield to marble and bronze and people are flocking to see the work of Mr. Chester Beach, whose reputation needs no enhancing at our hands. We only wish that critics would not split hairs over whether he is a realist or an idealist—a realistic-idealist or an idealistic-realist. What does it matter? Of course, he stands for all this and very much more. No. 2 in the catalogue, entitled *Beyond*, is the figure of a young girl on the threshold of womanhood, the very embodiment of immature grace, looking wistfully into the future; pose and expression are admirable. Very much admired is his *Vestal Virgin guarding the sacred fire*. The idea is grandly conceived, but the face is somewhat disappointing, the expression and features being heavy. There is also a most striking fountain—a great faun's head with leering face, whose mouth, with amused contempt, spouts the water, serves as couch to a sprightly nymph, who views



Courtesy of The Ehrich Galleries  
MADONNA AND CHILD  
"CHARITY"

BY B. ESTEBAN MURILLO  
1618-1662

## In the Galleries



Courtesy of The Macbeth Gallery  
"THE STOKER" BY CHESTER BEACH

the world archly from her cosy vantage ground. The knee being drawn up to the chin gives a straight line of limb, which though characteristic of the pose can hardly be styled graceful. Our illustration represents *The Stoker*, and recalls Schiller's famous lines:

Von der Stirne heiss  
Rennen muss der Schweiss

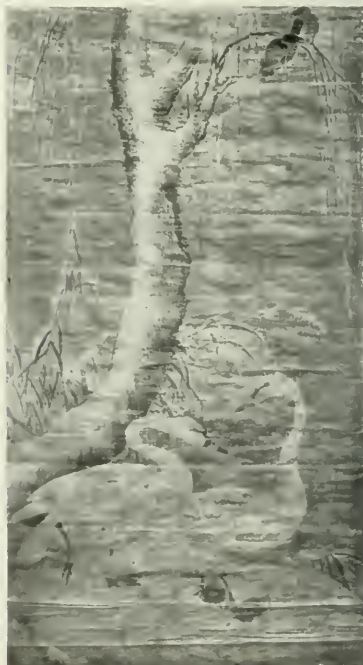
Next month will be on view works by Paul Dougherty, F. C. Frieske and Gardner Symons.

At the Detroit Publishing Company it has been possible to see a very interesting collection of pictures, ten oils and four pastels, by that gifted artist, Leon Dabo, whose claims to fame are amply justified by the large number of museums in which his canvases have a lasting resting-place. Vol. No. 39 (January, 1910) contains an article upon Leon Dabo written by J. Nilsen Laurvik. Among his pictures on view here, No. 3 in the catalogue is the most attractive canvas, representing *Early Dawn at Copenhoven*. The simplicity and breadth, with its mysterious coloring, hold one spellbound. In No. 11, a pastel, the artist has attempted the difficult task of painting white light in an *Indian Summer*. Here he has not been so successful, and, in fact, several people have taken the picture to be a snow scene. His seascapes are quite beyond criticism. His *Nocturne*

(No. 9) reveals black night on the East River, faintly illuminated by the lights from a few giant buildings; it is sketchy but very powerful.

At the Kraushaar Gallery were on view some forty etchings by Hedley Fitton during December, two of whose works were selected from the Paris Salon, 1908, for the Petit Palais Collection. The subjects on view are all recent work, executed mostly in France, England and Italy, and show exquisite bits of architecture, such as the Bargate (Southampton), the Rialto, Winchester Cross, Chartres, etc., of excellent transparency and gradation, his shadows being particularly rich and suggestive.

Excellent pictures by great artists can be viewed at the Galleries of M. Knoedler & Co., such artists as J. B. Corot, Daubigny, Harpigny, Dieterle, W. Maris, Mesdag, Van der Weele are well represented. There is an excellent portrait painting executed by De Forrest Brush in his inimitable manner. Another painter who is in a class by



Courtesy of The Montross Gallery  
"WINTER LANDSCAPES AND SWANS BY NIGHT"  
FROM THE CHINESE PAINTING BY AN ARTIST OF  
THE T'ANG DYNASTY





*Courtesy of Henry Reinhardt*

ST. JOHN AND THE DONATORS

BY ADRIAN ISENBRANT, 1551

himself is represented in a landscape by Cazin. Ridgway Knight has an arresting canvas. He has painted a peasant girl of southern Europe among rose bushes. The coloring is very brilliant and convincing.

Besides paintings may be seen excellent eighteenth century mezzotint engravings, after Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner and Romney. They are first states and proofs before letters.

The Alfred Vickers pictures at the new galleries of Moulton & Ricketts have attracted considerable attention. Vickers in his lifetime was so overshadowed by giant artists that his true merit is only now beginning to be appreciated, and even now the prices asked are much too low. By dint of patience and perseverance a London dealer

managed to collect some eighty canvases and Messrs. Moulton & Ricketts selected the best thirty, which accounts for the exhibition being so very even. It is impossible to look at his work without recognizing the influence of Constable, Crome and the so-called Norwich School, in his mellowness of tone, treatment of tree-groups and rich depths. Among the many excellent etchings on view may particularly be mentioned Brangwyn's *The Bridge at Alcantara*.

Another interesting exhibition of Whistler etchings has been on view at the galleries of Arthur H. Hahlo & Co.; some of the examples are very rare and consequently of great value.

\*\* At the Montross Gallery during December was held a unique display of early Chinese art, ranging from the Shang Dynasty, two centuries before Christ, to the present, or Ching. One marvels at the freshness, grace of composition and spaciousness on the unframed, bannerlike lengths of silk, and at the strange effects of modernity which obtrude

themselves so frequently, especially in the portraits; their great power of syntheicizing and their grasp of essentials are characteristic of their early protagonists. The picture we are representing is a winter landscape and geese by night—signed Wu-Tao-tze, of the T'ang Dynasty, or first century of the Christian era. The Chinese who painted in the mode of outlines and flat tones never thought of objects as coming out of darkness, but always in light. Shadows were neglected, as being impediments in the way of vision. Form was the business of sculptors, not painters, they trusted to their true colors and correct outlines to suggest sufficiently the form; moreover, they employed a five-color scheme, and knew their pigments as a hen knows her chicks.



Courtesy of The Ederheimer Galleries

VIRGIN AND CHILD

BY ANDREA MANTEGNA  
1431-1506

At the Ehrich Galleries, among many good pictures by Gordoni, Carle van Loo, El Greco and others, there is a large and interesting *Still Life*, by Jan de Heem, very important and quite of museum value. A very attractive canvas by N. Maes represents a youthful and winsome princess of the House of Orange. They are busy preparing an exhibition of Spanish masters, and our illustration shows a canvas by Murillo, *Charity*, in which the Virgin is seen seated on a nimbus, whilst the Christchild is handing out loaves of bread to kneeling suppliants. The coloring is rich and the warm glow behind the Virgin, so characteristic of the painter of conceptions, is present to a marked degree. The picture is not over-sentimental and may be ranked as belonging to his second period, or *estilo calido* works.

On view at Reinhardt's Galleries is the subject of our illustration. It is a primitive of sixteenth-century Flemish art, a portrait of St. John holding the lamb, in front of whom kneel the Donators. It is by Adrian Isenbrant, who died in 1551. The picture belongs to the medieval phase of Flemish art, before the emancipation so soon to follow in the ascending of Rubens and Van Dyck. In looking at this canvas one is apt to recall the portrait of St. John in the National Gallery, London, generally ascribed to Hans Memlinc.

An interesting collection of Guardi pictures has been on view at the galleries of Gimpel & Wildenstein. His eighteenth-century *Venice* is delightful work, much in advance of Canaletto, whose pupil he was.

An extraordinary exhibition during December has been that of the early Italian engravers, held by Mr. Ederheimer at 366 Fifth Avenue. To present such a remarkable and almost priceless collection, ranging in period from the Nielli to Marcantonio, could only have been made possible by the co-operation of Mr. Junius S. Morgan, who lent his prints. The catalogue, reflecting great credit on the compiler, has divided the collection into two parts: I. Unknown masters—the Nielli, Prophets, Tarocchi, etc. II. Known masters: Mantegna to Marcantonio.

Nothing in art is more fascinating than the study of its beginnings. The Niello, at first only employed for preserving patterns in the decoration of ecclesiastical utensils, soon showed its possibilities for reproduction and thus paved the way for the art of engraving in Italy. It is idle in the face of so much conflicting evidence to attempt to assign the Prophets and other early prints to any particular artist. Dr. Kristeller condemns them all to anonymity. The Tarocchi cards of Mantegna, for instance, are not playing cards at all, nor by Mantegna. There are two sets of the same subjects by different engravers, known as the E & S set, forming a manual of science, and endless discussion has been caused in the attempt to determine the original series from the copy; Mr. Ederheimer believes in the E Series and has succeeded in impressing his views on the British Museum authorities, who hitherto upheld the S. We pass to Andrea Mantegna and all the seven plates are shown, which out of twenty-four attributed to the master are now alone conceded to be authentic, and all are nearly perfect impressions. Near these can be seen plates attributed to him or to his pupils, Zoan Andrea and de Brescia. Robetta is represented by his *Adoration of the Magi*, and his allegories, *Envy* and *Power of Love*. His designs were mostly copied from pictures by Lippi and others.

The only known engraving of Pollaiuolo is his *Battle of Naked Men*, of which an excellent impression is shown, revealing vigorous drawing. He was a fellow-workman of Finiguerra and a far greater artist. With the dawn of the sixteenth century and the arrival of Marcantonio line engraving, which had been a matter of original production as painter-engraving, now became a reproductive art entirely dependent upon painting. Nothing prior to Marcantonio is quite on a level with Dürer, still the allure of the earlier Renaissance artists compensates for any lack of technical efficiency.











# The INTERNATIONAL • STUDIO •

VOL. XLVIII. No. 192

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FEBRUARY, 1913

## THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES TAPESTRIES, AFTER RAPHAEL BY GEORGE LELAND HUNTER

THE tapestries are at the Vatican. The cartoons are at the Victoria and Albert Museum in South Kensington. There are copies of the tapestries in the Spanish Royal Collection, the Imperial Austrian Collection, the French National Collection, the Berlin Museum, Hampton Court, the Beauvais Cathedral, the Cathedral of Loretto, the Dresden Museum.

At the Metropolitan Museum there are neither cartoons nor tapestries, but, instead, there is a set of wonderful photographs of the tapestries, taken for Mr. Morgan by special permission of His Holiness the Pope, and by Mr. Morgan presented to the Museum. These photographs, of extraordinary size and framed, are on exhibition in the photograph room of the Library of the Museum.

By contemporaries, as well as by posterity, the tapestries were praised without end. They were admired by Frances I and Louis XIV, Henry VIII and Charles I, Charles V and Philip II. By engravers and painters, as well as by weavers, they were copied over and over again. The tapestries were first shown on December 26, 1519, in the Sistine Chapel, for which they were planned. The company assembled represented the learning and refinement of the world. There were red-robed cardinals and velvet-capped painters, gaily clad young noblemen and somber-gowned scholars, and foreign ambassadors in the picturesque attire of their various countries. All were enthusiastic. They were unable to express the full extent of their admiration. "Every one present," wrote one of the guests, "was speechless at the sight of these hangings, and it is the unanimous opinion that nothing more beautiful exists in the universe."

Another guest wrote: "After the Christmas celebrations were over, the Pope exposed in his chapel seven tapestries (the eighth not being fin-

ished) executed in the West [in Flanders]. They were considered by everybody the most beautiful specimens of the weaver's art ever executed. And this in spite of the celebrity already attained by other tapestries—those in the antechamber of Pope Julius II, those made for the Marchese of Mantua after the cartoons of Mantegna, and those made for the King of Naples. They were designed by Raphael of Urbino, an excellent painter, who received from the Pope 100 ducats for each cartoon. They contain much gold, silver, and silk, and the weaving cost 1,500 ducats apiece—a total of 16,000 ducats (\$160,000) for the set—as the Pope himself says, though rumor would put the cost at 20,000 golden ducats."

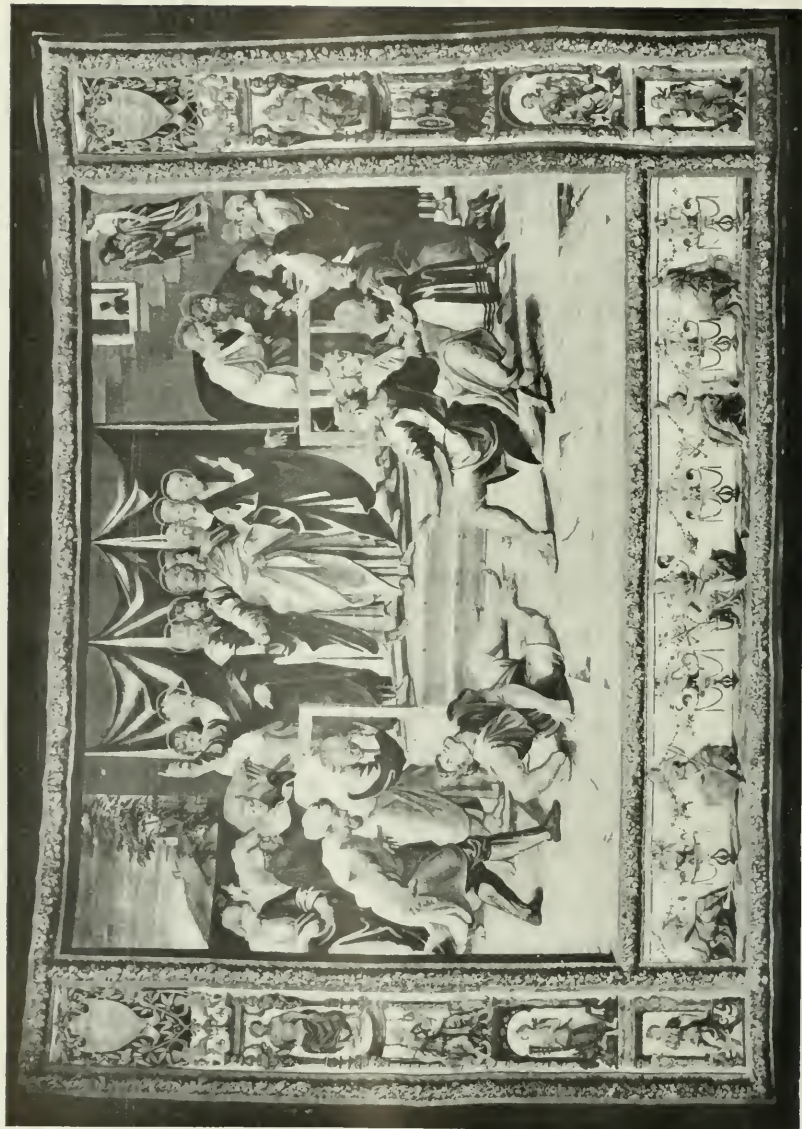
The tapestries were woven in Brussels under the supervision of the Flemish painter, Barend Van Orley, friend and pupil of Raphael. Brussels was then the world's principal center of tapestry production, Arras, that gave its name to the English arras and the Italian arazzi, having been captured and ruined in 1477 by Louis XI. The atelier selected was that of Pieter Van Aelst, who was tapestry weaver not only to Philip the Handsome but also to his son, the future Emperor Charles V.

Of Van Aelst's success in interpreting the cartoons Vasari wrote thirty years later: "One is astonished at the sight of this series. The execution is marvelous. One can hardly imagine how it was possible, with simple threads, to produce such delicacy in the hair and beards and to express the suppleness of flesh. It is a work more Godlike than human; the waters, the animals and the habitations are so perfectly represented that they appear painted with the brush, not woven."

The original tapestries woven for Leo X had their share of vicissitude. The walls of the Vatican were no protection. The portableness of the tapestries made them the easy prey of looters and thieves, while the other decorations of the Sistine—the frescoes—stayed securely in place. Their first misfortune was to be pawned immediately

THE DEATH OF ANANIAS  
IN THE ROYAL SPANISH COLLECTION

BRUSSELS SIXTEENTH-CENTURY TAPESTRY  
AFTER RAPHAEL

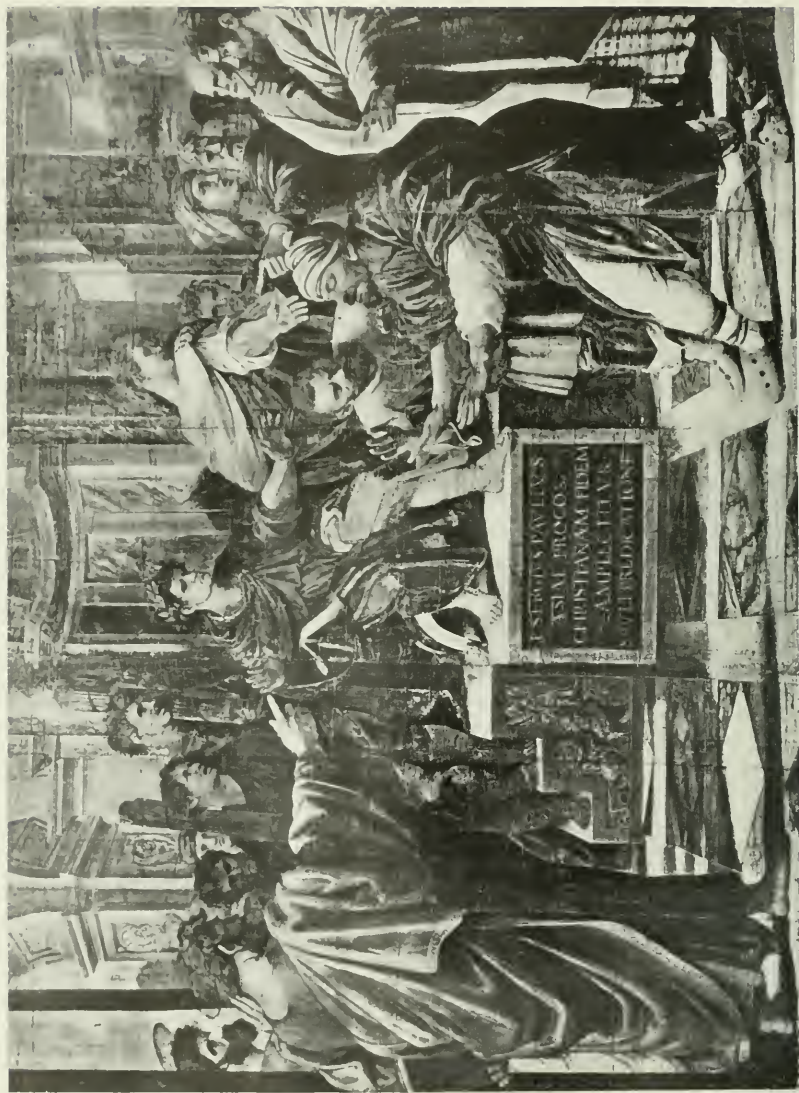






THE CHARGE TO ST. PETER  
IN THE ROYAL SPANISH COLLECTION

BRUSSELS SIXTEENTH-CENTURY TAPESTRY  
AFTER RAPHAEL



THE BLINDING OF ELYMAS

ONE OF THE SEVEN RAPHAEL CARTOONS  
AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM





THE SACRIFICE AT LYSTRA  
IN THE NATIONAL FRENCH COLLECTION

MORTLAKE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY TAPESTRY  
AFTER RAPHAEL



THE CURE OF THE PARALYTIC  
IN THE NATIONAL FRENCH COLLECTION

MORTLAKE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY TAPESTRY  
AFTER RAPHAEL

## *The Acts of the Apostles Tapestries, After Raphael*

after Leo's death in 1521. The great painter was then dead a year, so both Leo and Raphael were spared the ignominy of seeing the pride of their lives mortgaged for the comparatively small sum of 5,000 ducats (\$50,000). Next the tapestries were looted for the hordes that sacked Rome in 1527, under the Constable Bourbon. The soldiers sold them in various parts of the world. The *Conversion of Saul* and *St. Paul at Athens* are known to have been in Venice the following year. This latter piece wandered to Constantinople, where it and the *Draught of Fishes* were bought by the Constable Montmorency and returned to Julius III.

The worst fate of all befell the tapestry of *Elymas Struck Blind*. This the soldiers cut in pieces to sell the more readily. A quarter of a century later the Vatican regained possession of enough fragments to piece together half of it.

After the tapestries were reassembled in Rome

they left their places only to be shown to the populace every Corpus Christi. This custom lasted until 1798. In that year the French Army under Berthier entered the Holy City. Barely two weeks later the French carried Pius VII off to die in France, after long captivity, and ordered an auction sale of the Vatican furnishings. French second-hand dealers were there in numbers, and among the bargains they picked up were the Raphael tapestries at 1,250 piasters each.

The dealers took them to Paris and offered them to the French government. Pending the decision the tapestries enriched the walls of the Louvre. The new republic apparently had more important uses for its money and let the opportunity pass. The tapestries were returned to Marseilles and finally made their way back to the Vatican in 1808. How they got there no one can explain. This journey terminated their wanderings.

The subjects of the tapestries are: (1) *The*

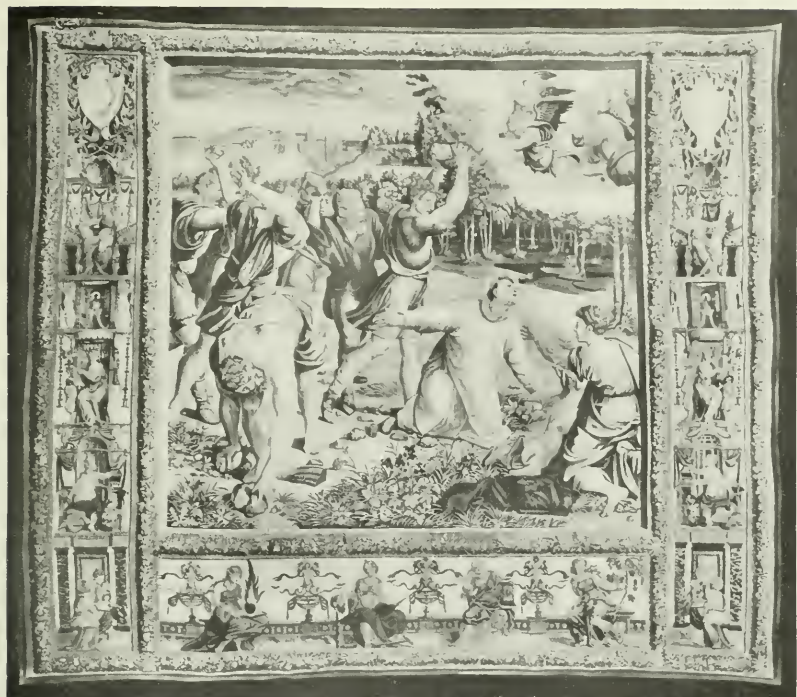


THE CONVERSION OF SAUL  
AT THE BEAUVAIS CATHEDRAL

BEAUVAIS SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY TAPESTRY  
AFTER RAPHAEL



## *The Acts of the Apostles Tapestries, After Raphael*



THE STONING OF SAINT STEPHEN  
IN THE ROYAL SPANISH COLLECTION

BRUSSELS SIXTEENTH-CENTURY TAPESTRY  
AFTER RAPHAEL

*Miraculous Draught of Fish*; (2) *The Charge to Saint Peter*; (3) *The Cure of the Paralytic*; (4) *The Death of Ananias*; (5) *The Stoning of Saint Stephen*; (6) *The Conversion of Saint Paul*; (7) *Elymas Struck Blind*; (8) *The Sacrifice at Lystra*; (9) *Saint Paul in Prison*; (10) *Saint Paul on the Areopagus*.

One of these *St. Paul in Prison* being small, or rather diminutive, in size, does not appear ever to have been reproduced, except as part of the first set for the Sistine Chapel. So that most of the sets of Acts of the Apostles tapestries consist of nine pieces. Those woven at Mortlake consist of only seven pieces, being woven from the seven cartoons that Sir Francis Crane got from Genoa for Charles I.

As I have said in my book on "Tapestries, their Origin, History and Renaissance," these paintings of Raphael were not particularly suited for expression in tapestry, and by leading tapestry design-

ers off in the wrong direction did incalculable harm to the art of tapestry weaving. But the weavers of Brussels in the first half of the Sixteenth Century were so skillful that no difficulties could daunt them, and in the weaving of the tapestries for the Vatican they modified color and design boldly in the direction of tapestry texture.

The different sets of Acts of the Apostles tapestries, while resembling one another closely as regards the picture part, have borders that are totally unlike.

The Vatican set has bottom borders woven in imitation of bas-relief depicting the life of Leo X before he became Pope, and scenes in the life of St. Paul. A full set of side borders the Vatican set never had, the space in the Sistine Chapel, for which the tapestries were calculated, admitting of only seven instead of twenty.

The most interesting borders possessed by any are those of the principal set in the Royal Spanish

*The Acts of the Apostles Tapestries, After Raphael*



THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISH  
AT THE VATICAN

BRUSSELS SIXTEENTH-CENTURY TAPESTRY  
AFTER RAPHAEL

Collection, several examples of which are illustrated in connection with this article. This Spanish set is not only fully equipped with side borders, but also has bottom borders designed in the same style, and rich with gold in basket weave. These borders are the same as the borders on Mr. Blumenthal's two Herse tapestries loaned to the Metropolitan Museum.

Also rich in composition are the borders especially designed for the Acts of the Apostles tapestries, woven at Mortlake for the English King Charles I, as shown by the royal coat of arms in the top border and the *Car. re. reg. Mortl.* in the bottom border (illustrated on page lxxvii), which unabbreviated reads *Carolo rege regnante Mortlake*, and means "At Mortlake in the reign of King Charles."

The Mortlake border is just as characteristically seventeenth century in style as the borders of the Vatican and Spanish sets are sixteenth century.

Formerly these Mortlake borders were attrib-

uted to Van Dyck, merely for the reason that he painted portraits at Charles's Court.

There are no facts to support this attribution, and the probability is that these borders were the creation of the head cartoonist and artistic director of the Mortlake Works, Francis Cleyn. We know positively that he designed the Hero and Leander borders that resemble them.

The borders of the Beauvais set are much less interesting and as the style of the design indicates are nearly three-quarters of a century later than the Mortlake ones.

Tradition says that the seven Raphael cartoons now in the Victoria and Albert Museum were bought by Charles I in Brussels about 1630. Inasmuch as the cartoons were in use at Mortlake before this date and as Sir Francis Crane, the proprietor of the Mortlake Works, wrote in 1623 that Prince Charles had ordered him to send to Genoa for these Raphael drawings, I am afraid that the tradition, though long and generally accepted, has no foundation in fact.



*The Winter Academy*  
MAPLES IN SPRING

BY H. BOLTON JONES

## **S**TANDARDIZED SENTIMENT IN CURRENT ART BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

### I. THE WINTER ACADEMY

THERE can be scant doubt in the minds of those blessed with customary subtlety of perception but that the officers and members of the National Academy of Design are engaged in playing for sympathy. Having earnestly and persistently appealed for assistance in their endeavors to secure more commodious quarters, they are at present beyond question giving a series of public demonstrations of how sorely they need room for expansion. It is frankly impossible on any other grounds to account for such an exhibition as has lately been on view in the Fifty-seventh Street galleries. With considerably less space than usual at command, owing to the extended representation given to sculpture, relatively more paintings were this season accepted and hung than has been the average for several years past. Obviously it was

a concerted and well-considered plan on the part of those in control, for not only were members and associates accorded reasonable consideration, but over three hundred works from outside sources were gathered into the fold. No one can seriously believe that this appalling plethora of paintings, this grotesque and flagrant overcrowding, was countenanced through any desire, however vague, to elevate taste or inspire even the crudest amateur with a love of art, as expressed in the eternal but ever-variable equation of line, form, and color. No, the affair was fathered in a spirit of pure propaganda, and it is in this light, and this alone, that it should rightfully be considered.

It is, moreover, significant to note that the recent Winter Exhibition went even a step further in this particular direction than have any of its predecessors. As an object lesson it lacked none of the elements of completeness. Not only did the canvases suffer cruelly from constriction, but in themselves they seemed to reflect, consciously or unconsciously, the conditions under which they



## Standardized Sentiment in Current Art



*The Winter Academy*  
PORTRAIT OF  
MRS. KIMBALL

BY ALONZO KIMBALL

were produced, and with which, having once been evolved, they were inevitably forced to contend. In brief, Academy exigencies have resulted in the creation of the typically academic picture. A spirit which is wellnigh identical characterizes virtually every canvas which season after season makes appearance upon these cramped and cluttered walls. It seems as though each painting had a subtle and pathetic premonition of its impending fate. It is possible that the artists may in certain instances deliberately add touches of wistful, shrinking deprecation, yet in any event the result is the same, and we are confronted with a composite impression which arouses the keenest, most poignant solicitude.

Positive suffocation from lack of proper breathing space is written across the face of most of these canvases. One instinctively recalls the pallid countenances of creatures herded together in the congested tenement districts. One thinks, indeed, of almost anything saving the splendid, spontaneous zest of untrammelled creative impulse. In

portraiture, in figure painting, and in landscape you observe the same general tendencies. Year by year the sturdy captain of finance or industry has grown less characterful, the female form more ethereally tenuous and vapory, and glimpses of native wood, water, or meadow more approvedly tonal in persuasion. In not a few cases artistic expression has almost attained the vanishing point. Here and there it becomes a mere breath, a hint of lost loveliness, or a shadow of former strength reduced to docile subserviency. One must no longer be vigorous or positive, as in the first, joyous flush of early endeavor. One must conform to conditions. One must standardize one's sentiment as well as one's technique. It must not, in short, be forgotten that there is so little space upon Academy walls, that hanging presents such insuperable difficulties, and that work which tends to transcend or trample upon convention stands scant chance of acceptance or possible purchase.

It is in this spirit of judicious deference that the majority of the pictures figuring in the Academy exhibitions are conceived and executed. They are in essence a protest against current conditions, often an involuntary protest, yet for that reason an all the more eloquent one. Save in isolated instances they do not exist as separate, self-



*The Winter Academy*

STATUETTE IN BRONZE  
PORTRAIT OF THE  
NATURALIST, JOHN BURROUGHS

BY CATTARINO  
SCIARRINO PIETRO





*The Winter Academy*

THE SEA  
BY HENRY R. POORE



*The Corcoran Gallery Exhibition*  
THE BOWL OF GOLDFISH

BY CHILDE HASSAM

sufficient esthetic entities, but rather as parts of a system. While such a situation has long been tacitly recognized, it would be remiss on the present occasion not openly to congratulate the Academy upon the frankness with which they have taken the public into their confidence. There has this season been absolutely no attempt to disguise or minimize actual conditions. We have been plainly shown what the crying needs are, and such rare and welcome naïveté merits every consideration. There is, however, something ambiguous if not positively confusing in such an attitude. The average individual not conversant with the general policy and programme of the institution in question may fail to grasp the specific point at issue, or do full justice to the pertinency of this method of approach. It is barely possible, though of course not probable, that there are those who may even be misled into considering these exhibitions as serious, inspiring demonstrations of artistic accomplishment, and not in their true aspect as appeals for public sympathy and support. The good, old-fashioned plan of putting one's best

foot forward, of, in other words, offering a judiciously selected and installed display may, after all, prove wiser than the present juggling with one's poor, overwrought sensibilities.

## II. THE PHILADELPHIA WATER COLOR EXHIBITION

Without advancing any claims to nationality in scope or significance, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts nevertheless approaches more closely the definition of a national institution than does any organization of its character in America. Not only is it the oldest as well as the most representative of our art academies, it is also the one whose exhibitions have for years past maintained the highest standard of general excellence. A special feature of the Philadelphia season is the annual Water Color Exhibition inaugurated just a decade ago, and on this occasion even more interesting and varied than usual. On entering the galleries you instantly feel the difference in aim and esthetic ideals between exhibitions as they are presented in Philadelphia and as one customarily

## *Standardized Sentiment in Current Art*



*The Corcoran Gallery Exhibition*

WILDERNESS

*Awarded the Second W. A. Clark Prize (\$1,500) and the Corcoran Silver Medal*

BY DANIEL GARBER

finds them in New York. There is here no confusion, no over-crowding. The possibility of subdivision into numerous smaller rooms makes it practicable to hang the pictures in more or less generically related groups, and everywhere there is that sense of dignity and spaciousness, as well as intimacy, which artistic effort would seem to exact, and which alone can render its message effective, if not indeed actually articulate.

There is something in the superior freedom and spontaneity of the medium itself, and not infrequently also in the artist's mood as well, which lends to water colors numerous points of attraction not ordinarily encountered in the average run of work in oils. Many of those represented in the recent Philadelphia exhibition were men of established position in the province of oil painting who were here seeking casual relaxation from sterner effort; not a few were water color painters by profession, and still others were recruits from the field of illustration. It was hence inevitable that there should have been to the display as a whole a vivacity of temper and a general diversity of

handling which are all too rare in the more formal product of brush and canvas. There is no conceivable reason why American art should take itself with such preternatural seriousness. Our painters appear one and all to have lost the primal sense of play—to have ceased doing things for the sheer joy of accomplishment. They seem to get pathetically little downright fun out of their work, and the effects of this attitude are year by year more visible on the walls of our leading galleries.

We must stand out against that tendency toward a monotonous standardization which is so paramount in the industrial and social worlds. The most precious quality in creative effort is the note of wholesome individuality, and it must be preserved above and beyond all else. The great, levelling forces of latter-day existence—the legacy of this age of democracy—are frankly inimical to instinctive, spontaneous esthetic expression. They tend in art to produce mere pictorial conventions, paintings which are soothingly uniform in spirit rather than stimulating, which are delicate and persuasive rather than vigorous or powerful in

## Standardized Sentiment in Current Art



*The Winter Academy*

PORTRAIT OF  
LOUISE

BY MARY GREENE  
BLUMENSCHEN

their grasp of scene and character or in their inherent chromatic appeal. It is impossible not to recognize the fact that the locks of our young Samsons become clipped in the space of a few brief years. They not infrequently start upon their careers with a splendid burst of zeal and enthusiasm. They continue for a time to remain reasonably personal in their output, but in the end most of them succumb to the inevitable process of standardization. It is this situation which gives such a display as the Philadelphia Water Color Exhibition its special significance, for here there is visible a definite desire to unbend, to strike out for one's self and achieve something free and unstudied. Were we able to get together a representative collection of oil paintings with something of this delightfully informal and experimental spirit, it might go far toward redeeming our early promises and, incidentally, proving that in art at least we are a young, rather than a prematurely aged nation.

### III. THE CORCORAN GALLERY EXHIBITION

The first thing which strikes the metropolitan visitor to the Fourth Exhibition of the Corcoran

Gallery is the fact that here everything has been done to beautify and dignify contemporary artistic production. The wall coverings are light and harmonious in tone, the pictures are hung with scrupulous taste and balance, and the requisite amount of space has been left between each canvas and its nearest neighbor. Considering the wide and deserved popularity of these admirable biennial exhibitions, and the large quantity of works at the disposal of the jury, it would have been an easy matter to have increased the numerical strength of the display. And yet rigorous exclusion rather than indiscriminate inclusion as practised at the New York Academy of Design has kept the list down to 246 canvases, whereas the Academy, with infinitely less space at its command, has had the temerity to hang no less than 345. To be sure, the character of the two displays is different. The Academy show is frankly local and personal in its appeal. The Washington exhibition is distinctly more national in scope and purpose, and yet the fact remains that whatever be the motive in placing pictures before the public it must be done in approximately the same manner. We must be attracted, not repelled, by the appearance of the galleries. We must be stimulated and inspired, not crushed beneath a solid mass of mediocrity and rendered incapable of disengaging good from bad.

On studying in detail and with something more



*The Corcoran Gallery Exhibition*  
Awarded the Fourth W. A. Clark Prize and the  
Corcoran Honorable Mention Certificate

A NUDE

BY CARL J. NORDELL





*The Winter Academy*

ON THE HILLTOP  
BY H. M. WILCOTT

## Standardized Sentiment in Current Art



The Philadelphia Water Color Exhibition  
JAIPUR MARKET BY THORNTON OAKLEY

than casual curiosity such an exhibition as that which at present brightens the walls of the Corcoran Gallery, there seems to be little question in the minds of serious folk but that American painting has arrived at the historic parting of the ways. Are we going to carry any further this uniformly felicitous handling, this fondness for sweet, clear, purity of tone and, above all, this unflinching discretion in choice of theme. Are we, in short, going to remain precisely where we are and where we have been for close upon a generation, or are we going to attack newer problems and confront fresher issues. The resistless currents which are at present sweeping back and forth across the face of Europe have as yet barely reached our shores, and find no echo whatever in the work of the main body of American artists. That sovereign search for simplification of line and color, and that quest of a sturdily individualistic and autonomous point of view which are yearly making their presence more felt in Continental painting—almost every principle, in effect, that latter-day art is so valiantly battling for, seem one and all to count for nought in the eyes of the average American painter.

The majority of our successful prize winners are men who returned from Paris or Munich during the early 'eighties and are at present utterly out of sympathy with the aspirations and ideals of the

younger generation. It is, of course, presumptuous to expect certain of these essentially stationary and self-satisfied figures to embrace the new and virile gospel of modernity, yet it is wholly within the province of legitimate criticism to inquire as to whether their art, as they themselves conceive and practise it, expresses in any degree the fulness of life and nature, as we find it on every side. Do they not for the most part give us an esthetic convention in place of direct, first-hand observation, and is their feeling for integrity of form, color, and surface not more of a standardized studio product than a vital and vivifying response to the ever-changing vesture of actuality. Looked at in this light they seem to be relying considerably more upon sentiment than upon strength, and, possibly in a spirit of self-defence, the lingering evanescence of an oft-diluted Impressionism is held as vastly superior to the restless ardor of a wholly misunderstood Expressionism.

While it is an easy matter to condemn what one does not comprehend, there are nevertheless signs of an impending change. From overseas are coming with increasing frequency hints of what Europe is accomplishing, and before long the beautiful, symmetrical mould into which so much contemporary American work is cast, may be rudely shattered. And it is then that we shall doubtless recall such an exhibition of native artistic accomplishment as is now on view in Washington with an increased measure of that same fragrant and affectionate regard which it to-day so unequivocally inspires.



The Philadelphia Water Color Exhibition  
THE GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK BY WALTER GAY

## *The Evans Collection of American Paintings*



SUNDOWN

BY GEORGE INNESS, N.A. (DECEASED)

### THE EVANS COLLECTION OF AMERICAN PAINTINGS AT WASHINGTON BY CHARLES DE KAY

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the most significant groups of modern American paintings is the Evans gift to the National Art Gallery, Washington, where they are shown in the new museum which contains the Smithsonian collections.

In number they do not yet reach two hundred, but the idea they represent, the principle they embody is of the highest value to the nation. They are works by men of our time, as far as possible representative. They inaugurate the spirit that looks about to see what is being done here in America today, instead of ignoring what is close at hand and considering only what is foreign or old. They raise the question, why do we spend lavishly on art made elsewhere or in the past, when such beautiful things are being fabricated about us? They are a standing reproach for the neglect of native work. They are a protest against the crude colonial timidity which prefers a foreign art it does not really understand to a native one expressive of our country, customs and ideals.

Mr. W. T. Evans began to collect pictures with no fixed purpose, merely to please himself. After he had filled his house with foreign works he

began to ask himself what it all meant. Having come in contact with various artists, he realized that art is not a matter of the past or of another land, but of today and his own country. He was surprised to find that better pictures were being painted round about him in New York, in Philadelphia and Boston, in Chicago and other cities of the United States than the foreign canvases on his walls. As his children grew up he gave them his taste for pictures and through them became acquainted with a yet wider circle of painters. Very soon he sold or gave away all his examples of foreign work and devoted his leisure time—for he is at the head of a very large and engrossing business—to the study of the living American arts in painting, water colors and stained glass. As he assembled a new collection he became more exacting, more critical, more the connoisseur, and discovered that many pictures he once admired gave him pleasure no longer. Of certain painters whose work he greatly cherished, the examples he had acquired seemed inferior to their best. Thereupon he resolved to make a clean sweep of his collection and begin over again, so that the new Evans Collection would represent something far finer than the old.

Thus occurred the Evans Sale, which will be remembered by artists, if not by laymen. It marked a turning point in the public's regard for

## *The Evans Collection of American Paintings*

native pictures, for it satisfied the aforesaid demand of the public that the dollar standard must be satisfactorily applied, or there would be "nothing doing." Instead of the loss which might have been expected in a sale of a large miscellaneous collection of recent work by American painters, there was a very substantial gain over the original cost of the pictures. People of limited means who were hesitating to venture on the purchase of some favorite canvas, were not a little encouraged by the outcome of the sale, since the prices then obtained indicated that there are buyers of American pictures about, and that to buy one is not necessarily to indulge in a luxury that absorbs money without a reasonable chance of its return, should conditions compel its surrender.

Meantime Mr. Evans had begun to look outside

the narrower circle of the collector and interest himself in the welfare of artists. For the American Water Color Society he founded an annual prize and in the Lotos Club and National Arts Club of New York he formulated plans whereby American pictures were added each year to their several permanent collections. He was also a leading spirit in an exhibition, where the best examples of American pictures to be obtained were hung alongside the best of French and other foreign paintings of modern make. The purpose was to allow the public, and especially collectors and hesitating would-be collectors, to compare American painting as a living art with that of Europe. How far this action carried conviction it would be difficult, of course, to decide, but it may be said with certainty that were Mr. Evans to effect another Evans Sale the financial results would greatly surpass that of the one just mentioned.

It is indeed a splendid gift to the nation which he has presented to the public, and he is continually adding to the donation. Surprise has been expressed that he chose Washington, not New York, for this present, since the Metropolitan Museum is comparatively weak in American pictures. Among many there are two good and sufficient reasons for preferring Washington; one is the existence in New York of other collectors who are giving American pictures to the Metropolitan from time to time, the other that Washington represents better than New York the heart of the country. As to the latter reason, it may be said that so long as New York remains the chosen center for collectors and for artists, New York will always contain a far greater number of persons who will visit such a collection with pleasure and profit; but on the other hand, that any influence the collection may bring to bear on members of Congress and the great mass of office holders who pass a portion of their lives in Washington, will be an influence radiating back in all directions to the remotest parts of the Union. It will not be a little feather in the cap of Mr. Evans if the silent testimony of these pictures is heard by members of the Senate and House, by the grand army of Government employees, by the crowd of politicians, sightseers and tourists which pours in and out of the national capital. Perhaps Mr. Evans came early to the conclusion that New York and the well-endowed Metropolitan can care for themselves, or will some day, while there is a more pressing need to emphasize the existence of a great living American art at the political heart of the country. To this should be added a



ELKFOOT—PUEBLO TRIBE

BY E. IRVING COUSE





ILLUSIONS  
BY H. B. FULLER, A.N.A.



HIGH CLIFF, COAST OF MAINE  
BY WINSLOW HOMER, N.A. (DECEASED)



IDLE HOURS  
BY H. SIDDONS MOWBRAY, N.A.



THE BROWN KIMONO  
BY IRVING R. WILES, N.A.



## The Evans Collection of American Paintings



AN INTERLUDE

BY WILLIAM SERGEANT KENDALL, N.A.

group of fifty-four native paintings given to the Art Museum of Montclair, N. J., and other portraits and landscapes to the Brooklyn Institute and the Newark Library.

From several examples of John La Farge we may select for illustration *Visit of Nicodemus to Christ*, a picture that reflects the artist's powerful feeling for color, his big sense for composition, his skill in management of drapery. Note the size of the hands; La Farge insisted on the importance of the hand as only second to the face in expressing character. The face of Christ is said to have been influenced by that of the author Henry James, who when a young man lived at Newport with the painter. *Illusions*, by H. B. Fuller, is a fine example of the line in human figures and a symbolical composition of uncommon charm. *Eros et Musa*, by Henry Oliver Walker, represents

the classical spirit that comes naturally to a man who has to clothe the walls of public buildings with dignified figures, figures that suit a grand style of architecture. Observe the skillful management of the lines of the young, boyish form, his wings, the arms and draperies of the Muse behind him, the rocks and trees in the background. The Pueblo Indian of the Southwest, with sacred feather, moccasins and embroidered buskins, has sat for his portrait to Eanger Irving Couse; he is a fine type of the Taos tribe in New Mexico. A charming group of Mother and Child by Sergeant Kendall, two pretty damsels watching a race between tortoises in a studio by H. Siddons Mowbray, a pensive gentlewoman by J. Alden Weir, a group in opulent colors—mother, babe and sibylline vase-bringer, by Hugo Ballin, a smiling young woman in a kimono, by Irving R. Wiles—these are exam-



VISIT OF NICODEMUS TO CHRIST  
BY JOHN LA FARGE, N.A. (DECEASED.)



THE EUROPA SIBYL  
BY HUGO BALLIN, A.N.A.



A GENTLEWOMAN  
BY J. ALDEN WEIR, N.A.





EROS AND THE MUSE  
BY HENRY OLIVER WALKER, N.A.

## *The Evans Collection of American Paintings*

ples of the figure pieces, religious, symbolical or genre, which seem best adapted to reproduction in black and white. They are but a handful of the imposing list in the collection at Washington. It need scarcely be said that the landscapes and marines, the snow scenes and the pictures whose atmosphere cannot be translated very well into black and white form an equally distinguished part of the collection.

The New Jersey landscape by George Inness, as here reproduced, may suggest its pearly sky after a fashion, and the glow of the setting sun, the skillful use of rising smoke, the stillness and dull radiance of Indian summer. Here is a bit of the Shinnecock Hills, with clouds poised high overhead, as William M. Chase paints that spot, once his favorite. And here is a rugged headland on the Maine Coast, painted by Winslow Homer in 1894, which has a rough savor, as elusive of definition as are certain harsh chords of music. If the illustrations of figure pictures give a very inadequate idea of that side of the collection, these few

landscapes and marines are still more obviously a hint rather than a report.

There are collectors of pictures in many parts of the Union who may take a leaf from Mr. Evans's book and devote their leisure to a more methodical and public-spirited purpose than has ruled them heretofore. Museums of art and galleries for paintings are becoming part of the usual make-up of a civic center in the United States.

The example offered by Mr. Evans cannot fail to interest those who would like to help native art and at the same time provide their own city with a permanent gallery of pictures to which all shall have access. Such already exist in cities by no means of the first or even the second order as to population; their number is constantly growing. Public-spirited collectors will do well to visit Washington, not merely to admire this impressive gift to the nation, but to take counsel with themselves how to obtain on their own part such a striking success as that which Mr. Evans has won.



SHINNECOCK HILLS

BY WILLIAM M. CHASE, N.A.

# IN THE GALLERIES

THE current art season in New York maintained its prestige ably in the last week of the old year by displays of great variety and interest. Old masters and moderns, water colors and etchings could be enjoyed in endless profusion.

Christmas week was typically represented at the Ehrich Galleries, with such subjects as *Holy Family*, *Nativity*, *Adoration of the Magi*, and kindred conceptions. A *Madonna and Child* is a striking canvas by Laurent de la Hyre, betraying a strong influence of Murillo; a Francken canvas, very rich in tone, depicting the Magi in adoration, has all the force and color of Rubens; a *Holy Family* by Marco Palmezzano, a pupil of da Farli, is full of sweet expression; one particularly pleasing picture is the *Flight by Night*, by Jan Steen, admirably composed and full of modernity. Messrs. Ehrich have now a most important exhibition of early Spanish masters, including first-rate works of all the great men, excepting Velasquez, and the picture by Mazo is an efficient substitute; it is only quite recently that this portrait of Dona Mariana of Austria was proved to be by Mazo and not a Velasquez. This exhibition will be noticed in the next number.

The Durand-Ruel Galleries showed sixteen paintings by Pissarro. He was not content with the dissociation of tonalities, merely juxtaposing *taches* of the primal tones, but accentuated his work with fine points to bring out effectively the vibrations of light. In a word, he was a *Pointilliste*. His pictures are all French scenes; among the best may be reckoned *Bêcheuse*, *Cours-la-Reine à Rouen*, and a picture of the Louvre seen through the haze of early morning light.

Following this exhibition came Chavannes, Degas and Renoir, represented by twenty-seven exhibits, mostly by the first-named, and chiefly small sketches used in his large decorative work, frescos, etc. Téodor de Wyzewa damns him with faint praise. "M. de Chavannes can neither draw nor paint, but he has genius"—and it is just this genius we admire, especially in a drawing of a sleeping woman, entitled *Le Sommeil*. Renoir has a large pastel of interest, called *Leçon de Piano*. A young girl sits at a piano, practising, while another bends over her, turning the leaves; the face, hair and attitude are masterfully conceived. In another room are some fine decoratively painted seascapes by Maufrat.

John Lavery, the Irish painter, is seen at the Cottier Galleries in seven Tangier subjects.



Courtesy of Messrs. Scott & Fowles

H. H. PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT

BY SHOLTO DOUGLAS



Courtesy of the Fischer Galleries

A PRINCESS OF THE  
HOUSE OF BRAGANZA

BY ANT. MORO

Little was known of this clever artist in America until his exhibition at Pittsburgh, with thirty-six paintings, in 1911. He is certainly greater as a portrait painter, although his Tangier canvases reveal good color and masterful technique. His work is influenced both by Whistler and by Velasquez. Other paintings of importance are a Harpignies, *The Lake*, a rich, solid foreground, with misty view of water at dawn, in his best style; a blond Diaz, 1871, and a gem by Monticelli, entitled *Fountain of Love*, a veritable blaze of color.

The elegant Herter Galleries on Madison Avenue have been harboring a number of dry-point etchings and pencil sketches by Mr. A. G. Learned.

Owing to moving early in January to 709 Fifth Avenue, only few pictures were on view at the Kleinberger Gallery, but these were most important—a typical Rubens, entitled *Woman Taken in Adultery*. Ferdinand Bol's, *The Fortune Teller*, with strong feeling of Rembrandt both in the landscape and in the figure of the soothsayer; the gold dress of the young woman has surely served as model to many eighteenth century portrait painters. We noticed a fine full-length portrait of Carreno de Miranda, by himself, the rich browns and blacks in true Velasquez manner; a *St. John Holding the Child*, by Murillo. The infant's face

is beautiful in sleep, but not that sickly sort of beauty that mars the work of so many old masters. This picture once belonged to Louis Philippe.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith had some thirty large watercolors on view at the Knoedler Galleries, which attracted considerable attention; notably, five views of a charming old Norman inn at Dives, Cabourg, from which William the Conqueror embarked on his memorable trip to England. Some of his Dordrecht work has almost the strength of oils and displays marvelous skill in the handling of light and shade.

A one-man exhibition at the Montross Galleries disclosed the watercolor work of the late Mr. Henry Bacon, embracing the results of fifteen winters in Egypt, where this skillful artist found his true expression. A pupil of Gérôme and of Cabanel at the Beaux Arts, he did good work in England and France, but his "road to Damascus" lay evidently in Cairo and the Nile Valley, as upwards of seventy pictures testify. He was the first artist who depicted the country in broad washes. His sense of space and atmosphere are very marked in the large desert tracts so ably portrayed and his caravans, camels, sheep, Bedouins, sphinxes, ruined shrines, sandstorms, obelisks and tombs are faithful chronicles. His charming picture of the ruins of Phylæ has a separate value in that those ruins are now under water for all time.

A visit to the Photo-Secession Gallery is always interesting. Mr. Stieglitz believes in every artist having a chance, and delights in launching out young talent on that dubious path that leads to glory, or in another direction. Notable displays have been held under his ægis, to wit, Rodin drawings and Matisse, so why not Walkowitz? At first sight the drawings seem so quaint, so crude, so revolutionary, that we pause and wonder whether we have not been trifled with; we almost imagine some one laughing at us from behind the wall for wasting one precious minute with such trash. This feeling wears off, however, and as we look further into his work we see genius struggling to be free and at times freeing itself. People laughed at Whistler, yelled at Manet and ridiculed every artist who dared to be original. *Nous verrons*.

Four portraits by Sir W. Beechy, with one each by Owen and Sir J. Reynolds have been on view at the E. M. Hodgkins Galleries. Beechy's portrait of Miss Calcott is a charming specimen of this popular eighteenth-century court painter; a peculiarity about it is the fact that in spite of careful, almost meticulous finish to coiffure, robe



and surroundings, the artist omitted to model one of the arms, which in consequence appears broken, as it rests. The picture by Reynolds is the one engraved by Grozer, and known as *The Lacemakers*, being a multiple study of the same person in different positions, an art or artifice not unknown to the modern photographer.

Messrs. Scott & Fowles showed some good canvases by W. and J. Maris. The seascapes of J. Maris were particularly pleasing; one represented a desolate piece of shore, with a peasant carting seaweed, the other a bit of rough sea with drifting storm clouds. Jacque was on view in a beautiful woodland scene in the russet tones of autumn, in the foreground a shepherd and his flock. The sheep are standing in an unruffled stream, which instead of being beautifully clear and transparent should by all rights be muddy and opaque—but that is painter's license. Messrs. Scott & Fowles have recently been exhibiting some stately portraits of dowagers and debutantes, by Sholto Douglas. Very interesting is his portrait of *Princess Patricia of Connaught*, which we reproduce. Other portraits are the *Misses Millais*, in white frocks and strong sunlight, and three-quarter figures of *Lady Kinross* and *Countess of Drogheda*. The artist has a bold style and is quite unconventional in his methods. His color is strong.

Old Dutch masters are on view at the Fischer Gallery. We reproduce a portrait by Moro of a princess of the House of Braganza, very stately in black velvet, with fine features full of expression. Other excellent portraits are two by Caspar Netscher of a warrior in blue steel armor and a lady of the court of Louis XIV. A Franz Hals is there, entitled *Laughing Boy with His Whistle*.



Courtesy of the Montross Galleries  
THE SPHINX

BY HENRY BACON

If you stand too close the boy appears to be howling with misery, but on standing at proper range the howl of misery becomes a howl of joy. The artist might have given him better hair and teeth, but it is an eccentric picture; it is one of his little masterpieces in lighter vein. The picture of a young girl by Paulus Moreelse is an exquisite piece of coloring. He was a pupil of the elder Mierevelt and is taxed with coarse and cold color; but that is certainly not the case here. *The Charcoal Burners* is a superb example of Ruysdael, the fires glowing through the veil of night above a wooded stream, stormy clouds above.

Some fifty etchings by Anders Zorn were on view during January at the galleries of Arthur H.



Courtesy of the Kleinberger Galleries  
THE FORTUNE-TELLER

BY FERDINAND BOL

honestly so; it is a loving interpretation of nature as Wordsworth would have portrayed it had he been an artist, and the moods he selects are the calmful ones seen at early dawn or approaching dusk, autumn hues being prevalent among the canvases on view.

The famous firm of Braun et Cie, acceding to the request of many of their clients, have decided to hold regular exhibitions, commencing now at their galleries, 13 W. 46th St. They have hitherto been deterred from this enterprise from the fact that so many exhibitions are held annually in New York, and they were unwilling to enter the lists unless convinced that they were in a position to give a really first-class display, worthy of their great position as art publishers. They have now succeeded in getting together a collection of some eighty color etchings by Anselmo Bucci, George Ritleng and all the members of the British

Society of Graver Printers in Color. Following upon this exhibition, which will be on view the first half of this month, there will be a display of pictures suitable for educational purposes, the idea being to attempt to guide teachers, helping them to know what pictures merit wall space in American class rooms. This excellent idea goes to the very root of a necessary reform. A third exhibition will be the miniature paintings of Matthias Sandor.

In addition to exhibitions a scheme of lectures has been arranged, and each Sunday of this month will provide the opportunity of hearing Professor Pierre de Bacourt lecture on French Pastellists, Rubens and the Painters of the Barbizon School. Art lectures by Dr. Krichn, of Columbia University, will also be heard on dates under arrangement. To quote *The Lotus Leaf*: "M. Braun has been the Aldus and the Henricus Stephanus of the great classics of drawing and painting." We wish them success in their new departure and feel sure that all art lovers here will have cause to rejoice.

The famous firm of Braun et Cie, acceding to the request of many of their clients, have decided to hold regular exhibitions, commencing now at their galleries, 13 W. 46th St. They have hitherto been deterred from this enterprise from the fact that so many exhibitions are held annually in New York, and they were unwilling to enter the lists unless convinced that they were in a position to give a really first-class display, worthy of their great position as art publishers. They have now succeeded in getting together a collection of some eighty color etchings by Anselmo Bucci, George Ritleng and all the members of the British

Hahlo & Co., and aroused considerable interest. The simplicity and at the same time boldness of his technique are surprising. His portraits and studies from the nude are very lifelike and striking in pose. An especially pleasing print is *The Waltz*, full of grace and action.

An interesting collection of etchings by Sir Seymour Haden were on view at the galleries of Charles H. Graff during December. Interest in the work of Iliad, Brangwyn, Fitton and other great masters of the needle has been very keen this season and shows no signs of flagging.

# THE STUDIO

A NOTABLE DECORATIVE ARTIST: GEORGE SHERINGHAM.

THERE are not many people at the present time who would be prepared to question the significance or to deny the importance of decorative art. The value of the decorator's work is too well understood to-day to be subjected to that careless disparagement under which it suffered not many years ago, and the position of the decorative artist in the art world is too clearly defined to be, as it was until quite recently, a matter for debate. Decoration has rightly come to be regarded as the most vital of the various essentials which in combination make the perfect work of art; it is recognised as the indispensable foundation upon which all the subsequent pictorial details must rest and the starting-point for the scheme of design which it is the artist's intention to work out.

Of course, the decoration which plays so important a part in artistic practice is not the mechanical and unintelligent mannerism which unthinking people have been accustomed to accept as a permissible form of design. It is not, that is to say, a mere convention—a dull perversion of nature, or a stupid evasion of those subtleties of invention which are evidences of the artist's intellectual capacity. The popular idea of decoration in the past was something that required little knowledge of nature and little care in observation, something easy to do and therefore of negligible value; and from this idea came, as a not unnatural consequence, the belief that the decorator's position was an inferior one and his work of trivial interest.

This idea has happily been changed for a better understanding of the difference between the mechanical perversion of decorative principles and the application of these principles to work of



"THE PANTOMIME PANEL"

PAINTED ON SILK BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

(In the possession of Lady Sackville)

## George Sheringham

serious and significant importance. The mannerisms of the incompetent designer are more than ever despised by every sincere student of aesthetic activities, but the inspired decorator who is a master of his art and has a true judgment of its possibilities is being accorded something like the measure of appreciation that is indisputably his due. He is becoming a power in the art world, a very real power for good, and his influence upon the public taste is growing steadily and widening in its scope year by year.

That this should be so is a matter for earnest congratulation, because it can safely be said that in the development of decoration lies the future of modern art. The subject-picture, the painting which illustrates an episode and tells a story, has had its day, and there are many signs that its popularity is on the wane. A certain section of the public no doubt elings to it still as the most effective expression of the artist's aims, but there is a larger section which has lost all interest in illustrative painting and which craves frankly for something

less obvious and less limited in its possibilities. These people are quite ready to accept the abstract imaginings of the decorator and to find real pleasure in the fantasies which he produces; there is a demand which he can quite efficiently supply if only he has the proper qualifications for the work he is called upon to do.

For this reason it is of the greatest importance that the men who venture into decorative undertakings should be possessed of powers which are perfectly balanced. It is only the artist who has his imaginative faculties highly developed, who has an exquisite sense of rhythmical arrangement and a sensitive feeling for colour subtleties, and who is capable of appreciating the inner meanings of nature rather than her superficial realities that can be expected to reach the greater heights of decorative invention. The man who is not so soundly equipped is always in danger of lapsing into an unmeaning convention. If his imagination is unequal to the demands made upon it by his work, his practice is apt to become stereotyped and his



DESIGN FOR A DECORATIVE PANEL

FROM A PASTEL DRAWING BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM





DESIGN FOR DECORATIVE PANEL. FROM A  
PASTEL DRAWING BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

## George Sheringham

methods are likely to lose their vitality; if his sense of design is imperfect, if his colour-feeling is insufficiently acute, and if his observation is too matter-of-fact, his productions will be wanting in just that quality of distinctive originality which gives the true hall-mark to all fine decoration.

There is, in a word, no room in the ranks of the decorators for the man of merely average capabilities. The artist who is by no means a consummate craftsman and who has only moderate powers of expression can often score a great popular success through the accident of a telling subject—many a poorly painted picture has brought fame to its producer because he has chanced to hit upon a motive which has pleased the crowd. But the decorator has not the opportunity of glossing over imperfections of practice by hiding behind a popular subject; he makes his success or his failure by the use of his own capacities only, and he depends upon himself alone for the position he takes in his profession. It is this that causes the art of decoration to be more exacting than any other form of artistic expression and that obliges the men who follow it to acquire a more than ordinarily complete mastery over its complicated technicalities.

Among the younger decorative artists of the present day there are few who are so thoroughly capable of meeting any demand that may be made

upon them as Mr. George Sheringham. He is a typical decorator, possessing that peculiar balance of qualities which ensures an exceptional completeness of achievement, and endowed with an extraordinary fertility of imagination. A rarely graceful draughtsman, a colourist with an unusual sensitiveness to refinements of combination and arrangement, and a designer whose wholesome originality is satisfying in the highest degree, he has advanced in a few energetic years to a position in the front rank. This position he can with complete justice be said to have made almost entirely by his own efforts, for his art is in all its main essentials a purely personal manifestation—something created by himself. It reflects neither the teaching of any particular master nor the tenets of any past or present school; it sets forth an individual conviction that is guided by an exquisite taste and controlled by a really delightful feeling for beauty of the highest order.

Mr. Sheringham is, however, not a self-taught artist; he has learned his craft under good tuition and has had the advantage of a thorough training: and on the foundation of this well-ordered education he has built up a system of working which owes much of its practical character to the teaching he received in his student days. He learned early in life what is so valuable to the artist—how to study and how to think, and most of all how to



PAINTED SILK PANEL FOR A MUSIC-ROOM

*(In the possession of P. H. Kemp Prossor, Esq.)*

BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM



DESIGN  
FOR A  
DECOR-  
ATIVE  
PANEL  
BY GEO.  
SHER-  
INGHAM.



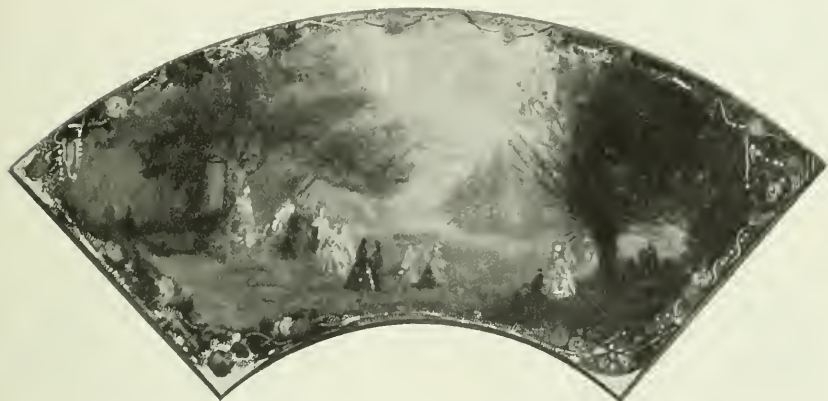


## *George Sheringham*

use his powers of observation in gathering together that mixture of knowledge by which the artistic imagination is sustained during the labour of production. In the very confidence with which he took his own way when the pupil stage was over there is evidence of the thoroughness with which he was prepared for the part he was to play in the world.

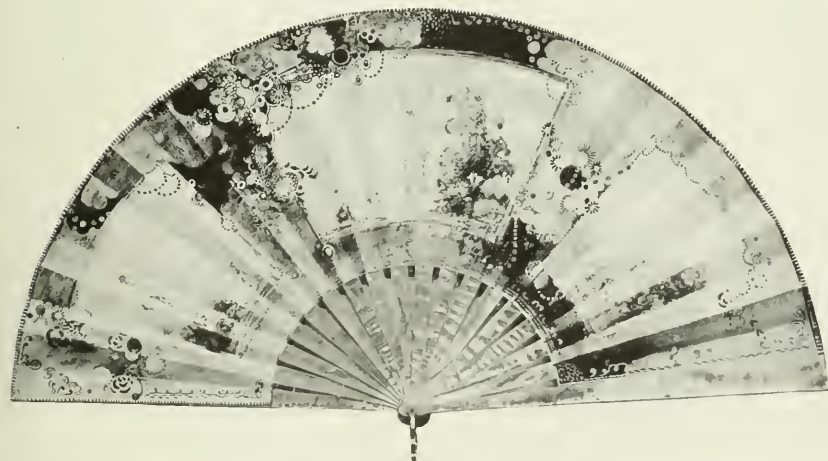
His first experiences were gained at the Slade School, where he worked for some time, but later

on he became a pupil of Mr. Harry Becker, an artist of strong convictions and vigorous methods who imparted to his students much of his own strenuous enthusiasm and implanted in them an understanding of what serious hard work really meant. Under Mr. Becker's tuition Mr. Sheringham was drilled soundly in the grammar of the painter's craft and he was taught the value of rapid, decisive statement and of broad certainty of technical method; and he was set an example



"L'ARBRE DORÉE"

FAN PAINTED ON SILK BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM  
(*In the possession of Mrs. Buxton Heineken*)



"THE LANDSCAPE FAN"

PAINTED ON KID BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM  
(*In the possession of Wyndham Harding, Esq.*)

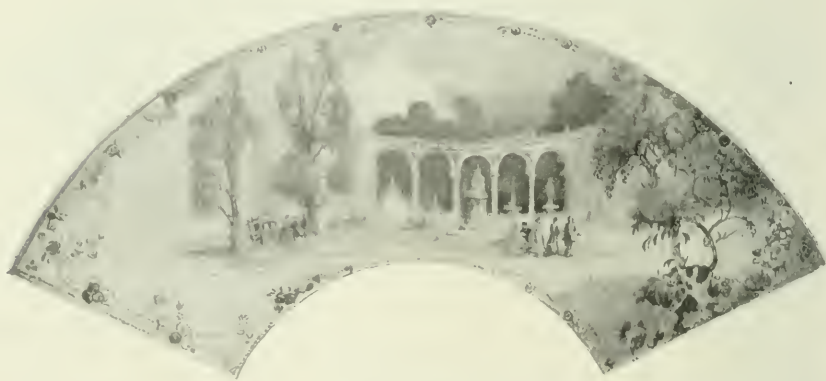
## George Sheringham

of earnest application which had a most helpful influence in the formation of his character as an artist.

When he left Mr. Becker he went straight to Paris, where he took a studio and began to work out for himself the various art problems in which he was interested. He did not put himself under any master, but spent most of his time sketching out of doors and drawing from life at the "Croquis." In these new surroundings he found himself very definitely diverted from the line of thought he had hitherto followed. He came under fresh influences, and he started a kind of self-examination with the idea of finding out what was the real direction which by nature and temperament he was intended

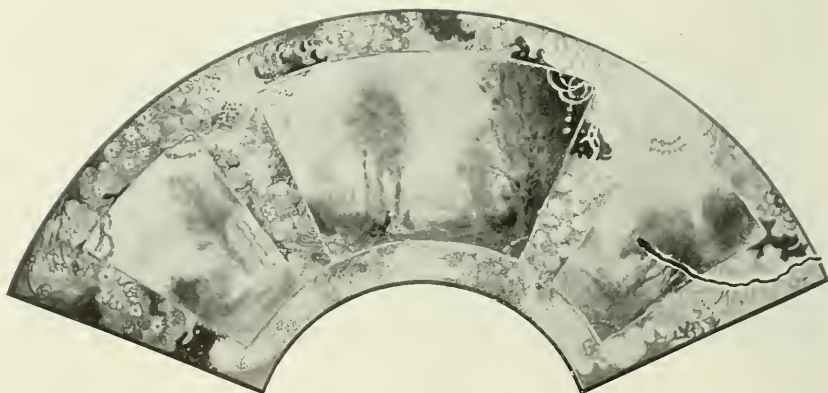
to take. This, as might have been expected, put him for a while entirely adrift, for having shed the convictions he brought with him from England and not having as yet settled definitely on any other he spent some months in a search for the new road which he felt that he was destined to follow.

It was by the study of Oriental art in the Paris museums that he was led first to believe that his destiny lay in decoration. This study opened up to him the possibilities of this branch of practice, and as time went on he began to realise that he was to find there the direction for which he was seeking. He did not enter upon it all at once, however, for he worked for a while at poster-



"THE PARK FAN"

PAINTED ON SILK BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM



"THE SPRING FAN"

PAINTED ON SILK BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

(In the possession of Mrs. d. R. Walker)

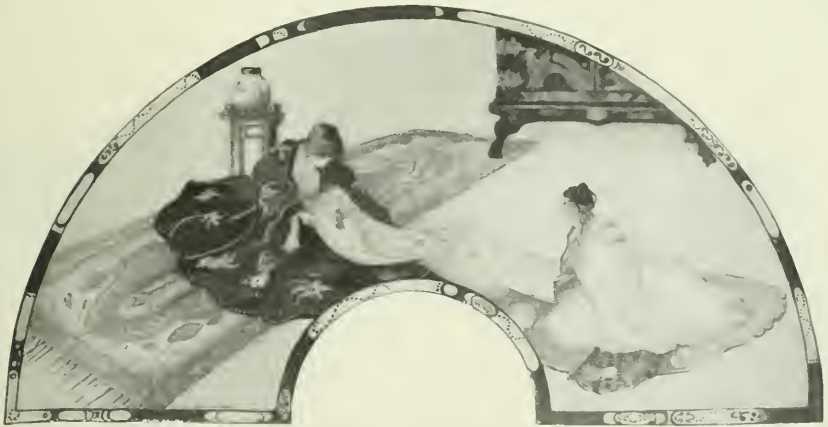
# George Sheringham



"THE ITALIAN LANDSCAPE FAN"

PAINTED ON SILK BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

(In the possession of William Caine, Esq.)



"THE KAKEMONO FAN"

PAINTED ON SILK BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

designing and black-and-white work, and he had two exhibitions of landscape subjects in water-colours, one at the Brook Street Gallery and the other at the Ryder Gallery. But finally he abandoned realistic painting entirely and decided to devote himself solely to the decorative work which by that time he had convinced himself was what he was by temperament and inclination most fitted to do.

One of the first fruits of this decision was an exhibition of fans at the Ryder Gallery, an exhibition which showed in a way that did not admit of dispute how right he had been in his judgment

of his own capacities. This exhibition and a second one held in the same gallery a little later on revealed him as a designer with something to say that no one had said before quite in the same way, and proved him to be an artist whose technical skill was as exquisite as his fancy was dainty and graceful in expression. They brought him at once into prominence, and established him in a position which has been confirmed and made more secure by the exhibition of several other fans and decorative paintings, and of the delightful series of wall-panels painted for Judge Evans. All these have appeared at the Ryder Gallery, the director of

## George Sheringham

which, Mr. Kemp Prossor, was the first to recognise Mr. Sheringham's abilities as a decorator and to encourage him in his efforts to express his individual preferences in art. Some other notable examples of his art have been seen in the exhibitions of the Pastel Society, of which he is a member—pastel is a medium which he handles with remarkable skill, and it is one which particularly suits the daintiness and fanciful delicacy of his designs. He uses all mediums, however, with equal success, and he has a knack of getting out of each one its fullest measure of meaning.

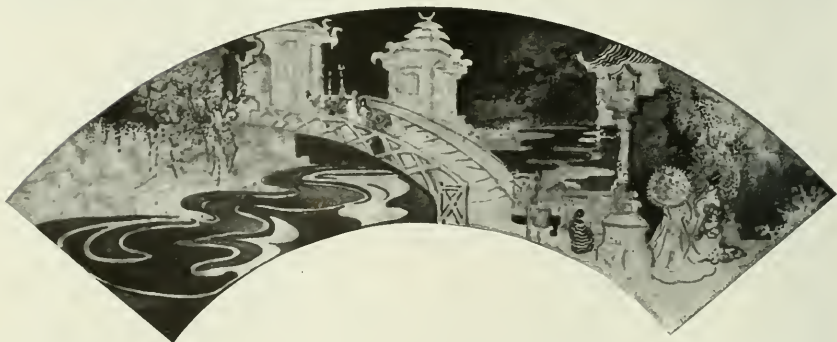
There is one thing that justifies the highest expectations for the future in Mr. Sheringham's case—that his choice of decoration as the walk in art that he has decided to follow has not been a matter of expediency, but the result of a slowly formed but absolutely sincere conviction. He believes that the new fields for exploration in the world of art are those in which decoration awaits

discovery, and he holds that Western art has neglected decoration and has pursued realism instead to the exhaustion of its possibilities. Now he thinks the position is about to be reversed, and the East, which has hitherto confined itself to decorative art, will make its excursions into realism while the West will develop its latent decorative instincts. Decidedly, if such an awakening is at hand, he is helping manfully to bring it about, and he is offering an example which other artists who are concerned about the future of Western art would do well to follow. And he is to be sincerely commended for the earnestness with which he is setting to work; in his treatment of the motives he selects there is no eccentric breaking away from sane traditions. His desire is rather to use these traditions as the starting-point of a new style which will show all needful traces of its ancestry and yet have a character of its own, and to build up this style by legitimate means.



"THE BLACK FAN"

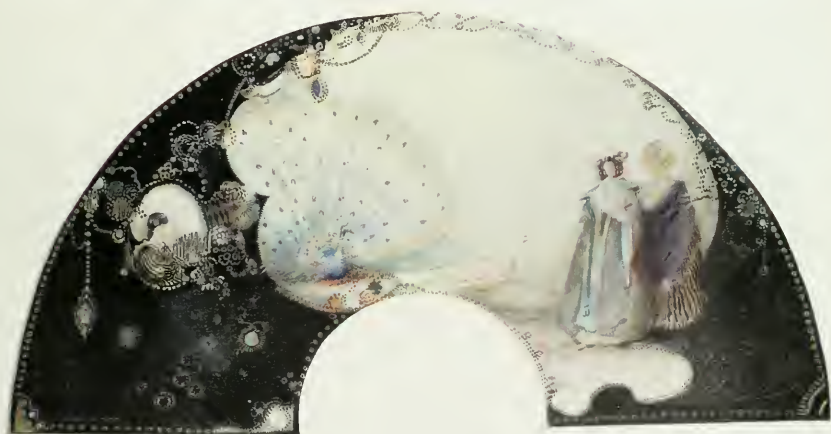
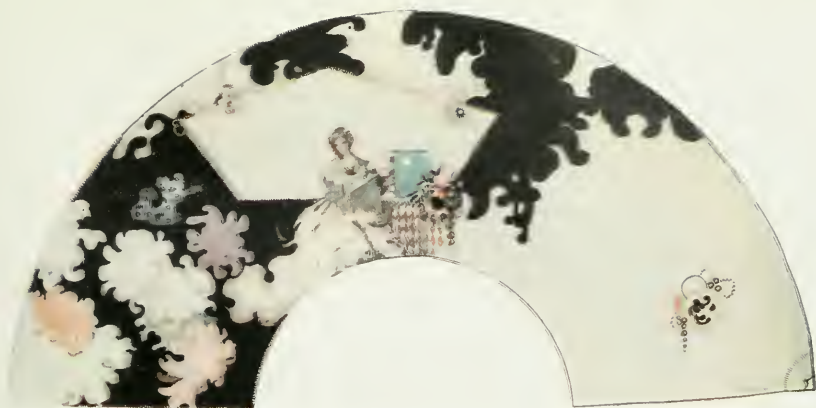
BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM



"THE CHINESE LANDSCAPE FAN"

PAINTED ON SILK BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM





"THE GREEN VASE FAN" AND  
 "THE PEACOCK FAN," PAINTED ON  
 SILK BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM.



A decorator with such a well-poised judgment and with such a temperate view of his obligations is the more to be welcomed at this moment because there is a marked inclination among our younger artists to deny the authority of the past and to substitute a sort of anarchy for the judicious modification of ancient principles which are showing a tendency to become stereotyped. Mr. Sheringham demonstrates convincingly that the effort to keep touch properly with the past does not involve any sacrifice of his instinctive originality, and that he is by no means obliged to be old-fashioned because he has, as a sober student, taken the trouble to learn what his predecessors have done. There is no need for him to disregard their achievement or to refuse to profit by the traditions they have handed down; his individuality is better displayed in the use he makes of the knowledge which has been gathered together through many centuries of artistic progress than it could possibly be in uncontrolled excursions beyond the legitimate bounds of the artist's practice.

A. L. BALDRY.

## SOME ETCHINGS FROM THE RECENT SALONS IN PARIS.

IN making a comparison between the "Old Salon" of the Société des Artistes Français and the "New Salon" of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts very little appreciable difference will be found in the standards attained in painting, and there would be practically none were the former dismantled of its mass of unquestionably mediocre work forming the bulk of the great assemblage of exhibits.

In the sections devoted to the decorative arts and etching, however, the difference artistically and in arrangement is more notably distinct. To its etcher adherents the New Salon devotes a not aggressively large gallery wherein there is little crushing and their work can be seen in a good light, while the prints unavoidably hung in the passage below the dome do not paper the walls to the ceiling. In the Old Salon, on the other hand, every available space is utilised, and etchings and engravings are



"COTTAGES IN CORNWALL."

(*Société des Artistes Français*)

BY HUGH PATON

## Etchings from the Paris Salons

huddled together in a confusing mass, no distinction being made between mere pictorial copies and original work.

In viewing the collection of work shown this year at the Old Salon, it was with a great sense of relief that one came across such spontaneous, open-air work as that of Amédée Feau in *Les Grands Pins*, the *Vieille Rue à Argentan* of Robert Desouches, with its restrained aestheticism, and Mr. Hugh Paton's charming little print *Cottages in Cornwall*, in which that artist has fulfilled and accepted all the limitations of his medium without affected knowledge. Characteristic, too, of a close and intimate relationship between the etcher and the interpretation upon copper of the subject were Frank Milton Armington's *Mount Sir Donald Glacier, Canada* (Rocky Mountains), and the little memories of Canada by Mrs. Caroline H. Armington. For subtle refinement the *Dordrecht* of Mr. Andrew F. Afleck claimed more than momentary attention, as did the *Cathédrale de Chartres*, by Mr. Hedley Fitton, for pattern and

design. The *Illustrations d'une Monographie de Fribourg*, by M. Paul-Adrien Bouroux, were similarly attractive. For a more distinct personality in selection and technique the *Dancing Water* and *Pont Neuf*, by Mr. P. Roy Partridge, were outstanding. *The Roman Bridge* and *The Haunted House*, with its suggestion of imagination, by Mr. Lister Rosenfield, were two most refreshing exhibits amongst much honest work with little inspiration.

The prominent feature of the Old Salon was certainly technicality and ability applied to the pictorial representation of things as they are, and one felt thankful in viewing the coloured etchings that those qualities so far had not yet been achieved. Among the prints which kept within the medium's limits most successfully without presenting in appearance a well-tubbed water-colour, Mr. Hugh Paton's *Soir* and M. Raoul du Gardier's *Sur l'Eau* were the most important. The aquatint *Au Clair de Lune*, by Miss Hilda Porter, and *Dans les Alpes*, by M. Georges-Albert-Étienne Belnet, were also notable. Miss Polly Phill Morris showed some



"THE TISPY DWARF"





*Ch. Delacroix 36, 45*

"LA CHAUMIÈRE À ROUSSEAU"  
BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE

(Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts)

## Etchings from the Paris Salons

excellent dry-points, and Miss Nell Coover some delicately observed *Studies of Children in the Luxembourg*, other able exhibits being *Le Bois*, by Miss Edith May Olive Branson, *Suite d'Eaux-fortes Originales*, by Henry Cheffer, *Caudebec-en-Caux*, by M. Robert Pierre Grouiller, *Péniche au Bord du Medway*, by Miss Katherine Kimball, and Mr. William Averback Lévy's *La Porte de l'Église Notre-Dame à Vernon*.

In the section of "Gravure" at the Société Nationale's Salon there were few among the two hundred and fifty odd prints displayed that did not claim attention. In walking round the little gallery one felt very much in tune with each etcher. The art and ability shown in the series of six prints by M. Auguste Lepère, one of which is here reproduced (p. 17), fully maintained the deserved reputation he has earned, and one's sense of creation and vitality was satisfied by M. George Gobo's *Port de Rotterdam* and *La Grande Brasserie à Bruges*; quietude was attained by the delicate and refined

work of M. Eugène Bèjot—a good example being the Dutch scene, *Près de Leyde*, included among our illustrations—and the poetical temperament in the *Bouquet de Bois*, by M. Jacques Beurdeley. Poignant in its imaginative dramatic effect, the *Sitio! j'ai soif* (from a series entitled "Les Sept Paroles") by Marcel Roux was specially notable. A print entitled *Sous les Cyprès d'Eyoub*, an Oriental graveyard scene, by M. Alexandre Lunois, arrested attention with an infinite fascination by its melancholy sadness and quaint decorative arrangement. Amongst the works by British and American artists in this Salon the most able and sincere were shown by Mr. Jan Gordon, Mr. Lester G. Hornby, Mr. Herman A. Webster, Mr. Augustus Koopman, and Mr. G. Plowman. Perhaps the finest by Mr. Hornby was his *Dans le Jardin du Palais Royal*, and by Mr. Webster *La Route de Louviers*, both of which have already been illustrated in THE STUDIO. Mr. Webster's *Löwenplätzchen* made a good second to the print just mentioned.



"DÉBARQUEMENT DES HARENGS"

(Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts)

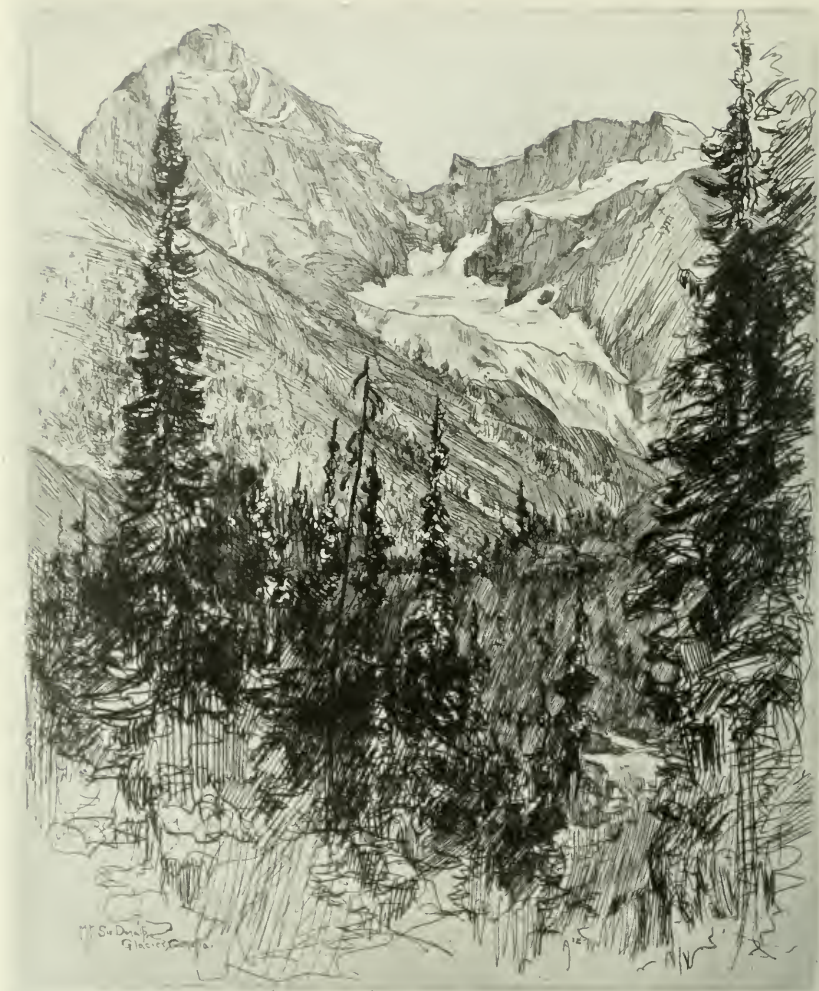
BY AUGUSTUS KOOPMAN



Levyde - P. de L. de L.

"PRÈS DE LEYDE"  
BY EUGÈNE BÉJOT

( Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts )



"MOUNT SIR DONALD GLACIER,  
CANADA." BY F. M. ARMINGTON

*(Société des Artistes Français)*



Other exhibits which deserve more than a passing mention include *La Petite Fête des Fortifications* and *La Seine à Courbevoie*, excellent in design and feeling of space, by M. Edgar Chahine, *Les Deux Scieurs*, instinct with active vitality, by M. Paul-Émile Colin, *Le Polo*, by M. Pierre-Georges Jeannot, *Démolition Rue Jean de Beauvais* and *Ferme en Corrèze*, by M. Edmond Kayser, *Le Chenal à La Rochelle*, by M. Gustave Leheutre, M. Gaston de Latenay's *Le Grand Chêne* and *La Mer Sauvage*, the dry-points by M. Louis Legrand, and M. Eugène Viala's *La Ville Morte*. Of the etchings in colour, *Le Fort Cardinal (Belle-Île)*, by M. Georges Mouchon, *Le Quai de la Tournelle*, by M. Jean François Raffaelli, and *Nocturne d'Auray*, by M. T. François Simon, were the most noteworthy examples.

E. A. TAYLOR.

# THE ART OF CHARLES JOHN COLLINGS: AN APPRECIATION. BY VAL DAVIS, R.B.A.

EVEN to those for whom art is one of life's greatest interests there come, amid the multitude of exhibitions, moments of satiety and depression. One asks, Is it not played out, this "painting," has it anything fresh to offer? After all the centuries, is any form of pictorial art possible, combining beauty with originality—and sanity? The most jaded of art-lovers, the most blasé of critics, must have found an answer to these questions in the recent exhibition of drawings representing the Canadian Rockies by Mr. Charles John Collings, at the Carroll Gallery, George Street, Hanover Square. One scarcely had dared to hope in these

latter days that there could be such a revelation in vision, colour, and technique, for it seemed that even the "isms" must have exhausted their horrors—that finality had come. How quietly and unostentatiously the little "show" was announced! No trumpet blare or heralding of distinguished patrons, but just a brief "foreword" in the catalogue, by Mr. Luscombe Carroll—whose faith in the artist has never wavered for twenty years.

At first sight of Mr. Collings's work one is impressed with a sense of something unfamiliar; no recollection of kindred effort springs to the mind—this is admitted by the few to whom it does not make a complete appeal, as well as by the many who wholeheartedly succumb to its spell. The vision is new, the colour is new, the technique, even,



"LÖWENPLÄTZCHEN"

(Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts) BY HERMAN A. WEBSTER

is new. Indeed, this matter of quality in method is, to artists especially, one of the most remarkable features of Mr. Collings's art. That after all the experiments of generations of workers with colour on paper a man should in our day show us an absolutely new effect and quality obtainable with these materials verges on the incredible, and few artists indeed can be found to accept the fact save from the evidence of their own eyes. And how perfectly his method lends itself to the rendering of the crystalline air, the unsmirched snows, the pure light and colour of these mountain solitudes! But this art goes further than any mere happy and dexterous rendering of the outward physical beauty of lake or mountain, for there is a "spirituality" in these drawings which nothing surpasses within my knowledge of landscape art. Standing before these few square inches of framed paper, we feel the awe of great sanctuaries where abide Presences. Here Silence broods for ever on that far-off peak, and the spirit of Solitude dwells untroubled by man and his works amid the unsullied snow and ice. On that pinnacle of white piercing the heavens light inaccessible has for ever a resting-place. By what magic of selection and rendering, by what subtlety of drawing or colour, such emotions and imaginations are evolved in our souls it is difficult, in fact impossible, to analyse. All that can with certainty be said is that only an emotional ecstasy of vision could so transfuse peak and ravine, lake and sky, that all material substance, water, rock, and tree, becomes lucent, so that while we see only the essence of things we yet know them for what they are, lake and cloud and mountain.

An analysis of the technique and craftsmanship of these water-colours reveals characteristics both interesting and instructive. The drawing is instinctive, it creates as well as records; nevertheless the localities depicted are recognisable by all who know them. This innate sense of form enables the artist so to dispose and pattern his colour and tones as to give with truth the configuration of mountain and valley and plain; indeed, only a phonetic summary of the drawing could present within such restricted compass these panoramic glimpses of the Rocky Mountains. We find no meticulous topographic detail in these bold constructive lines and angles and curves, yet what have they missed that matters?

The composition of a picture can proceed from two principles, which, while to a certain extent mutually inclusive, yet contain essential differences. In one—and the more generally adopted—the main principle is the recession from the spectator in

perspective, and consequent diminution, in pictorial dimensions, of the objects forming the subject, accompanied by a corresponding gradation, especially in landscape, of their local tones and colours towards vanishing-point. Turner's *Crossing the Brook* will serve as an example, showing also to what a pinnacle of beauty this method can attain. Nevertheless artists in our day have elected to consider that form of pictorial composition higher which depends on the juxtaposition of objects, tones, and colour decoratively designed together like the pattern of a carpet or of a bird's wing. Perspective, linear and aerial, must not change the decorative effect into a mere opening in the wall or an outlook through a window. Brangwyn in our day, the Primitives in earlier times, conform to this latter method, as does Mr. Collings. His drawings never suggest examples in a text-book of perspective; they are as purely decorative as a piece of inlay; yet though he disdains the conventional and easier methods he rivals them by the ease with which he gives us space, height and mass, distance and air.

Of the feast of colour displayed in this exhibition it is difficult to speak in terms which do not savour of exaggeration. Over all of them, even those nearest approaching the prismatic, there is a delicate veil, a sensitive withdrawing, as in an opal. Grey—for him the word means an underworld of colour shrinking as it were from the light of day—amethyst, ruby, sapphire, and pearl in ever-varying degrees, tint after tint, yet never the same, never repeated, at times—in a measure arbitrary—the creation of the mood and the moment. It would be hopeless to attempt to enumerate or describe a tenth of the fresh and fascinating tints and their combinations to be descried in these drawings. Most of us have had at times the feeling that snow is not always white. We are conscious occasionally of a yellow tone, more frequently perhaps of a blue. But Mr. Collings shows what a gamut of colour its surface can convey to the sensitive eye, for snow and sky and sea are Nature's changeful opals, the treasure-houses of her fairest iridescences. In the drawing *On the Shuswap Lake* (here reproduced) see how the changes are rung on the lovely note of vivid blue of the mountains on the left, through varying gradations, green, grey, and black, till it is finally lost in the sober tones of the white sheen of the sun-glint down the mountain-side.

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[In a later number we propose to reproduce in colour another of Mr. Collings's drawings. Our readers will readily understand from the remarks of Mr. Davis our reason for not reproducing any of them in monochrome.—EDITOR.]



*(By permission of W. Parkyn Murray, Esq.)*

"ON THE SHUSWAP LAKE." FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY CHARLES JOHN COLLINGS.





EDWARD LANTERI: SCULPTOR  
AND PROFESSOR. BY I. G.  
MCALLISTER.

*Introductory Note by Mr. Alfred Gilbert.*

BEFORE you, you have an excellent account of the material side of a life's devotion.

The greatness of a master's teaching is not necessarily proved by the productions of his pupils, but rather by their power to produce at all. It is no fault of the master if the pupil has been unable to follow him in aught but dexterity, for it is no part of a teacher's task to attempt to supply genius, nor yet artistic intelligence.

His labour is at an end when the pupil has acquired all that can be taught, *i.e.* how to express himself. There can be no doubt but that the revival of sculpture in England in recent times owes its inception and development to a systematic

and intelligent training directed by one who has known how to lend the weight of his personality as a master as well as a teacher, and has thus been steadily creating an artistic moral influence worthy of the best traditions. To Edward Lanteri, the maker of many things, the originator of a multitude of ideas—Edward Lanteri, always the self-sacrificing and self-effacing master and friend—we are indebted for our school. It is a mistake to class this father of a revival with mere teachers of dexterity. Fate decreed that this man of infinite sensibility, subtle imagination and inflexible will, endowed, too, with natural poetical instincts, should sink all to benefit others by teaching them how to express themselves. England should be grateful to such a master for its awakening from a sleep of endless sorrow to a vision of future joy.

It is certain that hundreds who have enjoyed his loving and unwearying care will join their gratitude to that of one who was his first pupil nigh forty years ago. ALFRED GILBERT.

BRUGES 1912.

As sculptor and as master, the name of Edward Lanteri is known and revered throughout the kingdom. The history of his career is most interesting, and is especially instructive as showing how a great national educational work can find its centre of inspiration as well as vital impulse to development in the steadfast efforts of one man. And it must be a great satisfaction to the master—a satisfaction seldom realised in such cases—that he is able to see the far-reaching and permanent character of the results in his own lifetime.

M. Lanteri very early began his art studies in Paris under Aimé Millet and M. Lecocq de Boisbaudran; at the École des Beaux-Arts he studied under Guillaume and Cavelier; and, as was the case with his predecessor, the great Dalou, his marvellous rapidity of execution, and the telling and expressive touches so characteristic of him, are to be traced directly to the sound knowledge of "life" work gained by



STUDY OF A BABY'S HEAD

BY EDWARD LANTERI

ceaseless study and informing a temperament essentially that of the artist.

At the age of twenty-three he became chief assistant to Sir Edgar Boehm, which position he held until Sir Edgar's death in 1890. Ten years previously to this date he had succeeded M. Dalou (whose *Life* he afterwards wrote) as Professor of Modelling at the National Art Training School, South Kensington, now known as the Royal College of Art. Of this appointment Mr. Spielmann says: "When M. Dalou departed in 1880, he left in his stead M. Lanteri, now a naturalised Englishman, who has proved an ability for teaching fully equal to that of his predecessor; singularly endowed with the capacity for inspiring students with a passion for their art, and for securing from successive generations of them their admiration and affectionate esteem."

Great changes have taken place since 1880 in the history and character of our national sculptural art, and in congratulating ourselves on our progress, we must remember to "give honour to whom honour is due"—to the one Rodin addressed as "*Homme précieux pour nos nombreux élèves.*"

The great French sculptor paid a tribute to the modelling section of the Royal College of Art when he visited it with a group of French painters. He said: "We have nothing like this in Paris; nothing to approach it"; and he also added: "If ever a renaissance in sculpture should take place in England, it must come through the teaching of M. Lanteri!" This prophecy has already come to pass. We are experiencing to-day a very real revival of the art of sculpture, in great measure the outcome of Lanteri's work. During the last thirty-two years, numbers of thoroughly qualified men and women have passed out of the Royal College of Art to fill positions in schools all over the United Kingdom, and have inculcated his methods and extended his influence on art far and wide.

The standard of work at the Royal College of Art is of an unusually high order; the amateur is neither wanted nor received, and a test examination is set before entrance, to exclude beginners and all who are not serious workers. Those who are fortunate enough to gain admittance, therefore, are in

a position to immediately profit by the instruction given. In the "life" rooms are to be found the right type of students, animated with the spirit of art, and an enthusiastic capacity for work to a marked degree. The life-size figures wrought in clay from the living model are quite wonderful, both in the men's life rooms and in those of the women, and whether in the plastic or glyptic art, in every one of the many branches of the crafts so thoroughly taught by Prof. Lanteri, all sections show that the most excellent results have been attained. Prof. Lanteri is a rapid and dexterous manipulator, and his students say that only those who have witnessed the "demonstrations" which he gives every now and then, can have any conception of how marvellous they are. He will build up a complete figure in four hours, and a demonstration bust will take him only one hour and a half!

The method by which Prof. Lanteri teaches is entirely his own, and it has well been described



BUST OF MONSIGNOR X.

BY EDWARD LANTERI



*(In the collection of Sir James Guthrie)*

"THE SACRISTAN." BY  
EDWARD LANTERI

## Edward Lanteri

as an expression of his own remarkable personality ; he holds that " sculpture is three-quarters scientific knowledge," and he has established his system on a firm scientific basis. In speaking of his own student days at the École des Beaux-Arts, he said there was no teaching in the real sense of the word. " I was told only that ' this was right and that was wrong, that is too long or too short,' and no more than that. The best teacher of that time, to whom I owe so much, was M. Lecocq de Boisbaudran. His excellent lessons are still present in my mind. . . .

" Taking the question of drapery, I used to copy it diligently, piece by piece, but I never understood or had pointed out to me any rule which would have simplified it. When I came to teach others,

I thought a great deal of how to overcome some of the many difficulties to help my pupils, and I found that, by applying certain laws of nature to the obstacles, the difficulties vanished at once. The law of radiation, for instance, solved the problem of drapery, and the same law applies to the whole construction of the human figure."

The hurry and superficiality of the education of the modern art student, Prof. Lanteri protests against greatly. " In the past there was less haste, and study was more profound. Nowadays it is rendered easy—a grave peril for the mind, which becomes superficial and fickle. Study may often be a kind of lure, by which students allow themselves to be caught ; they grasp at its semblance, and it only serves them to disguise ignorance under an audacious cleverness." For slipshod methods he has no toleration. He holds that the period of training should be prolonged until the student has passed beyond the age of uncertainty and has acquired strength of character and clearness of aim.

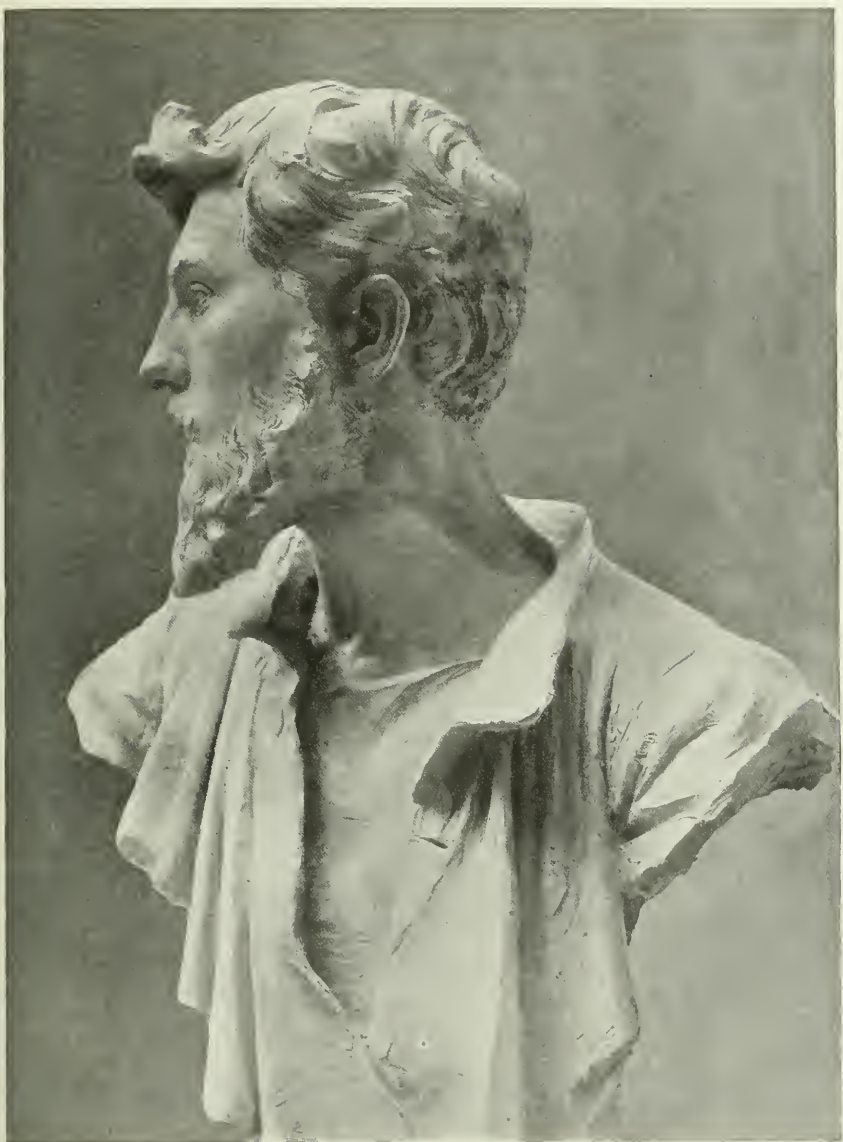
On the subject of composition he says : " For a master to impose on his pupil his own conception of a subject, is entirely contrary to the rules of artistic teaching. In such case, the hand of the student becomes merely the instrument of the teacher's brain, and he never acquires the needful strength of conviction to produce a work of individual quality—the only result being that the student loses all interest in pursuing and perfecting his own conception. And yet this is just what the master ought to assist him in, by speaking to him of the masterpieces of old, and by using all possible means that will help him to give expression to his own thoughts and sentiments." Also : " A true teacher must exclude the systematic spirit from his judgment. Far from seeming to keep exclusively to one conception of art only, he must understand all those conceptions which have been produced before, and must be able to receive from his pupils all the new modes of expression which can still be brought forth. *Above all* he must never put his own example forward ; he should be absolutely impersonal." And again : " In order to develop the artistic intelligence you must work from nature with the greatest sincerity ; copy flowers or leaves, or whatsoever it may be, with the most scrupulous analysis of their character and forms, for Nature only reveals herself to him who studies her with a loving eye. In this way the student will find the essence of the spirit of composition, for there is nothing more harmonious, nothing more symmetrical than a flower, a leaf,



MARBLE BUST: "REVERIE"

BY EDWARD LANTERI





*(In the Musée du Luxembourg, Paris)*

"LE TRAVAILLEUR." BY  
EDWARD LANTERI

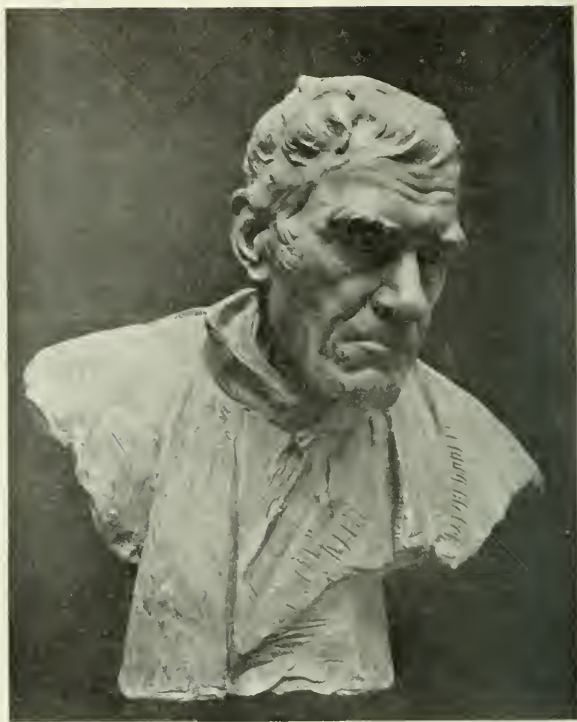
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and, above all, the human form. Here are found all the laws of beauty in composition, and the student who copies them sincerely assimilates these laws with his temperament and personality, and creates for himself an ideal which later on he applies to his own compositions."

One of his most successful students gives an insight into the early days of the college, which is interesting. Under Prof. Lanteri the constructional side was very much insisted upon, but he always made it clear that technique was only a means to an end. He opened the students' eyes daily to the beauties of nature and the glories of the Old Masters, showing how the works of the latter implied an intimate study of the former. His enthusiasm extended from Phidias to examples of the modern school. To students of design he used to say the source of all design was in nature, and

a knowledge of it was only to be obtained through much earnest study of nature. When his students showed dullness or depression he would strike sparks all round by his enthusiasm, and leave the little circle freshly inspired and ready to fight on. To those who were striving to do their best without, perhaps, much good result, he would say: "Courage, on arrive peu à peu," leaving them with a gleam of hope rather than in absolute despair. But the most laboured model ran a risk of being torn down, and the dismayed student would find that it had to be begun again from the beginning. One of the most dreaded phrases was: "You have tried to finish before you have begun." To all, however, he invariably showed the greatest personal kindness, and his courtesy acted like magic, meeting with an almost immediate response.

A well-known sculptor who studied under Prof. Lanteri says: "Within the modern school of sculpture there has been one master only whom



"PAVYAN"

BY EDWARD LANTERI  
(In the Luxembourg, Paris, and Tate Gallery, London)

those who know and understand Lanteri's work and power would admit as his superior in the craft as such, and that master is the giant Dalou. Like Dalou, and like Sargent in painting, M. Lanteri combines swift and true vision with the utmost of rapid technical power. . . . He instantly perceives and sums up the vital essentials of the moment, and whilst his astonishingly rapid rendering of these gives a vivid and sympathetic appreciation of the finer and subtler phases of external nature, he yet ensures the presence in all his work of the deeper, the more abiding, and essential character of his subject. There can be no doubt that had the exigencies of life led to Lanteri devoting himself to the production of works of sculpture, his name would have stood high amongst the greatest men of his generation in art. But no one who understands the inner nature of things will regret his not having become a purely individual practitioner. All over the land former pupils

## *Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture*

are extending his influence and inspiration, and, notwithstanding all that has been done, and is being done, the best fruits of his gracious and unselfish labours are yet to come. It is a proof of what he could have done as an individual sculptor with his wonderful technical power. The work which he most appreciates and loves is the very greatest—the mighty Parthenon sculptures. A mark of his genius as an instructor and guide is that he never tries to bend any budding individuality out of its evident native tendency. No real merit escapes him however inadequately expressed."

His time being so limited, most of his productions have been busts, portraits, and ideal and portrait statuettes. In his earlier period (the late eighties and early nineties) he produced some purely ideal statues of much beauty, one of which, a marble figure, was acquired by King Edward, then Prince of Wales. In the higher intellectual and deeper emotional qualities his later work is the finer. A subtle artist, he has advanced all the time, so that now he is better than ever.

The illustrations here presented give an impression of one phase only of Lanteri's mastery: that to which the conditions of his life as a teacher have in a great measure confined his own original work. But they amply reproduce two qualities which distinguish his work, namely, "life" and "colour." But there is another quality which will be observed in certain of the illustrations, and

which can perhaps best be described by the word "monumental." It is his appreciation of the supreme importance of this quality that makes him one of the keenest and most understanding admirers of the work of Alfred Stevens. Unfortunately such monumental statues as Lanteri has produced have been made for places abroad. But those who have visited the college and seen the original work by advanced students cannot have failed to be impressed by the fact that this quality is insisted upon from beginning to end. It will also be seen from the illustrations how largely Lanteri's work is imbued with that intimate beauty and impressiveness which is the great charm of the best works of the Italian renaissance. What he has done for the revival of sculpture has not been at all realised yet by the public, but the sculptors know and say, that "if there is one in the whole realms of Great Britain and France who has earned high recognition of his unostentatious and disinterested labours on behalf of others, it is Prof. Lanteri."

I. G. M.

## RECENT DESIGNS IN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

BELOW and on the next page we give illustrations of a house at Kingswood, in Surrey, a picturesque locality on the downs to the north of Reigate, lately erected from the designs of Mr.



HOUSE AT KINGSWOOD, SURREY: GARDEN FRONT

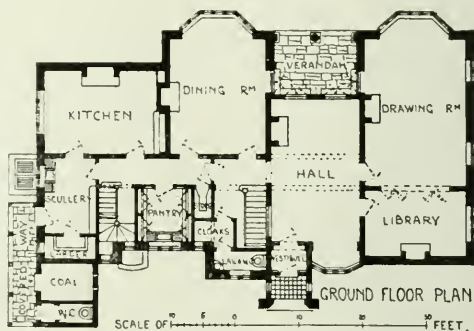
R. A. BRIGGS, F.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECT

## *Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture*

R. A. Briggs, F.R.I.B.A. (Briggs and Browning), of London. The site offers views extending for many miles to the south-east, and in order that the residents should have the advantage of these views the dining-room and the drawing-room were both built with bay windows. Small light red bricks have been used for facing the external walls below the first floor, and also the chimneys, while the walls above the ground floor are covered with rough-cast. For the roofs rough tiles of a dark grey-red colour have been used, and the stone for the dressings comes from the Monk's Park quarries. The interior accommodation on the ground floor is shown on the accompanying plan. The rooms on the first floor comprise six bedrooms (including two for servants), a dressing-room, a schoolroom, two bath-rooms, and other offices. Part of the hall is carried through to the first floor, the window being continued all the way up (as shown in the illustration on this page), while facing the window is a gallery reached from the first floor. The woodwork throughout has been painted white.

Sion Hill, Thirsk, Yorkshire, of which we give an illustration in colour, is a house at present in course of erection for Mr. Percy Stancliffe on the site of an older house erected about one hundred years ago, that has been pulled down to

make way for it. The estate until recently belonged to a branch of Lord Harewood's family, and is about four miles from Thirsk, in a richly wooded neighbourhood through which winds the river Wiske. The new house is planned so that the principal rooms all get as much sunshine as possible, and face the gardens and river, and several of the windows command fine views of the Vale of York and the Hambleton Hills. The house is being built with cavity walls twenty inches thick, the outer facing being of two-inch red hand-made bricks, and the roofs are to be covered with thick red hand-made and sand-faced tiles. The entrance porch shown in the view is of Portland stone, which is also used sparingly for the windows, sills, strings,



HOUSE AT KINGSWOOD, SURREY: ENTRANCE VIEW

R. A. BRIGGS, F.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECT







## *Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture*

&c. The interior is being treated in a simple but effective manner. The living-rooms and principal bedrooms are of ample dimensions, and there is a commodious hall. The architect is Mr. Walter H. Brierley, of York, and the drawing from which our illustration is reproduced was exhibited at the recent Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Our remaining illustrations are of two houses and some interiors designed by an architect of Bremen, Herr H. Wagner, an active member of that progressive organisation known as "Der Deutsche Werkbund," of which an account was given in "The Studio Year Book of Decorative Art, 1910." Herr Wagner has already given proof of his abilities in the designing of large buildings, but at present his energies are centred on the designing and complete equipment of private dwelling-houses. He feels deeply indebted to the teachings of the English School of Architects, but he has always made it his aim to work in the genuine German spirit. Solidity of material, thorough craftsmanship, abundance of light and air, and the planning of pleasant gardens are some of the points on which he lays particular stress. The illustrated house on this page has been built for Herr Delius at Versmold, a few miles from Bielefeld; the other, which, with some of its rooms, is shown on the following

pages, has just been built for Herr Halbrock at Hillegossen, near Bielefeld. Extraneous ornamentation has been rigidly avoided, but the red pantile roofs and the greyish-white woodwork of balustrades and other external fittings in themselves form a pleasing adornment. A feeling for orderly arrangement is admirably counterbalanced in the interiors by a predilection for comfortable shapes and cheerful colours.

"THE STUDIO YEAR BOOK OF DECORATIVE ART, 1913," is now in course of preparation, and the Editor is prepared to consider designs with a view to publication in the volume. An important section will again be devoted to recent work in domestic architecture, while interior decoration and the general equipment of the home will, as before, be fully dealt with. The work will contain numerous examples of furniture, fireplaces, wall and ceiling decoration, stained glass, wood-carving, metalwork, pottery, porcelain, glassware, embroidery, textile fabrics, &c. Designs should be sent in not later than October 31, addressed to the Editor of "The Studio Year Book," 44 Leicester Square, London. Drawings in colour of exteriors of houses will be acceptable, while special attention will be given to colour-schemes for domestic interiors.



HOUSE AT VERSMOLD, WESTPHALIA

H. WAGNER, ARCHITECT, BREMEN



HOUSE NEAR BIELEFELD  
H. WAGNER, ARCHITECT

*(Garden designed by Schnackenburg  
and Siebold, Hamburg)*





(Walls cream and gold; furniture of  
citron-wood with red upholstery;  
brass electric-light fittings)

HOUSE NEAR BIELEFELD: THE DINING-ROOM.  
DESIGNED BY H. WAGNER, ARCHITECT



DINING-ROOM AND HALL OF HOUSE NEAR REUEFELD

(For colour-scheme of dining-room see previous page ; that of the hall is white with black lines, brownish red curtains, green-tiled fireplace, and silver light fittings)



DESIGNED BY H. WAGNER, ARCHITECT

## Modern German Embroidery



EMBROIDERED CUSHION. DESIGNED BY P. SCHOLT, EXECUTED IN THE LEHR- UND VERSUCH-ATELIERS FÜR FREIE UND ANGEWANDTE KUNST (W. VON DEBSCHITZ), MUNICH

### MODERN GERMAN EMBROIDERY. BY L. DEUBNER.

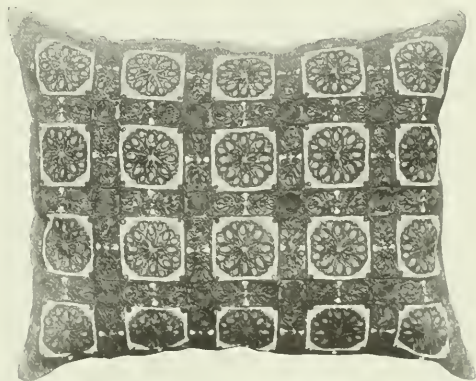
It is a curious fact, and one that probably very few readers of this magazine are aware of, that the modern movement which has had such a far-reaching influence on every branch of industrial production in Germany and has fundamentally transformed the appearance of our dwellings and furniture as well as our streets and, in fact, our towns, began with some embroideries—embroideries, moreover, which made no pretensions to being works of art, and, indeed, were nothing more than the dreamy fantasies of a sculptor, Hermann Obrist. It was just a momentary whim of his which led him to have some visions of fantastic ornamentation and piquant colour-combinations carried out in embroidery instead of transferring them to canvas with the brush, quite regardless of any special purpose and unconstrained by any knowledge of material and technique. Nor had his gifted collaborator, Berthe Ruchet, any experience as an embroideress when both began, purely for their personal enjoyment, to design embroideries to be worked by Italian needlewomen—it was when they were in Florence, nearly twenty years ago.

That which thus originated in what might almost be called playful experiment was so entirely novel, so instinct with vital energy and revealed such a delicate, refined feeling for colour and rhythm, that these essays, like apparitions from some imaginary dreamland far removed from the everyday world, at once cast a spell

on those who saw them. Friends came forward with suggestions for an exhibition, but not until after three years of silent toil did the artist act on this advice. In Munich, whither he had returned with his assistant, he showed a collection of thirty-five pieces which, on account of the extraordinary daring of their ornamentation and their brilliant colour, aroused great enthusiasm in artistic circles, but evoked amazement and unanimous repudiation among professional needleworkers and "the trade." And from their respective standpoints both were right: the artists, who rejoiced at the resolute departure from conventional design and tradition and at the evidence of creative activity; the traders,

who looked in vain for new methods and saw no sign of any manual dexterity or any regard for considerations of practical utility. But these embroideries were never intended to subserve any practical purpose. They were an artist's fantasies, *objets de luxe* pure and simple, and tremendously dear. Two years later Obrist was obliged to abandon the workshop which, in the full tide of optimism, he had started. At the present day his embroideries are museum rarities which have already acquired some historic value and are forgotten, like the artist who produced them, in obedience to that creative impulse with which he was so richly endowed, never dreaming what an immense transformation, economic and cultural, was to flow from his venture.

When it was perceived to one's surprise that even on such a sterile soil as embroidery had



CUSHION. DESIGNED BY M. RUSCHEWEIJH, EXECUTED IN THE LEHR- UND VERSUCH-ATELIERS FÜR FREIE UND ANGEWANDTE KUNST (W. VON DEBSCHITZ), MUNICH

## Modern German Embroidery

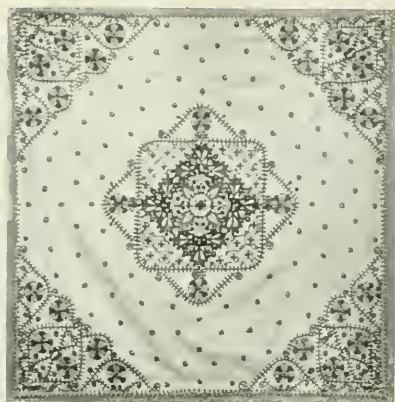


TABLE-COVER. DESIGNED AND WORKED AT THE STAATLICHE KUNSTGEWERBE-SCHULE, HAMBURG (F. DELAVILLA AND MARIA BRINKMANN'S CLASS)

become under the influence of wholesale manufacture on the one hand and feminine dilettantism on the other, flowers of rare and fascinating beauty could be made to grow, the thoughtful began to ask why the same result should not be possible in other fields of work. Was there not the soft, pliant clay of the potter waiting to be shaped into new forms and embellished with new colours? Were not the graphic arts eager for new modes of expression and decoration? And the precious metals and coloured stones of the jeweller—were they not ready to be recombined into new harmonies and accords? New possibilities were sought for and found: experiment proved that there was a public favourably disposed. Failure failed to deter, and every little success aroused fresh enthusiasm and gave the impulse to new and bolder enterprises.

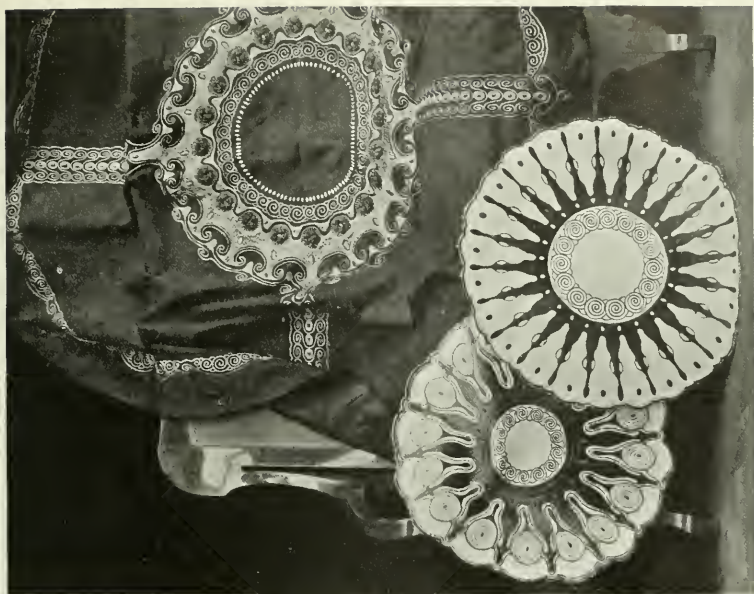
To-day we can look back with a smile at these impulsive, tumultuous efforts, this confident revaluation of accepted values—this "Umwertung aller Werte." Whether, however, the new ideas and intentions would in the absence of such robust fanaticism have persisted in face of a world of prejudices and bitter opposition, is certainly a question. In this connection it is worth while to remember that in the development

of modern embroidery just the same conflict has had to be waged as that which the modern movement as a whole has experienced. There is nothing astonishing in the fact that, following Obrist's example, practically all the artists who espoused the new ideas turned their attention to this despised field of feminine handiwork: it yielded them, indeed, an opportunity of achieving new effects of colour and surface and new rhythmic accords without any great sacrifice and expenditure of material and labour. The study of nature zealously pursued under the influence of Japanese art brought with it a revelation of beauties that had long remained hidden, and showed how from natural forms might be derived those decorative adaptations which in the field of embroidery are of prime moment, while the rest was left to the deft fingers of the needlewoman entrusted with the carrying out of the work. But this division of labour, of course, had its drawbacks; in the struggle between intention and realisation, between invention and execution, many of those refinements were lost which ought to have given to a piece of work its artistic value, and so disappoint-



EMBROIDERED PANEL. DESIGNED AND WORKED AT THE STAATLICHE KUNSTGEWERBE-SCHULE, HAMBURG (F. DELAVILLA AND MARIA BRINKMANN'S CLASS)

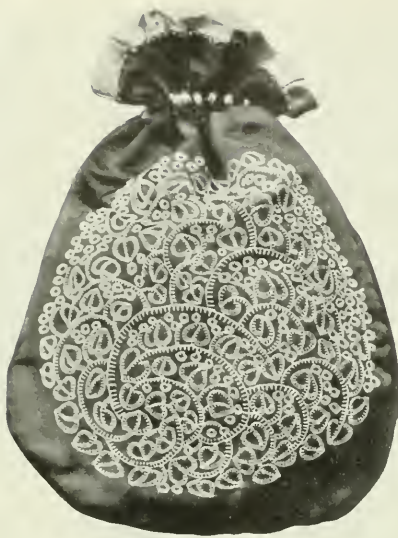




EMBROIDERIES, DESIGNED BY OTTO  
LIETZ, EXECUTED BY BETTY BERGER



## Modern German Embroidery



BLACK SILK BAG. WORKED BY TONI METSCHER  
(KUNSTGEWERBE-SCHULE, BIELEFELD)

ments were more numerous than successes. An immense amount of time and labour was spent on the discovery of new forms and colour-combinations, on the simplification of ornamental accessories and the testing of new technical methods, and yet the practical results were quite meagre. And then the little really good and exemplary work that emerged from these efforts was appropriated by the trade in its eagerness for new patterns, and by senseless repetition worked up into those deplorable manufactures which, under the domination of the so-called "Jugend-stil," have inundated the country.

It was only when the women artists who had practised painting or sculpture began to turn their attention more and more to the long-despised field of industrial art, and especially to take up embroidery in the conviction that here lurked possibilities which would ever remain hidden from their male rivals, that really sound work—work that could truly be said to fulfil its purpose—made its appearance as the result of this, for the most part, vain experimenting. In this branch of work, which for ages past had been the peculiar province of the female sex, men might have suggestions and ideas to offer in matters pertaining to colour-schemes



EMBROIDERIES DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY GERTRUD LORENZ

## Modern German Embroidery

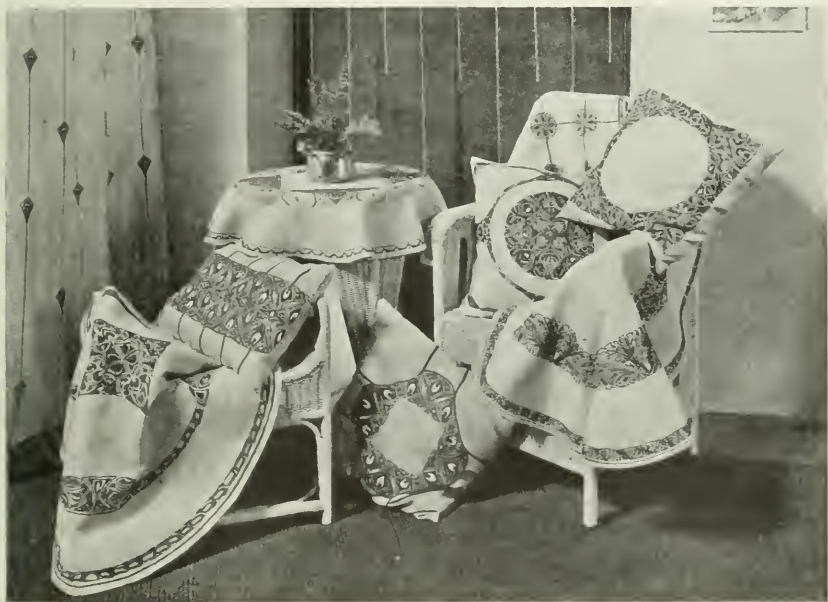


WALL-HANGING, WORKED IN COLOURED STRING. DESIGNED BY THEA WITTMANN, EXECUTED BY FRAU F. DERI-WINTER

and design, but after all the actual work, the enduring product, had always been reserved to women. If with the male artist the point of chief importance was the artistic effect, while technical perfection and durability were secondary matters,

the female artist, familiar with the peculiarities of material and the diverse methods of manipulation, always had in view the wishes of the housewife and the requirements of daily use, and thus her work, in which the charm of novelty united with a certain simplicity and executive thoroughness, secured a more sympathetic reception than was accorded to the productions of her male competitor.

And then, in addition to that, when the reorganisation of the schools and other institutions in which applied art was taught was set on foot, their backwardness having quickly made itself apparent, drawing and designing fell more and more into the background and gave place to practical work, so far as was possible within the scope of the school administration. Furniture-making and metal-work could not be carried on in all schools, but embroidery presented agreeable possibilities of familiarising scholars with the fundamental



EMBROIDERIES DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY GERTRUD LORENZ



## *Modern German Embroidery*



EMBROIDERED SILK CUSHIONS

BY GERTRUD LORENZ

principles of artistic handiwork, of introducing them to the discreet use of colour and form, and training them to perceive the value of a beautiful colour-scheme and the rhythmical interaction of line and surface. But the chief point of concern here was that the decorative designs elaborated in the drawing-class from the study of natural forms could be easily put into practice, and if a good deal of work that originated in this way failed to gain a lasting foothold in practical life and soon became out of date, the influence which the schools

exercised on this sphere of work, and still continue to exercise at the present day, when the embroidery sections are almost everywhere under the direction of well-trained women artists who are thoroughly familiar with every kind of technique, helped greatly to bring about that success at which we are now able to rejoice.

Here, too, the initiative of Hermann Obrist had a decisive influence. He was convinced that our Schools of Industrial Art (*Kunstgewerbe-Schulen*) ought no longer to be for the most part drawing-schools in the academic sense, but ought to be transformed into places where an essentially practical training in applied art should be given. Some ten years ago in conjunction with Wilhelm von Debschitz he founded an institution on these lines in Munich, the "*Lehr- und Versuch-Ateliers für freie und angewandte Kunst*," which soon became a



HELIERAU EMBROIDERIES. DESIGNED BY ALEXANDER VON SALZMANN AND CHARLOTTE KRAUSE, EXECUTED BY THE DEUTSCHE WERKSTATTEN FÜR HANDWERKSKUNST, DRESDEN-HELLERAU





EMBROIDERIES

DESIGNED BY OTTO LIETZ, EXECUTED BY BETTY BERGER



HELLERAU EMBROIDERIES. DESIGNED BY ALEXANDER VON SALZMANN AND CHARLOTTE KRAUSE, EXECUTED BY THE DEUTSCHE WERKSTÄTTEN FÜR HANDWERKSKUNST, DRESDEN-HELLERAU

## Modern German Embroidery



APPLIQUÉ-EMBROIDERED FIRE-SCREEN. BY EDDA WIESE

model for the Government schools and have trained many capable workers who are at the present time acting as teachers in the service of the State, and are thus exerting their influence on behalf of the rational methods of instruction inculcated in the Munich institution. Here the teaching was not according to certain fixed rules, and no "approved

system" was thrust on the pupils, but they were trained rather than instructed—trained to create each according to his particular bent. Slumbering talent was awakened into activity, the pupils were induced to carry into execution their own ideas in whatever branch of work they felt most drawn to, and thus a real pleasure in work was fostered. This method taught them to discern the difference between thinking and doing, between design and execution, and also the possibilities of improvement. By the exchange of ideas and counsel the pupils were stimulated to seek and find the right way and the right means themselves, and encouraged to persevere as the essential condition to all sincere work. To-day these principles of training are generally recognised, but let it be noted that they emanated from this private school at Munich in which Wilhelm von Debschitz has displayed his surpassing gifts as an educator. During the past decade many hundreds of students of both sexes have passed through the school, which has given them something more than manipulative skill in their various walks of life: it has instilled into them a pure feeling for the meaning and purpose of all industrial labour and that firmness of will which even under the ever-changing requirements of daily life enables them to find the right way.

A striking testimony to the truth of this assertion is afforded by the embroideries of Frau Gertrud

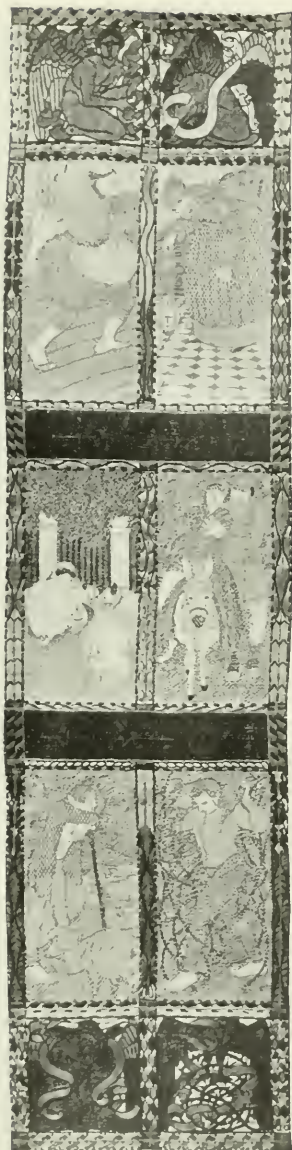


GERTRUD LORENZ'S EXHIBITION AND SALE-ROOM AT DRESDEN



EMBROIDERIES DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY GERTRUD LORENZ





WALL-HANGING, WITH MOTIVES  
SELECTED FROM THE PARABLES.  
WORKED BY ADELHEID WILICH, A  
PUPIL OF THE KUNSTGEWERBE-SCHULE,  
BIELEFELD

Lorenz, who received her artistic training at this institution and has resided for the past few years at Dresden, where in addition to her own workshops she conducts a permanent exhibition and sale-room (see p. 46). A refreshing naturalness of invention is united in her work with a fine feeling for proportion and surface effects. But it is not so much the concordance of line and colour as the adaptation of the design to the particular technique which gives character and value to these embroideries of hers. In her selection of motives she does not allow herself to be led into those extravagances which a lively fantasy is apt to engender, but in the design itself keeps in view the technical possibilities which confront her in working up her material for some specific purpose. And these possibilities she knows how to exploit not only with good taste but with a rare practical sense, for with her it is always a point of cardinal importance that her creations shall not be mere show-pieces or dazzling displays of colour, but things which, while pleasing as regards material and colour, shall serve for daily use. She therefore prefers material of the simplest character, such as coarse linen in every variety of tint, and the simplest technical method, that of the crank machine, and therewith achieves very surprising effects.

The same spirit of educational thoroughness dominates the State School of Industrial Art at Hamburg, which has Prof. Richard Meyer for its head. Here all traces of the meretricious ornament that was once in vogue, all imitative practices and all antiquated methods and systems of teaching, have been swept aside with a broom of iron. Drawing from memory is practised, and not only drawing but the reproduction of street scenes, landscapes, human and animal figures, and plant-forms by means of coloured paper which the pupils cut out and paste down—a method which trains the eye to observe clearly, to grasp the essential characteristics of an object, and at the same time promotes the faculty of distinguishing the harmonies and dissonances of colour, and thus leads up to the formulation of effective decorative schemes that are neither artificial nor bizarre. Evidence of this is afforded by the work accomplished in the embroidery section conducted by Fräulein Maria Brinkmann. A lively fantasy is shown in the treatment of motives, and in such a work as the embroidered panel illustrated on p. 40, which was designed as a wall decoration, this fantasy is expressed with a quite personal note.

At the Industrial Art School at Bielefeld the embroidery class has for some years been successfully conducted by Fräulein Gertrud Kleinhempel,





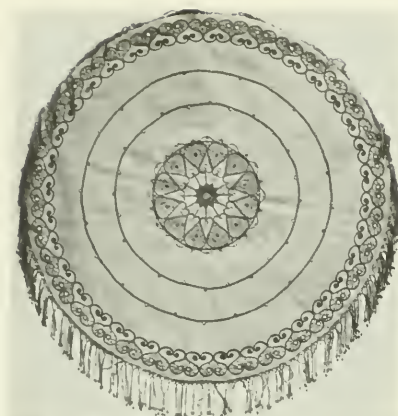
as may be inferred from the examples of work by two young pupils of hers which are here reproduced. The wall-hanging (p. 48), with its clever rendering of Biblical parables, is a particularly meritorious achievement, and one which, in the treatment of the ornamental accessories, points to a special talent for adapting natural forms to purposes of decoration.



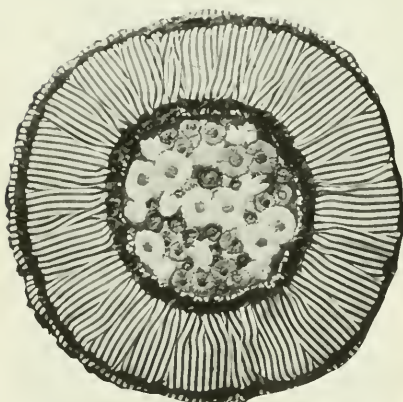
The use in ornamental designs of conventionalised flowers in bright colours has been revived in all branches of decorative art recently, and examples of it are to be seen in the tasteful embroideries of Fräulein Maria Sinsteden and in the work executed for the Deutsche Werkstätten für Handwerkskunst by the wives and daughters of their *employés* at the



## Modern German Embroidery



EMBROIDERED TABLE-COVER. STAATLICHE KUNSTGEWERBE-SCHULE, HAMBURG (P. HELMS' CLASS)



BLACK AND WHITE SILK CUSHION WITH CENTRE PANEL OF EMBROIDERED FLOWERS. BY MARIA SINSTEDEN

garden city of Hellerau, founded by this firm. The designs are by artists like Alexander von Salzmann and Charlotte Krause, and as numerous replicas are made of each, the cost of these Hellerau embroideries is materially lessened, and they are thus brought within the reach of people of moderate means who have hitherto had no choice apart from the tasteless articles produced wholesale by "the trade."

The embroideries executed by Fräulein Betty Berger, after designs by Otto Lietz, are true colour-

symphonies. A fertile imagination here finds utterance in harmonies of line and colour without betraying any striving to achieve decorative effect by chance experiment, but also without any trace of cold calculation in the elaboration of the scheme. The linear ornamentation is developed on logical and natural lines; at once clear and simple, it is free from capricious and meaningless flourishes,



EMBROIDERED BAG

BY MARTHA MEYER



CENTRE PANEL OF SQUARE CUSHION EMBROIDERED IN PALE GREEN AND GOLD THREAD ON BLACK SILK BY MARIA SINSTEDEN

## Studio-Talk

and a healthy feeling for colour imparts a special charm to the design.

The same intelligent co-operation of designer and executant is discernible in the ecclesiastical embroideries of Prof. Otto Gussmann and Fräulein Armgard Angermann, of Dresden. The latter has so completely identified herself with the intentions and views of her partner during their many years of collaboration that the products of their joint efforts look like the work of a single individual.

In her appliqué work Frau Edda Wiese has developed not only a technique of her own but also a quite distinctive style. Out of bright-coloured material she cuts patches and strips which she juxtaposes in various ways, here and there employing a little embroidery to help the design. She is particularly successful in reproducing landscape effects, as in the screen reproduced among the accompanying illustrations.

A new and altogether peculiar technique has been employed in the execution of the wall-hanging designed by Fräulein Thea Wittmann and worked by Frau Deri-Winter (see p. 43). The design is here worked with coloured string on strands of pack-thread sewn together, a very laborious process in view of the refractory nature of the material, and one necessitating a marked simplification of form in the design. The way in which the space has been utilised, the effective use of a few bold colours and the introduction of bright-coloured flowers to enliven the ground—all this speaks of a well-trained and sure decorative feeling.

This more or less chance selection of modern German embroidery may be of interest as showing the diversity of talent now engaged in producing, often with the very simplest materials, work that is at once individual in

character and of artistic value, work that ranks far above those insipid productions on which feminine dilettantism continues to waste an infinity of energy, time, and material. L. D.

### STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—We are reproducing, herewith a study of a girl's head, by Mr. E. H. Thomas. The artist, who is a native of Cardiff, is the possessor of considerable skill in commanding a class of effect in portraiture to which a monochrome reproduction cannot do full justice.

Miss Anna Airy, reproductions of whose works we are here giving, is an artist of exceptional interest.



OIL STUDY OF A GIRL'S HEAD

BY E. H. THOMAS





"THE KITCHEN'S QUEEN." BY  
ANNA AIRY, A.R.E., R.O.I.



In addition to her considerable reputation as a painter, she is pre-eminent as a pastellist. We hardly know of another artist whose handling of that difficult medium is so instinctive. Lately she has turned to etching, and some exquisite plates in the manner of the fine tinted drawing of tree form which we reproduce are the result. We are inclined to think that the gifted artist has not quite found herself, as the saying is; she seems embarrassed by her versatility. But we can only think of about one other contemporary English woman artist with the same resource of technique. When Miss Airy has the confidence to make it the vehicle for intimations of a more personal character, this gift of expression will place her as an artist very high. Her art is almost studiously impersonal at present: she is passing through the stage with which all great executants begin, in which problems are chosen for their very difficulty as much as for any other reason. The picture *High Noon is Passing* was executed both in oil-pigment and in pastel. It is a work which in both mediums expresses artistic enjoyment, the theme and its execution matching each other in light-heartedness. It sug-

gests a vein admitting of the display of the gift for pictorial composition in which Miss Airy also excels. Miss Airy, who is a grand-daughter of Sir George Biddell Airy, K.C.B., Astronomer-Royal, was educated in painting at the Slade School of Art, entering in 1899 and leaving in 1903. She obtained the Slade Scholarship and all the Slade prizes in succession. She has been a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy from 1905 onwards. In 1906 she was elected a member of the Pastel Society, and in 1907 associate of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers. An exhibition of her work was held at the Carfax Gallery in 1907, and at Pater-son's Gallery in 1911. The drawing *Willow Pattern*, after being well placed at the Royal Academy, was shown at the Franco-British Exhibition, and invited to Rome. Purchases were made from her etchings by the Liverpool Corporation in 1908.

The Director of the Tate Gallery is to be congratulated upon arranging there at the same time a Whistler and a Burne-Jones exhibition, both loan collections. The two artists were the most signifi-



"THE WINE-SHOP"

BY ANNA AIRY, A.R.E., R.O.I.



"HIGH NOON IS PASSING"

BY ANNA AIRY, A.R.E., R.O.I.

cant figures in art in this country towards the close of the nineteenth century. At this distance from the date when first the art of the one and then that of the other enjoyed a fashion it is possible to reconsider judgments then influenced by the bitterness of strife. Whistler's supreme achievements—the beautiful secrets of actuality of effect which, without professing realism, he discovered in painting the *Miss Alexander*; the realism of the sea-weather represented in his water-colours; the frost-like clearness of the atmosphere apparent in all his out-of-door subjects, and brought twice home to us when his pictures are approached from the adjacent Turner rooms; the absence of purely rhetorical play of colour such as Turner frequently indulged in—all these things impress the visitor. The limitations of his art reveal themselves only in details. There is, for instance, in the portrait of Miss Alexander the unlikeliest child lips, while the muslin dress is so lifelike! and in the *Little White Girl* the incident of the bright red and blue suddenly vamped into an otherwise wonderful and elusive painting—details certainly, but showing in the one case incomplete sympathy and in the other triviality. But there is always the style that perhaps will never be rivalled for its intimacy with paint, the sentiment for the medium that is the sign of the greatest art. It is this that is so sadly absent from the painting of Burne-Jones. With him a method unpleasantly matter-of-fact has to work for an extravagant imagination. In early paintings he succeeded in presenting his subjects as imaginatively conceived, but in later ones purely formal schemes of colour are imposed. His art never regained what was lost to it when from being conscience-stricken

about his form and colour he became self-conscious in them both. The full worth of his inspiration is only to be realised from his early works, many of which are of high imaginative import and curiously dramatic. In the unfinished *The Magic Circle* there is almost a Maeterlinckian suggestion of impending fate. But all this was before his desire for a purely formal skill in execution deprived his art of spontaneity.

EDINBURGH.—The banqueting hall of the Civic Chambers having now been fully decorated with pictorial representation of incidents connected with the past history of Edinburgh, the work of embellishing the Council Chambers in like manner has been commenced. The Guild Brethren have gifted one panel, which represents James III. bestowing a charter on the City Fathers of that period, and the artist, Mr. G. Ogilvy Reid, R.S.A., has executed a group in a brilliant scheme of colour. A second panel, which forms the subject of our illustration (p. 57), has been gifted by Councillor Inman, and the subject is the presentation by the same monarch in 1482 of the "Blue Blanket," a banner for the use of the craftsmen of the city. Though the predominant note is decorative, the artist, Mr. Robert Hope, A.R.S.A., has given character to his figures and has succeeded in expressing the mediaeval in all the details. From the dull red garb of the foreground figure on the right, the eye travels pleasingly to the blue gown of the aged leader of the craftsmen and then to the rich purple and gold garments of the royal couple, backed by the pale blue of the banner. The tapestry background,





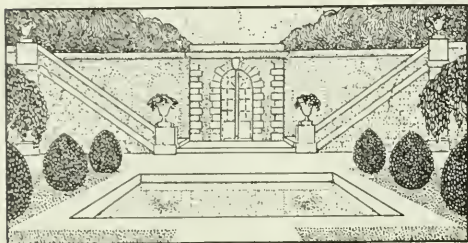






*(Decoration for the Council Chamber,  
Edinburgh, presented by Councillor  
Inman)*

"JAMES III. PRESENTING THE 'BLUE  
BLANKET' TO EDINBURGH CRAFTS-  
MEN." BY ROBERT HOPE, A.R.S.A.



CHAPTER-HEADINGS

— COMPOSED BY H. S. CIOLKOWSKI

little more than suggested, is a restful setting, and the vista of corridor on the right with the palace guards is beautifully lit through the stained windows. The scheme is altogether well thought out. Mr. Hope has done a good deal of decoration in church and mansion, and by this, his latest work, he gives evidence of his versatility in the treatment of diverse themes. A. E.

PARIS.—In the decorative drawings of H. S. Ciolkowski one recognises certain characteristics not uncommonly associated with Eastern Europe, which might give a clue to his nationality. I do not suggest that his art is national, as the only national quality about art is the inherent expression of past or present associations and observances. I have heard some of his work dismissed

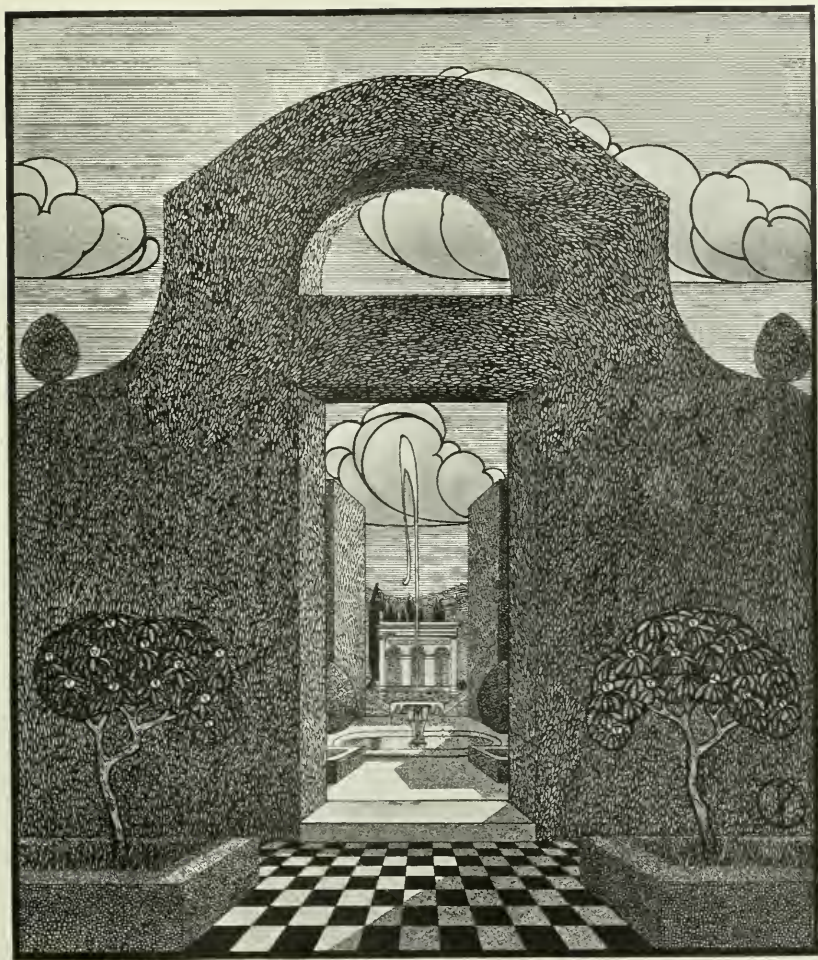
as being imitative of Beardsley, and Beardsley's own work dismissed as being under the influence of Botticelli, Mantegna, and the Japanese, all the praise due to his wonderful line and workmanship, his creative ability and design, being withheld. To know Ciolkowski, the last thing one would condemn him for would be imitating any one but himself. In his head-pieces for a book dealing with the little Bavarian town of Bamberg there is observable a quaint subconsciousness untrammelled by tradition, and his means of interpretation are distinctly personal, the more national associations being seen in his decorative tail-pieces and the vigorous little drawing of *La Bonne Petite Maison dans les Bois*. Personally Ciolkowski is an impulsive dreamer, and seeks the tangible expression of his dreams in those aspects of nature which others are so apt to pass by. His interpretations are always spontaneous, and in his quiet little studio at Bellevue

both personalities of the artist work together—the skilled draughtsman and the submerged unsleeping self—controlling the necessary labour in his many



PEN-AND-INK DRAWING

BY H. S. CIOLKOWSKI



"PERSPECTIVE ORNEMENTALE." A  
DECORATIVE COMPOSITION BY  
H. S. CIOLKOWSKI





TAIL-PIECE

BY H. S. CIOLKOWSKI

drawings, never allowing it when completed to depart from the harmony of his vision.

country, was able to open an exhibition not only of literary and historical interest, but of artistic

GENEVA.—The "Société J. J. Rousseau," founded in 1905 at the University of Geneva, and whose archives and annals have already rendered signal service to Rousseau students, was happily inspired in organising at the Rath Gallery an Iconographic Exhibition in connection with the recent bicentenary celebrations. The society, drawing upon its archives and receiving contributions from the museum, the university, and important public and private collections in the

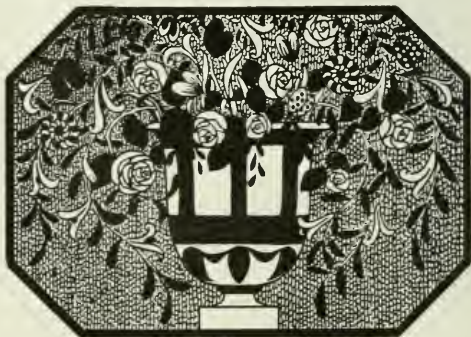


"VIEW OF BAMBERG" (ILLUSTRATION FOR "ILSE")

BY H. S. CIOLKOWSKI

Ciolkowski does not confine himself entirely to pen-and-ink work: oftentimes he turns his attention to leaded-glass design, jewellery, and monograms, his monograms being specially remarkable for their excellent simplicity of design. To predict his future is to make no comparison of his work with that of others. Phil May and Aubrey Beardsley knocked away the props from the commonplace standard of black-and-white in England, and gave us their art. Ciolkowski, too, is producing his own, and we may look forward to a more complete variation of his art in the édition de luxe of "Ilse," by the Baronne Deslandes, which he is at present engaged in illustrating.

value and significance. Before dealing with the exhibition, however, I propose to say something

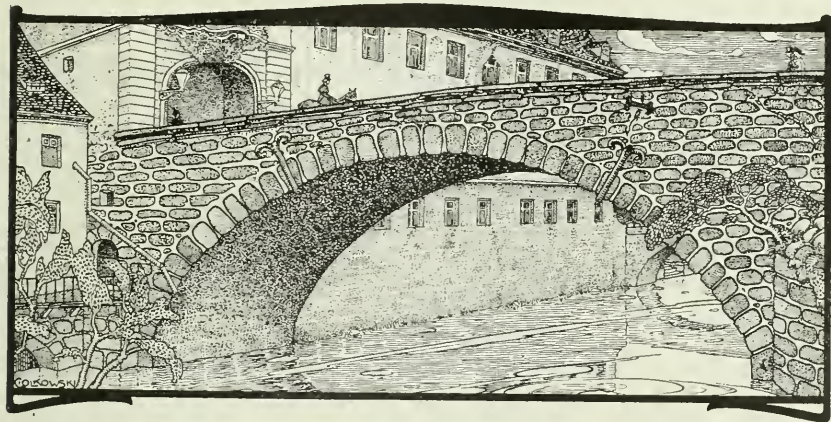
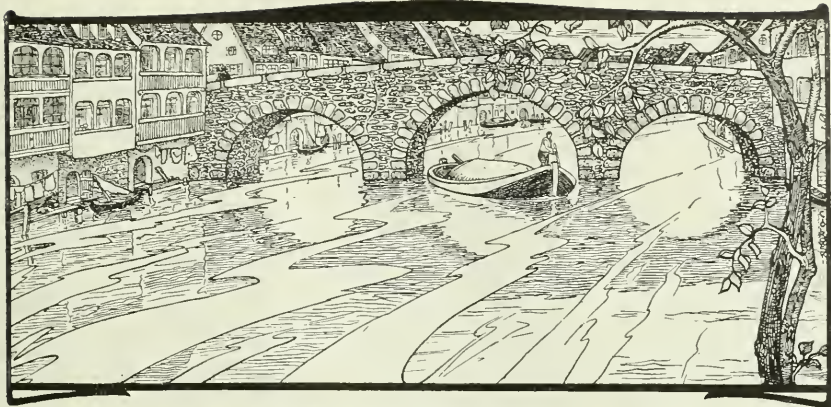


TAIL-PIECE

BY H. S. CIOLKOWSKI

E. A. T.





PEN-AND-INK ILLUSTRATIONS FOR "ILSE" (See *Paris Studio-Talk*, p. 60)

BY H. S. CIOLKOWSKI

about Rousseau's relation, directly or indirectly, to art.

There is a passage in the "Confessions" in which Rousseau makes reference to his taste for drawing. He says: "The coloured plates of our geometers had given me a taste for drawing; accordingly I bought colours and began by attempting flowers and landscapes. It was unfortunate that I had but little talent for this art, for my inclination was wholly disposed to it, and while surrounded with crayons, pencils, and colours I could have passed whole months without wishing to leave them. I was so absorbed in this occupation that they had to tear me away from it." Though, as he adds,

this, like other inclinations, was too much a passion of the hour, yet it reveals artistic sensibility.

But the observations on drawing in "Émile" go far to show that Rousseau was, in addition, endowed with the artistic temperament, that he could no more brook in art than in life the substitution of the false for the true, of convention for nature, of a mere copy, the "imitation of an imitation," for the rendering of the spirit of the original. Elegance of line, lightness of stroke, perception of picturesque effect, these might or might not come later on, but the elementary acquirements of Émile in this branch of his instruction were to be the correct eye, the sure and

supple hand, and above all fidelity to Nature, who herself alone was to be his teacher. Of course this despatching of the drawing-master is far too summary, but the reasons assigned for it are excellent, and if we cannot accept the letter of Rousseau's teaching the spirit of it is the same as that which animated Ruskin, who boasted that he was of Rousseau's school.

Rousseau was a great artist in his own medium. While confessing his inability in the art of drawing, he was a master-painter of nature when wielding the pen, and may be fairly regarded as the precursor of all the eminent modern descriptive writers, many of whom, however, have carried word-painting far beyond the limits he would have assigned to it. Prof. Babbitt in his "The New Laokoön" remarks with truth that no one before Rousseau had ever shown such preternatural keenness either in receiving or recalling impressions. Describing a scene of his youth, Rousseau himself writes: "Not only do I remember the time, the place, the persons, but all surrounding objects—the temperature of the air, its odour, its colour, a certain *local impression* felt only there, the vivid recollection of which carries me back anew." And Mr. Babbitt thinks that this sensitiveness to "local impression" in Rousseau "relates the whole tendency he represents to that modern impressionism of which it is only one aspect." However this may be, it reveals the intense artistic temperament of Rousseau himself.

Then, too, the author of "La Nouvelle Héloïse" and "Les Réveries du Promeneur Solitaire" will always touch painter as well as writer by that profound feeling for nature which is the spring of his inspiration. Through him

the beauty of Switzerland and Alpine scenery entered into literature, and in drawing man away from an artificial society and bringing him face to face with nature he prepared the human imagination and eye for the great modern landscape-painter's appeal. Thus he was as truly the precursor of Turner as of Ruskin.

When we turn to consider Rousseau's care for the productions of art we find that he had a genuine taste for prints and "adored *les belles épreuves*." In one of his letters, in which he writes with satisfaction of proofs of engravings sent him for the illustration of "Émile," he goes on playfully to remark: "Je suis comme les enfants fort jaloux des belles images." And in another note referring to prints he has in books and which he desires to have separately for his portfolio he shows a fastidious taste in his choice and insists on having "good proofs if possible."



PORTRAIT OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU. FROM THE ENGRAVING BY DR. MARTIN AFTER RAMSAY



PORTRAIT OF MME. D'ÉPINAY. FROM THE PASTEL BY LIOTARD IN THE MUSÉE D'HISTOIRE ET D'ART, GENEVA

We are aware also of the pain it gave him to be obliged to part with a valuable collection of prints when he was in England.

All these considerations not only show that Rousseau is of interest from the point of view of art, but prepare us to appreciate the extraordinary interest which art has taken both in the man and his work. The Comte de Girardin in the introduction to his invaluable "Iconographie de Jean Jacques Rousseau" says that of all the remarkable men of theseventeenth and eighteenth centuries "the citizen of Geneva" is certainly, after Napoleon I., the one whose physiognomy has been the most frequently portrayed, Voltaire not excepted, the number of prints in which Rousseau's person alone is depicted attaining the phenomenal figure of more than six thousand portraits. Of course these are neither all originals nor all equally good as repro-

ductions, but they show the interest Rousseau has awakened in artists.

The Rousseau Society, then, did well to give so prominent a position in the bicentenary celebrations to its "Exposition Iconographique," and it must be said that it was in every way worthy of the event. The exhibition occupied five tastefully arranged rooms in the Rath Gallery, and the contributions were so disposed that one was able to pass with ease from one phase to another of Rousseau's life and work. As regards the engravings, one was at once struck by the artistic conscience and the imaginative comprehension which his illustrators—Moreau le Jeune, Cochin Marillier, Le Grand, and others—brought to their task. In the scenes and episodes from the life of Rousseau suggested by or illustrative of "Les Confessions," and as evoked in the productions of Le Barbier,

Schall, Monsiau, Roqueplan, Soulange-Tessier after Duval-Lecamus, Gavarni, Choffard, Boulanger, Bergeret, and Huot, one was fascinated by the charm and often inimitable grace of that eighteenth-century art of illustration, there was something far once so quaint and persuasive about it. Nothing connected with Rousseau seems to have been forgotten.

But the chief interest of the exhibition attached to the portraits. Here were to be seen the imperious head and eagle-glance of Diderot looking out of Levitski's powerful portrait; Tronchin, also the great Genevese gentleman of his time, as he is, painted in the portrait which adorns the Public Library at Geneva, or again in Liotard's "sanguine" as the author of the "Lettres de la Campagne," and the adversary and judge of the author of "Émile" and the "Lettres de la





JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU QUITTE GENÈVE EN 1728

[illegible]

Letter to the Bishop of the Holy Trinity, &c.  
written by the Bishop of the Holy Trinity, &c.  
written by the Bishop of the Holy Trinity, &c.  
written by the Bishop of the Holy Trinity, &c.

Exile pour le 1<sup>er</sup> centenaire de sa naissance.  
1712-1912

"ROUSSEAU LEAVING GENEVA IN 1728"

BY J. COURVOISIER

"Montagne." Here, too, were Hume, Voltaire (in caricature and otherwise), Grimm, and the others, assuming an almost dramatic interest to the imagination as they recalled not only tragic moments in Rousseau's individual existence, but the parts which he and they played in a great movement of human thought and life. Then, coming into more intimate relation with the man, here were the portraits of the women who exerted such an influence on his life, among the most noteworthy contributions being Liotard's splendid and lifelike pastel of Mme. d'Épinay, from the Geneva Historical and Art Museum, Vyboud's beautifully executed engraving of Mme. d'Houdetot, and an admirable portrait of Mme. Boy de la Tour by Nonnotte.

here reproduced. Prominent was Pradier's bust of Rousseau, an admirable, pensive thing, in which the visage of the philosopher appears relieved of all that is accidental and perturbing.

We know that of the portraits of himself the one



"SCENE FROM THE OLD AGE OF ROUSSEAU," FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY E. HUOT

These served as an introduction to those master-





"SCENE FROM THE YOUTH OF ROUSSEAU," FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY GAVARNI



"ROUSSEAU ET MME. D'HOUDETOT," FROM AN ENGRAVING BY GIOFFARD AFTER N. MONSIAU, 1799



HEAD OF ROUSSEAU IN POLYCHROME PLASTER BY Houdon  
(In the collection of Prof. François, Geneva.—Photo  
Boissonas)

Rousseau preferred was a pastel by La Tour, probably executed in 1764, and in which the philosopher is seen in American costume. La Tour executed several portraits in pastel of Rousseau, one of the most brilliant and striking being that in the Geneva Museum in which he is represented young and smiling, and which, according to M. de Girardin, is "d'une grande vérité." The exhibition was peculiarly fortunate in having this, together with reproductions of replicas of La Tour's pastel at St. Quentin's Museum and an admirable collection of engravings after La Tour, Ramsay, and Houdon, by Littret, Cathelin, Ficquet, St. Aubin, Dr. Martin, Nochez, Kruell, Marillier, Langlois. The name of Ramsay reminds us of Rousseau's sojourn in England. Numerous are the engravings inspired by

Ramsay's poignant portrait, which tells its own tale of spiritual suffering. In the engraving by Dr. Martin, here reproduced, Rousseau appears, as in all Ramsay's portraits, *en buste*, wearing the Armenian cap and cloak. There was also another portrait of the sage, the teacher of the simple life, the *promeneur solitaire* with the bunch of periwinkles in his hand, that portrait by Mayer which the Société J. J. Rousseau has taken for its device. Special mention deserves to be made of M. Courvoisier's highly interesting print representing Rousseau, the youth, taking leave of his friend Bernard and of his native city, also of M. Van Muyden's admirable "sanguine" after Mayer. The exhibition was altogether a memorable event.

R. MORBS.

VENICE.—How many men living in these turbulent times owe what peace of mind they enjoy to the high mountains! These mighty eternal monuments of nature, towering heavenwards high above the haunts of man, shed around them an air of dignity and calm which never fails to leave a deep impress on the minds of those susceptible to the majesty of nature, filling them with a sense of the insignificance of man and his works. True enough, of the thousands who nowadays, when "funiculars" and



"OTTOBRE, SAVOIA"

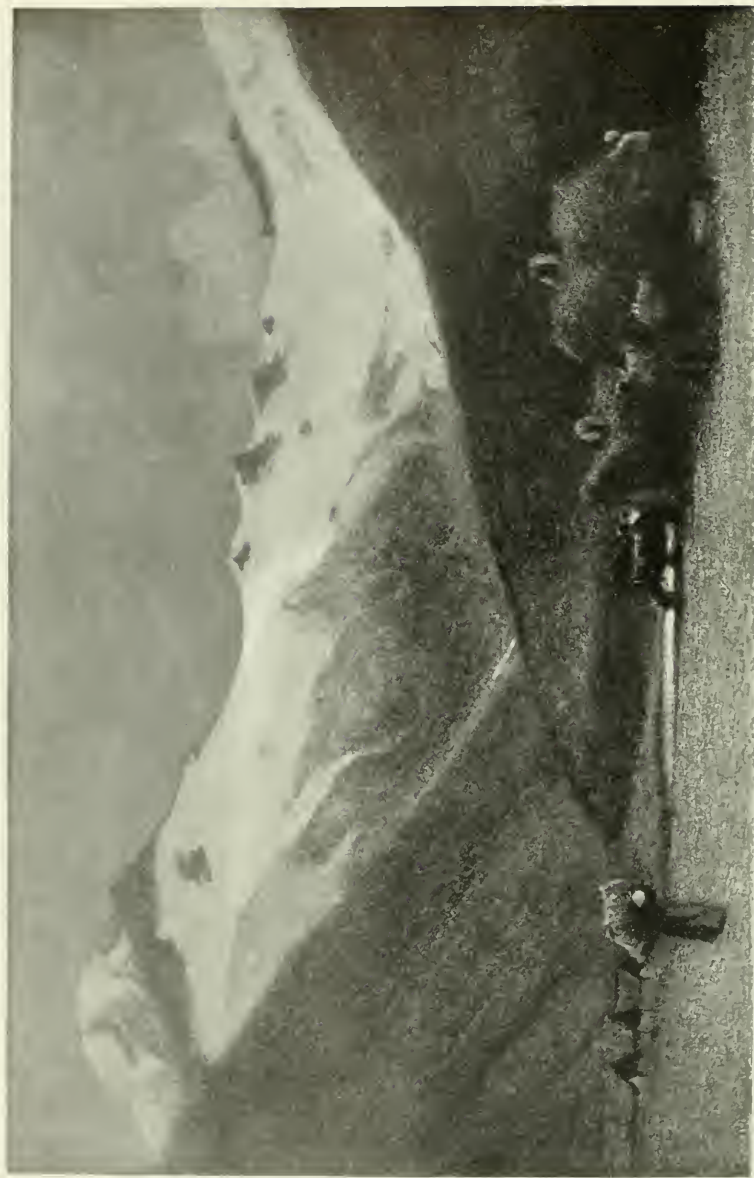
BY GIUSEPPE CAROZZI



"FRA L'ERICHE ED I MIRTILLI"  
(MID HEATHER AND MYRTLE)  
BY GIUSEPPE CAROZZI

*(In the possession of Capt. Ellinger)*





"NELLA VALLE DELLA FEDE"  
(IN THE VALLEY OF FAITH)  
BY GIUSEPPE CAROZZI

*(In the collection of H.M.  
the Queen-Mother of Italy)*



other modes of locomotion make transport so easy, through the sides and slopes every season there may be many on whom the fascination of the mountains makes but a superficial impression, to whom they are but a distraction, one of the "sights" that, like so many others, have to be seen by all who can afford to travel. Far otherwise, however, is it with those poets who have given utterance to the sublime feelings of awe experienced in presence of these soaring heights, and those painters who with their brushes have endeavoured to express these same feelings on canvas. Thus is it with the Italian painter Giuseppe Carozzi, whose mountain landscapes form such a distinguished feature in modern Italian art.

Carozzi is a native of Milan, and at this moment is at the full tide of manhood. He was originally destined for the medical profession, and later on embarked on the study of the law, but neither of these callings proved congenial, and finally his impulsive, manly nature bade him turn with enthusiastic ardour to painting. At the outset of his career as an artist he used to paint *genre* pictures, finding his motives in the fishing village of Chioggia, which was then only just coming into repute as a centre for artists. Not much was being done there at that time; the tastes of the purchasing public were held in too much esteem, and the "pretty" picture, the anecdotic subject, held the upper hand. Nor did Carozzi himself yield of his best, but as a talented pupil of the great Antonio Fontanesi (1818-82) he distinguished himself above the rest; the pictures he painted at this period possess a peculiar charm of tone that was lacking in the work of these, and that even at this stage his excellence was recognised is shown by the purchase of one of these early works by the Modern Gallery of Rome in 1887.

Besides Fontanesi there are two other painters who have exercised an influence on Carozzi—Filippo Carcano, still living, and the famous Segantini, who lies buried among the mountains he loved to haunt and depict. To the latter Carozzi owes a good deal in the way of technique, although it must be recorded that he has never accepted "divisionism" as a tenet of his creed as a painter, but has mostly made a

practice of achieving gradations of tone as it were by means of complementary colours instead of with the primaries. Thus by degrees he has come to develop his own method of painting, which, coupled with a poetic sensibility, proved of signal value to him when, turning his back on studio painting and all that was bound up therewith, he took wing and flew to the highlands.

Here it was that Carozzi found all those aspects of nature that really appealed to him—the lyrical, the sublime, the awe-inspiring. The mountains present some very remarkable effects: rosy-hued crests which when the sun is shining upon them radiate a gorgeous flood of light, gigantic rocks, abysmal ravines and gorges, snow of dazzling whiteness, and glaciers whose crystalline surface acts like a prism; the spectacle changes with the change of atmospheric conditions, and oftentimes is not the same for two minutes together. Here amidst these mountain solitudes the artist feels free, and rarely or never does there escape from his lips any



"VECCHIA FONTANA SOTTO LA LUNA" (OLD WELL IN MOONLIGHT)  
BY GIUSEPPE CAROZZI



"ARMONIE DEL CREPUSCOLO"  
(TWILIGHT HARMONIES), BY  
GIUSEPPE CAROZZI

*(In the collection of H.M.  
the Queen-Mother of Italy)*

## Studio-Talk

regret at having left behind him the life of the towns. Planting his easel in the open, he sets to work painting, and continues with unflagging energy until the last stroke for the day has been placed on the canvas. With that same emotion that he himself experiences and with an utter absence of anything in the shape of technical trickery he records the approach of a storm, the last streaks of sunlight as the sun goes down in the west, the cold, searching wind sweeping across a waste tract of country, or a stream of icy water winding its way down through the valley.

Among the works of Carozzi depicting the weirder aspects of nature a notable example is *Lo Stagno dell' Obblío* ("The Pool of Oblivion"), which was exhibited at the Venice International Exhibition of 1910; with its shadowy reflections of the ruins of deserted homesteads, it recalls Edgar Allen Poe's novel "The End of the House of Usher." There is something almost uncanny in the solitude of this night scene, in which the herbage seems to be all of a quiver and the mysterious shadows are made to appear transparent. The feeling of awe to which this work gives expression is characteristic of the artist's work, and we are conscious of it especially in his pictures of the high mountains. The accompanying reproductions of some of them will serve to show that the artist has not been content with a mere transcript of some scene which has passed before his eyes, or with baldly recording certain effects of light which he has encountered, but that he has striven to communicate some of that feeling which he himself has experienced in presence of the sublime, majestic aspects of nature. The introduction of figures, human and animal, into some of these paintings is always well considered. The figures, though usually small, are never placed in the composition as a piece of unimportant *staffage*; on the contrary, their introduction is dictated by a sense of rhythm; they are

never without character, and they serve by their proportions to accentuate the magnitude of the mountains as well as to give the picture the necessary feeling of space. At times the figures are placed boldly in the foreground, especially when they stand out against the light and are as it were enveloped in it.

The works of Carozzi of which reproductions accompany these notes represent, of course, only a small part of his achievements as a painter, but they are sufficient to give the reader some idea of the qualities which, to repeat the words of Sgr. Vittorio Pica in his note on Carozzi's "individual" show at this year's Venice Exhibition of Art, now drawing to a close, make this Milanese artist "worthy of being singled out as one of the most confident, most conscientious, and most personal representatives at the present day of that Lombard school of landscape painting which possesses such noble and glorious traditions."

L. Br.

**V**IENNA.—It is not generally known that some of Mr. Charles Mackintosh's best work is to be seen in Vienna. Among other examples a music-room which the eminent architect and artist designed for Herr



"I FIORI DELLA NEVE" (THE FLOWERS OF THE SNOW)

BY G. CAROZZI

Wärndorfer some years ago has till now never been reproduced. The design came as an inspiration, a fitting setting to Maeterlinck's "Dead Princess," whose story is told in the exquisite friezes designed and executed by Mr. Mackintosh, the MacNairs, and Mrs. Mackintosh which adorn the room and form the chief motive in the decorative scheme. The composition forms an organic whole, each part fitting into the rest with the same concord as do the passages of a grand symphony; each thought resolves itself as do the chords in music, till the orchestration is perfect, the effect of complete repose filling the soul. The colour-scheme is red, lavender, and white. Each object in the room has its due place. The accentuation always comes on the right note, and each note has been expanded to its right artistic compass. Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh themselves came to Vienna at Mr. Wärndorfer's invitation for the purpose of designing this interior, and spent six weeks in the city. They were given unfettered discretion, and thus their imagination was allowed full scope. Many pilgrimages have been made to this room, for connoisseurs find real pleasure and delight in it.

A. S. L.

**B**ERLIN.—The German porcelain factories hesitated a good deal before deciding to break with their traditions and pursue the new ideas and style inaugurated by Copenhagen. The greater the renown which their past productions had earned for them, the more difficult did it seem for them to enter on a change of technique and form without sinking to the status of mere imitators; and the northern factories had already gained such a lead that there could hardly be any question about imitation. Perhaps it was not unnatural that the chief supporters of historic tradition should have hesitated before making a new departure. The Sèvres factory was a long time before it countenanced the principles initiated by the Danes, and Meissen did not follow till even later. In Germany, however, another factor—of a psychological nature—played its part. It must be admitted that porcelain has not in reality assumed the leading rôle in German ceramics. The more stable forms of earthenware are more in harmony with the German temperament, while porcelain, so delicate and fragile by comparison, has never quite fitted in with our mode of



MUSIC-ROOM AT THE VILLA WARNDORFER, VIENNA

DESIGNED BY CHARLES MACKINTOSH





PORCELAIN FIGURE FROM THE ROYAL SAXON PORCELAIN FACTORY AT MEISSEN

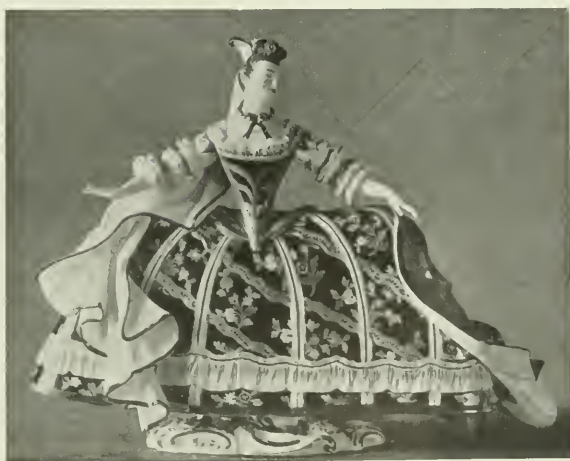
life; it has, so to speak, too festal a character for a modern work-loving country. In Germany, so far as tableware is concerned, material is preferred to decoration, which is held in restraint as much as possible. The Meissen factory has therefore done well to revive in its modern practice one of the traditions which made it famous in its early days—the production of figures and groups, which command so much esteem in the German household.

It cannot be said that in this branch of work the

stimulus came from Denmark; on the contrary, the beautiful Heron service with which Krohn inaugurated a new epoch at Bing and Gröndal's Copenhagen factory closely followed in form the greatly admired Swan service which Kändler designed for Count Brühl. And before their complete adoption of under-glaze painting, the Meissen factory had revived this branch with a series of figures in the costumes of the people; these were exhibited at Munich in 1888, but the artistic effect was not equal to the technical ability displayed in them. Use was made not only of under-glaze colours, but of coloured masses of substance, and it is just in this use of paste-painting that lurks the temptation to emphasise the pictorial at the expense of the decorative. In the meantime the factory has brought its "sharp fire" palette to perfection, and after many failures the right artists and modellers have been found. In so far as figures are concerned it can add its modern productions to the series of those which made it famous in its early days without a shadow of fear that the name "Meissen Porcelain" will arouse merely the remembrance of an historic tradition.

A. K.

**H**EIDELBERG.—During the summer months an interesting exhibition of Frankenthal porcelain has been held here in the upper rooms of the building containing the Municipal Collections. Collectors have of late paid considerable attention to the ware



PORCELAIN FIGURE FROM THE ROYAL PORCELAIN FACTORY AT MEISSEN



FRANKENTHAL PORCELAIN FIGURE FROM A  
RECENT EXHIBITION AT HEIDELBERG

produced at this factory, which was founded by P. A. Hannong, under Royal auspices, in 1755, and after passing into the possession of the ruler of that part of Germany, and being administered as a State establishment, finally came to an end in the last year of the eighteenth century. The exhibition contained only the finest examples, and among them were many pieces owned by private collectors in Heidelberg of which nothing has been known hitherto. An exceptionally fine dinner-service, made about 1771 and said to have been a present from Hannong's Royal patron, the Elector Charles Theodore, to a Roman Cardinal, was a noteworthy item. Numerous figures representing plebeian types were shown, and two by J. W. Lanz were of particular interest: one a beggar with his bundle, the other *Die kiefende Backersfrau*, here reproduced—a very expressive representation of a scolding woman. The colouring of these pieces adds greatly to their charm. Among the newly discovered

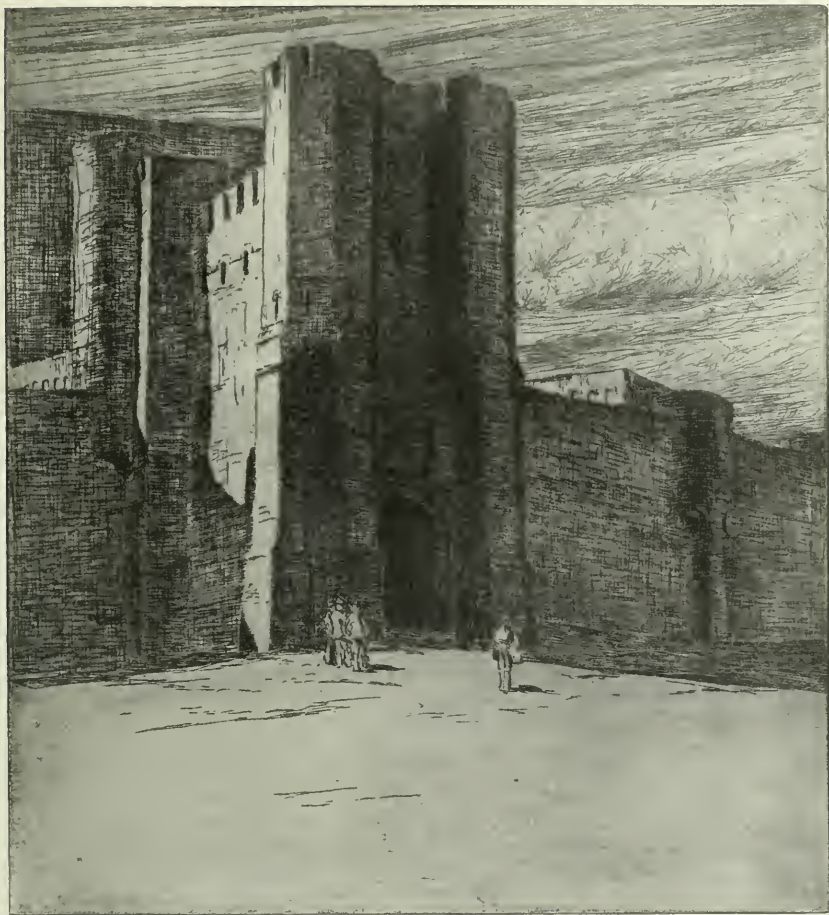
pieces were some figures of Cavaliers, a group of Bacchantes, and three beautiful rocaille vases bearing sacred monograms and supposed on that account to have belonged to a church. The Heidelberg Municipal Collections contain many fine pieces which figured in the exhibition, and in addition to numerous figures and objects in colour there were some excellent pieces in plain white, as well as some imitations of Sèvres porcelain executed in the time of Feylner. The female figure with a child at the foot, shown in the accompanying illustration, is a pendant to one of St. Carlo Borromeo recently acquired by the Bavarian National Museum in Munich.

V. C. H.

WEIMAR.—Mr. Ingwer Paulsen, a native of Kiel, has recently been devoting his attention to the art of the burin and the dry-point, after studying the masters of *eau forte* in France and Germany. Landscape is the keynote of his work,



"DIE KIEFENDE BACKERSFRAU," BY J. W. LANZ.  
FRANKENTHAL PORCELAIN FIGURE FROM A  
RECENT EXHIBITION AT HEIDELBERG



"THE CASTLE OF THE COUNT OF  
FLANDERS AT GHENT." FROM AN  
ETCHING BY INGWER C. PAULSEN



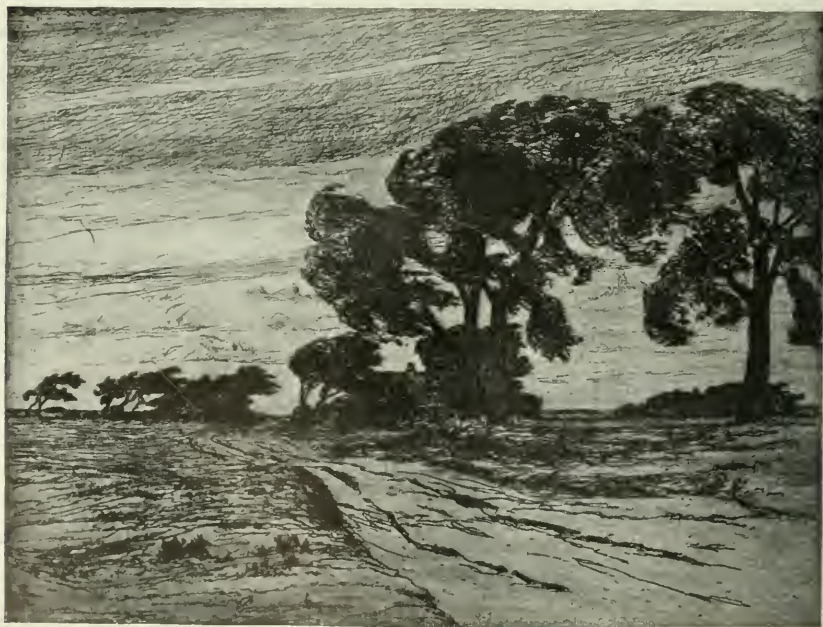
landscape mostly of a character peculiar to the low-lands. It is the country of Paulsen's birth—the Sleswic-Holstein marshes on the flat, dreary coast of the North Sea, with their bleak houses and stern Frisian peasantry, whose character seems to harmonise with their environment; churches of ancient lore, and here and there a forlorn fisherman's hut among the sweeping sand-hills of the downs. The *Stormy Landscape—Sleswic-Holstein* (below) gives us a specimen of this native tone in the young painter's lines, of black and white and mezzotint. The air is of a half-tone brightness, the stiff breeze bending the branches of the trees into rough clusters of weird, dramatic eloquence. The "survival of the fittest" seems to be written in bold silhouette upon the horizon of nature. Sometimes we find figure sketches of quaint folk from street or cabaret, singing or dancing to flute or violin. A certain dreariness and morbid humour seems also to pervade these little figure compositions of a chance meeting or a happy hour of bohemian life.

Our other illustration (page 75) is from a plate

of unusual size. It is the back entrance of an old Gothic castle at Ghent, the castle of the Count of Flanders. The high walls and stern turrets of this feudal stronghold stand in fierce and gloomy uprightness against the sky of hazy clouds, telling a story of bygone days, with bygone strife and deeds of pluck and chivalry. The foreground of this large etching is peopled by a few indistinct figures on a bare, broad ground, adding by this contrast all the more to the force of the vertical lines of staunch mediæval architecture. The plate was etched after a pencil sketch and enlarged, as it were, to its peculiar force by the blending of impression and fancy.

W. S.

AMSTERDAM.—In the last Winter Special Number of *THE STUDIO*, entitled "Pen, Pencil, and Chalk," we gave some examples of pen drawing by Mr. Wenckebach, who has long held a foremost position among Dutch draughtsmen. The drawing now reproduced is one executed to illustrate a volume, "*Blonde Duinen*," and exhibits the same sound draughts-



"A STORMY LANDSCAPE, SLESWIC-HOLSTEIN"

FROM AN ETCHING BY INGWER C. PAULSEN





(By permission of  
Messrs. Verhaer & Co.)

FROM A PEN DRAWING BY  
L. W. R. WENCKEBACH.



manship and fine feeling for line which we find in all his work with the pen.

The bust of Josef Israëls by Mr. Toon Dupuis, of which an illustration is here given, has been acquired by the Dutch Government and placed in the Rijks-Museum as a tribute to the memory of the distinguished leader of the modern Dutch School of painting. Mr. Dupuis was born at Antwerp in 1877 and is the son of Louis Dupuis, the well-known sculptor and *médailleur*. He studied at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Antwerp; in 1898 he settled at The Hague and was appointed professor at the Academy there when only twenty-three. He has executed numerous studies and busts of Dutch notabilities, as well as many medals, all these works being modelled from the life. Besides memorial and portrait subjects he has done a considerable number of symbolic and genre figures and decorative works, and quite recently the architects of the Palace of Peace at The Hague have commissioned from him a figure representing *Authority*, which is to be placed on the façade of this building. X.

CHEMNITZ.—In order to keep their annual exhibitions within reasonable limits the Deutsche Künstlerbund has deemed it advisable to set aside all black-and-white contributions and arrange separate shows for these. The one for this year at Chemnitz is the fourth instituted by the Deutsche Künstlerbund. Chemnitz is the Manchester of Saxony; considerable wealth has been amassed there, and attention is now being directed towards the Fine Arts. The town has built a fine general museum, part of which has been adapted to the holding of art exhibitions.

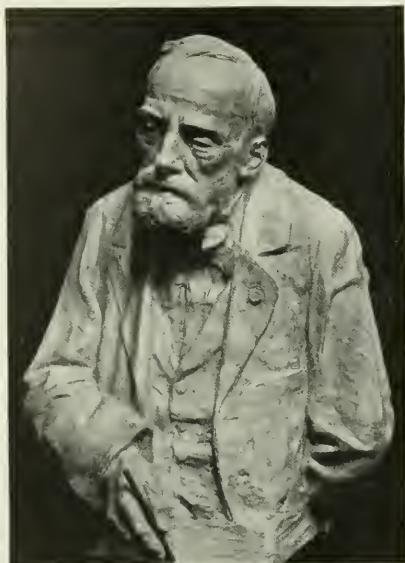
As usual, drawings predominate in the present show, but no longer to the extent we have been accustomed to for the past decade. In the beginning of the eighties of last century, several strong etchers and engravers—notably Klinger—appeared and gave an impetus to the art of etching. Their example induced our best painters and sculptors to try their hand at the graphic arts, and so there was an important renaissance during the nineties. But the interest in black and white waned very soon, and for the majority of practitioners all manner of etching, lithographing and woodcut was no more than an episode.

The present show seems to indicate a change. It is with great satisfaction that we are able to note a general improvement in the field of etching. A number of young artists have entered the lists, with work that is most promising and already good enough in itself. All of it bears upon its face

the marks of true conviction and purpose.

Hans Meid I consider to be a most important etcher. His plates look as if they had been worked in a whirl of passion. His line is almost feverishly nervous; even the line of Tiepolo, or Piranesi at his wildest, appears tame in comparison. Meid is distinctive to a degree; you can pick out his etchings among a thousand at a glance. Some of this strong personality is still dependent upon the weirdness of his conception and a rather decadent style of draughtsmanship. But he might well sober down in both these directions, and his art would still remain thoroughly and distinctively his own.

Wilhelm Thielmann is very quiet compared with Meid. He owes his strength not so much to any



BUST OF JOSEF ISRAËLS

BY TOON DUPUIS

(Recently acquired by the Rijks-Museum at Amsterdam)



## Studio-Talk

peculiarity of style as to the genuine depth of feeling evinced by his conception. Thielmann presents us an impressive picture of life among the Hessian country folk. He attacks the problem not from the ethnographical but from the psychological side. He is not an etcher of costumes and places, but of men and women.

Ingwer Paulsen approaches more closely than either of the above to the ideal established by the classic masters of English etching. He has a keener sense of style in black and white than the majority of his German confrères, and the art of presentment, not the subject presented, is of paramount interest to him. Thus he abides by the themes which most of the English masters have remained satisfied with—topographical subjects, architecture, and landscape. It is not difficult to predict an important future as an etcher for Paulsen.

Paul Paeschke etches Berlin subjects in a novel way. He combines dry-point with the bitten line, and it is characteristic of his work that he manages to set off very delicate tone values in contrast with his line. His atmospheric effects are most laudable, and in spite of its suavity his manner has lost none of the freedom requisite to its being interesting.

Erich Wolfsfeld is one of the few artists who, like Brangwyn, can get away with a plate of large dimensions. In the case of Brangwyn it seems to me that the tectonic qualities of the plate carry it to success. Wolfsfeld has evolved a peculiar, very robust, and large technique, which requires of itself a good-sized plate. Thanks to this fact, namely, that he handles a new line and not merely an enlarged one, his work really makes a monumental impression; it does not merely look magnified, as does that of some other artists who

simply extend their plates without adapting the means to the new measurements.

These are a few of the more prominent talents whose work was to be seen at Chemnitz. Other artists of recognised standing appeared also in full force. Among them Orlik and Fischer, two of our very best etchers; Liebermann, an interesting phenomenon, a sort of union between the impressionist and the Whistlerian ideal—about thirty new etchings of his were on view; Corinth and Slevogt, who both handle dry-point in distinctive and fascinating manners; and many others.

The interest in lithography, it appears, has somewhat abated. There is scarcely anything new of primary importance to be seen. But woodcut is still being extensively and ably practised. Munich with its suburbs possesses a regular colony of able artists who produce woodcuts. Thielmann, Martha Cunz, and Staschus belong to the best. Klemm's colour-prints are splendid: unfortunately he has thought fit to imitate Renaissance prints in his latest work, and he stoops to such tricks as copying cracks, wormholes, &c. At Dresden Prof.



"THE IDOL"

BY EUGENIO PELLINI





"THE POET"

BY VLASTIMIL HOFMANN

Fanto's Hungarian, Bohemian, and Dalmatian types, and the colour-work of Dora Seifert, deserve the utmost praise.

H. W. S.

MILAN. — Eugenio Pellini, a young sculptor who hails from the country near Milan, and who now lives in the city itself, has come to the front in these last few years. His work is modern in feeling, and he is especially powerful in expressing maternal tenderness or infant ingenuousness. Among his notable achievements is a *Gethsemane*, in the "Monumentale di Milano," the famous cemetery of the city. This work of noble lines and high inspiration attracts by reason of its fine presentment of the lofty ideal of which Christ is the sublime personification. Apart from the *Gethsemane* M. Pellini's *œuvre* comprises a number of bronzes and marbles, all very poetic in conception. Here we have the most lively and naive of the artist's productions, among which *The Idol*, now reproduced, is one of the most touching. In this group, as, indeed, in all his work, he convinces us that sincerity is his watchword, and that he is the heir of all those masters who have discovered for us in the human

form the underlying character and soul, and have been able to give expression thereto. So it comes that M. Pellini enjoys in Italy the consideration of the most discerning critics, who have the greatest faith in his future. I have already written in these pages of Tranquillo Cremona, one of the vanguard of the new school of plastic art to which Pellini belongs, and I have also remarked upon the influence which Cremona, though his efforts were to some extent paralysed by reactionaries, has exercised in Lombardy. To-day we are gathering a flower, part of the harvest of that influence, in the productions of M. Pellini, whose graceful art responds to the delicacy of Cremona, his style to the marvellous nuances of this master, while we do not fail to recognise the sculptor's originality and freshness. This phenomenon of the influence of a painter upon a sculptor is by no means a new one, but this example of it from Lombardy which I now bring to your notice makes a very interesting chapter in the

history of present-day sculpture in Italy. A. M.

PRAGUE.—Vlastimil Hofmann, of whose work two examples are here given, is a Czech by birth but Polish by education and in his artistic tendencies. The characteristic of his work is a curious combination of



"MADONNA GAUDIOSA"

BY VLASTIMIL HOFMANN

refinement and robust realism, by virtue of which it possesses an indefinable charm. Both the paintings reproduced figured in one of the recent exhibitions of the "Manes" Society—a society of young Czech artists founded in 1877 for the purpose of releasing Bohemian painting from the shackles of the rigid academic manner then paramount. Hofmann is also a member of the Vienna Secession, at whose exhibitions his rustic Madonnas are a prominent feature.

H. SCH.

**P**HILADELPHIA.—Mr. Charles Morris Young's recent exhibition of more than sixty canvases at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts was one of the most significant evidences of the progress of the art of landscape painting in America. Seeking his subject from his immediate surroundings, he has treated it with a sincerity of purpose subjective in a way and yet with a truly artistic "facture" that is wonderfully satisfactory and perfectly comprehensible to both the

critic and the plain man. One could almost fancy a course of education in art beginning with the study of some of these works. Subtle atmospheric effects, the blaze of colour that inflames the landscape of Pennsylvania in October, the grey "enveloppe," relieved here and there with patches of pallid snow, of a winter scene, the gay sunshine of a midsummer's day, have been rendered here with a fidelity that carries conviction of the truth ably translated by a master hand.

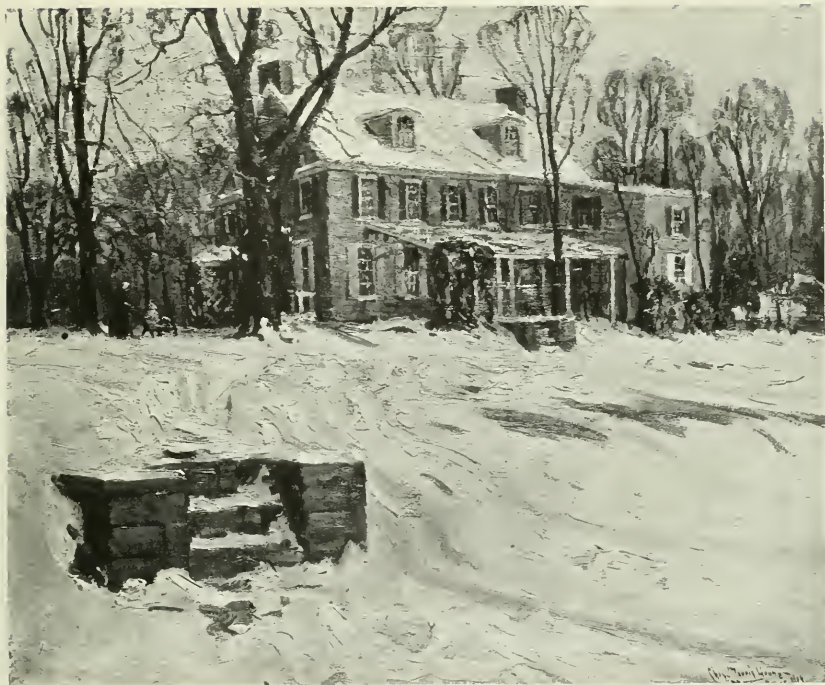
E. C.

#### ART SCHOOL NOTES.

**L**ONDON.—On August 12 the tablet, of which an illustration is given on page 86, was unveiled in Blythburgh Church, Suffolk, as a memorial to the late Keeper of the Royal Academy, Mr. Ernest Crofts, R.A., who had a residence in this place. A large number of past and present students of the Academy Schools subscribed towards this tribute to the memory of the



"THE SNOWSTORM"



"AFTER THE BLIZZARD"

FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY CHARLES MORRIS YOUNG  
(See *Philadelphia Studio-Talk*, p. 84)

deceased painter, who during his tenure of the office of Keeper was also *ex officio* head of the Schools. The memorial is the joint work of two past students who passed through the Schools of Sculpture and Architecture respectively during Mr. Crofts' keepership—Mr. Allan G. Wyon, sculptor, and Mr. Basil Oliver, architect, both now practising in London.

relating to the school may be obtained from the secretary.

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

*The Classic Point of View.* By KENYON COX. (London: T. Werner Laurie.) 6s. net.—Mr. Kenyon Cox tells us that his pages—forming the substance of the Scammon Lectures delivered last year at the Art Institute of Chicago—will be found to contain a statement, as clear as he can make it, of what one painter believes and hopes and fears with regard to painting; of what he takes to be the malady of modern art, and of where he looks for the remedy for it. He speaks both to those young artists who have, to some extent, the future of American art in their hands, and to the general public whose influence upon our art is exercised by its patronage or refusal. He defines the classic spirit well when he says it strives for the essential rather than the accidental, and he rightly dissociates it

The School of Art Wood-Carving, 39 Thurloe Place, South Kensington, has been reopened after the usual summer vacation, and we are requested to state that some of the free studentships in the evening classes maintained by means of funds granted to the school by the London County Council are vacant. The day classes of the school are held from 9 to 1 and 2 to 5 on five days of the week, and from 9 to 1 on Saturdays. The evening class meets on three evenings a week and on Saturday afternoons. Forms of application for the free studentships and any further particulars



from the so-called "classic school" founded by David on antique sculpture. But we might at this stage point out that the failure of *that* "classicism," to attain anything equivalent in beauty to the classic works of the antique, was more than anything else due to the method which the author proceeds to recommend to his readers of going to nature *via* the convention of a school instead of direct, as the Greeks themselves did, for inspiration. Mr. Cox proceeds to attack the naturalistic tendency in modern art, but appreciates that the classic spirit has more in common with it than with modern emotionalism and individualism; and to *learn* a thing rather than to merely copy it, he points out, is the only way to be able to distinguish the essential from the accidental. There follows, accompanied by thirty-two illustrations, an analysis of famous paintings from the author's point of view. He eloquently expresses the sympathy which a certain type of mind has with whatever is scholastic and traditional, but he does seem to us rather to lose sight of the fact that, after all, there is a great deal in the saying that the classicists themselves are dead romanticists, and that there is an eager spirit seeking expression to which expression would be denied along the lines which he would set down.

*The Sacred Shrine.* By YRJO HIRN. (London: Macmillan and Co.) 14s. net.—The author of this treatise, every page of which gives evidence of extensive study and erudition, occupies the Chair of *Æsthetic and Modern Literature* at the University of Finland, Helsingfors, and has already made a notable contribution to the literature of art in his work dealing with "The Origins of Art." The subject of his present inquiry is, to use his own

words, "that state of mind which, unaltered in its main features through the ages, has lain at the foundation of the æsthetic life of believing Catholics," *i.e.* Roman Catholics. "Looked at from the point of view of an outsider," he truly remarks, "the manifestations of Catholic Art appear in many cases meaningless and uninteresting; but the confusion becomes order, and the seemingly unimportant becomes interesting, if one makes oneself familiar with the world-philosophy

which lies at the basis of the æsthetic production." He goes on to point out that "on the ground of the magical features in its ritual the Roman religion has often, especially in Protestant polemic, been represented as a materialistic heathendom; but in doing so the fact has been overlooked that the material and the visible comprises only one side of a Catholic ceremony"; the doctrine of a mystic union between the visible and the invisible is what gives the Catholic cult its characteristic quality, "and it is by reason of the same doctrine that Catholic art is more æsthetic than Protestant art, and more religious than heathen art." The author, in his exposition, adopts a two-



TABLET IN BLYTHBURGH CHURCH, SUFFOLK, TO THE MEMORY OF ERNEST CROFTS, R.A., SUBSCRIBED FOR BY PAST AND PRESENT STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY. BY ALLAN G. WYON, SCULPTOR, AND BASIL OLIVER, A.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECT.  
(See *London Art School Notes*, p. 84)

fold division: first he devotes a series of chapters to the Mass ritual and the furniture and instruments associated with it—the altar and its appurtenances, the reliquary, the Holy of Holies, the monstrance and the tabernacle; while the rest of the book, or more than 300 out of nearly 500 pages, is concerned with the manifold aspects of the Cult of the Madonna. The forms of art with which the chapters on the Mass ritual are concerned are architectural, decorative, and dramatic; in those on the Madonna Cult the æsthetic subjects primarily treated are sculpture, painting, and



## Reviews and Notices

poetry, in the representations of which must be sought "Catholicism's ideal type of physical and moral beauty, *i.e.* the human Virgin who by reason of her grace and her virtues was found worthy to be the Mother of God." Prof. Hirn's exposition, which is marked throughout by a tone of sincerity and respect, will enable the non-Catholic to understand and appreciate better that intimate association of art and religion which has enriched the world with so many magnificent works of architecture, sculpture, painting, and other forms of artistic creation.

*Canadian Pictures.* By HAROLD COPPING. Described by EMILY P. WEAVER. (London: Religious Tract Society.) 21s. net.—This handsome portfolio, upon the very artistic production of which the publishers are to be congratulated, contains thirty-six colour reproductions from drawings in water-colour or pastel, in which Mr. Harold Copping has depicted various scenes and phases in the life of that great Dominion which forms so important a part of the British Empire. Attached to each plate is an explanatory and historical note, in which the writer has supplemented in an interesting manner the artist's pictures, the subjects of which cover an extensive field, embracing the chief cities, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Victoria, Vancouver, Regina, the wheatfields of Manitoba, the Niagara Falls, the prairie in Saskatchewan, and the Doukhobor country, besides various mountain, lake, and river views. Not the least interesting of the artist's drawings are the studies of a Doukhobor woman and some Black-foot Indian types.

*Greek and Roman Portraits.* By DR. ANTON HEKLER. (London: Heinemann.) 30s. net.—Dr. Hekler's book contains considerably over three hundred large reproductions from Greek and Roman portraits, and the reproductions are triumphs of printing. The author devotes several pages in the beginning to an exhaustive analysis of the influences which determined the characteristics of ancient portrait-sculpture, and we have in his pages a very closely wrought history of the predominant impulses of Hellenistic and Republican Roman portrait-art. The reader is enabled by the light of the illustrations to accompany the author in the search for the specifically Roman element in the portrait-art of Republican Rome. In an earlier portion of the essay the process of the growth of the art of portraiture is well put into words, words which still seem to contain a key to the progress in the direction of extreme individualism in art of every kind to-day. "The interest in individuals

awakes in more advanced periods. Its first condition is a refinement of culture, which entails variety of facial expression; not only do differences of class become marked, but man and woman are made more dissimilar. The individual becomes more and more pronounced in the community. The interest in personality then comes into play. The mighty impetus carries everything away with it, philosophy as well as art and letters."

*La Faïence et la Porcelaine de Marseille.* Par l'Abbé ARNAUD D'AGNEL. (Paris: Lucien Laveur; Marseilles: Jouvène; London: Siegle and Co. Ltd.) Frcs. 60.—The manufacture of faïence seems to have been carried on at Marseilles for at least two centuries, though no definite information as to the precise date of its introduction exists; but the ware has not hitherto received much attention from writers, and such accounts of it as have been published are altogether meagre in proportion to the dimensions which the industry assumed in the course of its history. Ample amends for this scantiness are, however, made in the volume before us, a bulky quarto of more than 500 pages of letterpress in addition to sixty plates *hors texte* in which several hundred objects are figured in colours or black. The author appears to have made a thorough study of the history of the manufacture, and although his researches have left several points connected with the earliest period still obscure, his account of the manufacture from the time when it became definitely established is comprehensive, embracing biographical notices of all the *maîtres faïenciers* who carried on the production of the ware, a dissertation on the technical methods employed therein and the artistic qualities of the ware, in the course of which the influence of other centres of ceramic manufacture is alluded to, and lastly, an economic history of the industry, from which it appears that the ware was exported in considerable quantities to foreign countries and especially to French possessions. The only justification for the inclusion of the word "Porcelaine" in the title is an appendix concerning the productions of Joseph Gaspard Robert, Honoré Savy, and others, and a coloured plate showing six pieces made by Robert, the most notable of the group.

We have received from Wengers Ltd., of Etruria, Stoke-on-Trent, a copy of their General Price List No. 50, giving particulars of a vast number of materials and implements manufactured by the firm for the use of potters, glass-makers, enamellers on metal, and others. They will be pleased to send a copy to any one interested.

# THE LAY FIGURE: ON PRACTICAL ART TEACHING.

"I WONDER whether we shall ever succeed in organising a really practical system of art education in this country," said the Art Critic. "I cannot see that our present methods have any right to be considered efficient or that they give anything like adequate results."

"I do not at all agree with you," protested the Art Master. "Our modern methods seem to me to be worthy of all respect. They represent the conclusions arrived at by the men who are acknowledged to have most experience in educational questions, and they are well adapted to the needs of students of art."

"Still, if the results are inadequate the methods are not what they ought to be," broke in the Man with the Red Tie. "The educator may be experienced and yet not infallible."

"But I deny that the results are inadequate," cried the Art Master. "Look at the enormous number of students who are now working in our art schools and see how the standard of technical practice has risen in recent years. You cannot point to any previous period in our art history when so many brilliant young artists were available or when the general standard of artistic accomplishment stood so high."

"Oh, I am quite ready to grant that the general practice of the painter's craft has considerably improved, and that there are quite a lot of modern painters who are admirably trained in all the tricks of their trade," replied the Critic. "But it is just for that reason that I say that our system of art education is impractical. We are wasting all our energies in teaching—very efficiently, I admit—a vast number of men to paint pictures that nobody appears to want, and we are neglecting applications of art which are really of much more importance."

"No, that is not a fair statement of the position," objected the Art Master. "We do not confine ourselves to training painters; we are training an even greater number of students to become designers. There is a vast amount of attention being given at the present time to the development of the applied arts and to the encouragement of the artistic crafts."

"What, then, becomes of all the designers you turn out?" inquired the Man with the Red Tie. "We have not made any startling progress of late years in design; indeed, we have in that branch of art fallen behind other nations. How do you account for it?"

"I do not think we have fallen behind," returned the Art Master. "We are holding our own quite reasonably well. There are plenty of able designers in this country."

"Yes, but how many of them can you claim as products of your system of education?" interrupted the Critic. "If your teaching were so efficient there would be, not a few men prominent in design, but a mass of skilful designers who would raise perceptibly the whole standard of what one may call commercial art. Now, I complain that the bulk of commercial art is tawdry and pretentious, wanting in taste and lacking in æsthetic quality. Why should that be?"

"We train the designers, but if the manufacturers will not employ them that is not our fault," protested the Art Master.

"I am not so sure about that," replied the Critic. "I think it is your fault, because, as I have already said, your system is not practical. You teach the theory of design, but you pay no attention to its practice. You train students to design things about the making of which they are ignorant, and this ignorance you do nothing to enlighten. When your students leave school and seek for employment they cannot get it because they do not know how to apply the theories they have learned to actual production; because, in fact, you have not made craftsmen of them. The manufacturers want men who can work, not theorists whose abstract imaginings have to be made workable by some one else."

"But the art school is not meant to be a workshop," objected the Art Master.

"Is it not?" commented the Critic. "I think it ought to be. Look at the Austrian schools of Applied Art and see what results they are achieving by making their students test theoretical knowledge by practical work. Look at the German schools and see how they are being remodelled on the same lines. Look at the few great craftsmen-designers we have, who know by practical experience just how a design should be made to suit perfectly the materials in which it is to be carried out. Why should not our art teachers learn a lesson themselves and realise that our art schools—I mean especially those established and maintained by the public authorities—must become workshops if the training of the student is ever to be reorganised on practical lines? When are we going to have the sense to admit our inefficiency?"

"Ah, I wonder!" laughed the Man with the Red Tie.

THE LAY FIGURE.

ANDERS ZORN'S RECENT PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURE. BY DR. AXEL GAUFFIN. (*Translated by Edward Adams-Ray.*)

It has fallen to the lot of Anders Zorn to have progressed through one of the most self-evident courses of development, and to have experienced some of the most rapidly won recognition known in the history of art. The whole of his work possesses something of that quality, captivating to the outward sense, which is spontaneous in its direct attractiveness and is founded on a phenomenal skill that fetters the beholder in chains of wonder and admiration. He is the Aladdin of art—I think the phrase has been employed before, for it springs unbidden to one's lips in the presence of this man.

But Aladdin never reached old age. It is difficult, at least, to imagine that son of fortune with a wrinkled brow and venerable, silver-white beard. Zorn has passed his tenth lustrum but, in many respects, he is still the same as he was twenty years ago. In this fact lie both the greatness and the limitations of his art. With extraordinary vitality his brush still conjures forth new daughters of the land of beauty which he has laid beneath his sceptre. But this creative act is repeated so often that I should not be surprised if a looker-on felt himself tempted to ask: "Well——?" And yet there is something so inherently natural in Zorn's art. This genius of the nude, who stands unparagoned in the realm of modern painting, has become what he is by the absolute honesty with which he has pursued his aim, the open worship he has practised of the naked woman. He can go to a painting with the resolution to make this time a great composition—"une grande machine," as they say in Paris. But when he sees his model before him in all her naked grace, he bends the knee once more at that inexhaustible source of beauty, the human body. But it is not a bending of the knee in the presence of the unattainable. It is just a thanksgiving that this wonder exists,

that it is of the earth, tangible and attainable, a consolation and a source of enjoyment for man. And the beauty he reproduces is mundane. He models the torso with a marvellous solidity, as a symbol of the fullness and richness of life: he touches caressingly the fine meshwork of the skin; he falls into an ecstasy when he finds a new light, a new tone, some unimagined delicacy, where the sun-mist of the atmosphere, or the half-open door of the timbered house throws its shifting shadow of blue or green.

At the exhibition of Zorn's pictures which opened about the middle of September in the rooms of the Konstforening at Stockholm, and in which he brought together a number of his canvases painted during the last few years, one of the most apparent features was the evidence it gave of his return to that blonde, open-air painting by which he first



PORTRAIT OF C. F. LILJEWALCH

BY ANDERS ZORN

brought himself into prominence at the close of the eighteen eighties. And he has gained new laurels on the old well-known field. He has probably hardly ever painted anything more delicate than *Sjöblom's Scow*: *Dagmar* has been imagined mainly as a tone of soft, northern blondness, while *Startled*—a picture of this year showing three young women running towards the water—must perhaps be accounted, from an artistic point of view, the richest in conception, with its delineation of that typically Swedish, obliquely truncated shore-motif which has so often served as the frame of his paintings of the nude. What is most worthy of our admiration in these things is the manner in which the atmosphere melts, as it were, into human figure and the landscape, and the natural, innate freedom of the movements. Simply astounding in the last-named picture is the way in which the artist has caught and reproduced in his canvas the light, unconstrained movement of the startled women in their hurry to seek shelter, and their careful stepping over the pine-needles that cover the slippery rocks. From a psychological point of view this rendering of movement is absolutely convincing.

That feeling of subtilised French technique which one sometimes experiences in the presence of these pictures of the nude, appears to me to be less in evidence in *Zorn's* pictures of peasants in their dresses, and in his portraits. He seizes his peasant women (*kullor*) with a robuster northern hand when they stand dressed in their many-coloured bodices and caps. His *Skerikulla* is simply and solely a happy, healthy, peasant lass, and the artist has expressed her joy of life and her health in

every line of his brush, in every play of sunlight and each wrinkle on her face. In *Sunday*, both the model and the *stämning*, or mood, are different. Here we have a herd-girl, who, alone in her shealing high up among the fells, has dressed herself in her whitest shift and the best skirt she

has at hand, and hears the clang of the Sunday bells from far away in the dales, whither the light, hard eyes look wistfully away from the terrifying loneliness of the forest. In *Watering the Horse*, again, the artist carries us to Gopsmor, the old-time Dalecarlian farm to which he every now and then retires in order to be able to devote himself to his art without fear of interruption. There he himself goes about, like the man in the picture, dressed in sheepskin jacket and knee-breeches, the ancient costume of Dalecarlian men. Last of all we have *Matins on Christmas Day*, a poem full of the light of Christmas and the dawn of a new day.

But it is, perhaps, as a portrait painter that Anders Zorn has won his proudest laurels and made his name most widely known. Amongst portraits of lesser interest, the exhibition offered us one of the stateliest things he has ever marked with his name and his genius. It is "the counterfeit presentment" of one of Sweden's most prominent business men

and patrons of art of late years—Mr. C. F. Liljewalch. It is a robust nature the artist has caught on his canvas: one, it is true, that has already begun to lose its first vigour, but which still has strength and power of will enough to be able to gaze into the great shadow with eyes that look out undauntedly from beneath the gloom of the eyebrows.

It is of peculiar interest to compare this last



"ALMA." STATUETTE MODELLED IN  
RED CLAY BY ANDERS ZORN

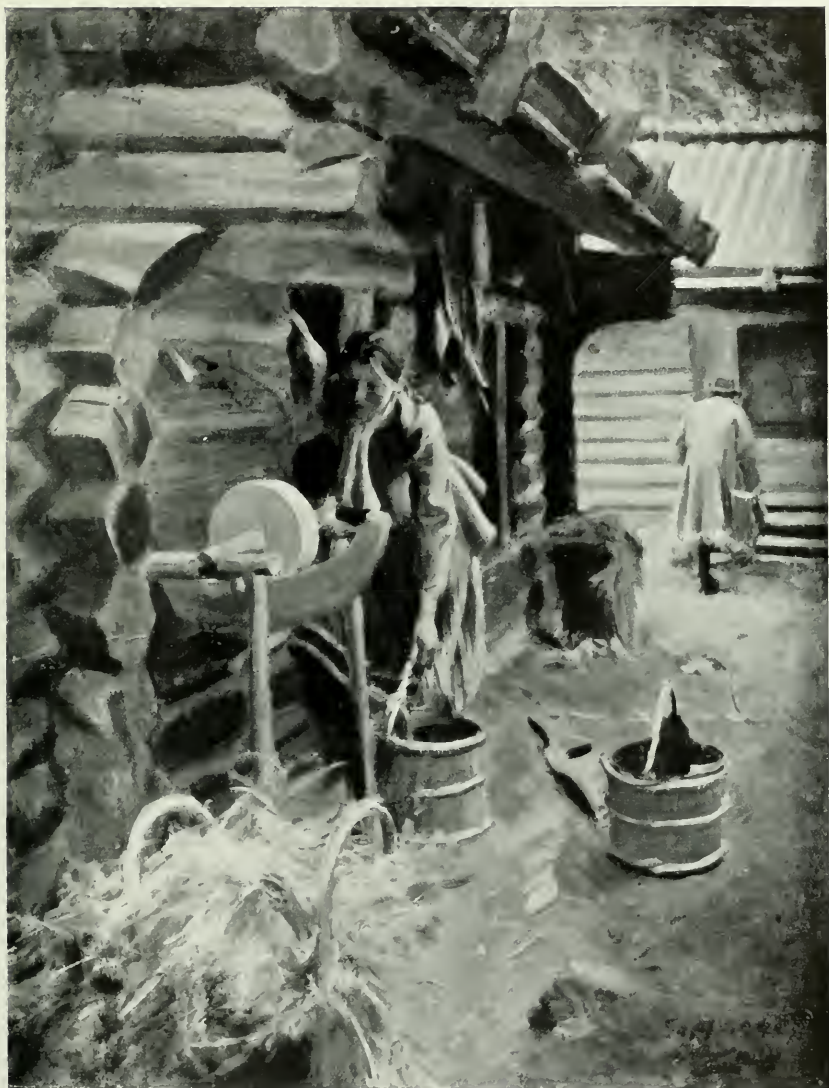




"SKERIKULLA" (SWEDISH PEASANT  
GIRL). FROM THE PAINTING BY  
ANDERS ZORN



"SUNDAY." FROM THE PAINTING  
BY ANDERS ZORN



“WATERING THE HORSE (DALECARLIA)”  
FROM THE PAINTING BY ANDERS ZORN



"DAGMAR." FROM THE OIL  
PAINTING BY ANDERS ZORN



## Anders Zorn

phase of Zorn's art with the two magnificent paintings from 1889 which were also exhibited. One of them is an old acquaintance, the artist's celebrated portrait of Coquelin *cadet*, from Mr. Thorsten Laurin's collection, a genial, sketch-like, instantaneous picture of the great actor, revealing the shyness of genius and the complaisance of the man of the world. The other is a canvas which is as good as hitherto unknown, an interior with five figures, *Baking in Mora*. It was sold in France shortly after it was completed, and has only quite lately come to light again and been brought to

Sweden by one of our most industrious younger collectors, Mr. Piltz. The intricate problem which here confronted the artist has been solved by him with astounding confidence; the child in the foreground is the only thing that does not breathe the air of the cottage; the other figures are full of life and activity, in spite of all the ruthless foreshortening and reflected lights.

In spite of that advertisement of his labours as a sculptor which is seen in his portrait of himself in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence (the picture shows him engaged in modelling his wife's bust), there

are certainly many of Zorn's admirers who are not aware that the great artist and etcher is an exceedingly skilful sculptor too. In his exhibition he had two items; one, a woman's figure, *Alma*, and the other an equestrian statuette of a popular Swedish hero of mediæval times, *Engelbrekt*, which would have been sufficient to have assured him a name in the province of Swedish sculpture. *Alma* is a female figure executed in red clay, which in its plastic form translates the sculptor's ideal of womanly beauty, such as we have learned to know it in his work with the brush: it is a miracle of graceful playfulness. In character and in the movement-motif, the other work, *Engelbrekt*, has something in common with the artist's statue of Gustaf Vasa at Mora. In both instances the tension of soul has an unconscious reflection in the constrained extension of the muscles. *Engelbrekt* possesses, perhaps, a more delicate treatment of form than the first statuette; it awakens a desire to touch and caress the sinuous surface: one can grasp with the eye the generous,



PORTRAIT OF COQUELIN CADET

(In the collection of Thorsten Laurin, Esq.)

BY ANDERS ZORN

"BAKING IN MORA"  
BY ANDERS ZORN

(In the Pittz collection)





"ENGELBREKT" (A SWEDISH MEDIEVAL HERO). MODELLED BY ANDERS ZORN

firm fullness of form of the magnificently modelled charger. Zorn has thought of the statue as erected in monumental form in front of the Riksdag House in Stockholm. Whether this idea will ever become a reality is more than uncertain; unfortunately so, for, if this delightful piece of sculpture, as a monument, fulfilled the promise of its present form—a thing which, of course, it is somewhat difficult to decide—then one of the most beautiful but puritanically unadorned open spaces in the world would be filled with a work worthy alike of the spot itself and of Sweden's most celebrated artist. A. G.

Mr. W. G. von Glehn's picture *New England*, which was reproduced in colour in our June number, has been purchased under the Felton Bequest for the Melbourne National Gallery.

DAVID MUIR-  
HEAD, LAND-  
SCAPE AND  
FIGURE PAINTER.  
BY FRANK W.  
GIBSON.

A STRONG love of the country is natural to many painters and also to those who patronise painting. There is a fellow-feeling with both for trees with their colour and shade, for distance and space in skies and clouds, or for sunlight on grass and water. Amongst landscape painters there are some who have had something to say, and encouraged by appreciation and worldly success have ventured to state it as persistently as they can. Constable is a

past example of this theory, and certainly justified himself in the end. Mr. David Muirhead is a living example of one of those artists who have shared Constable's love of landscape, with its



"THE AVENUE"

BY DAVID MUIRHEAD

## David Muirhead

showery windy skies, trees heavy with midsummer foliage, and the wet sparkle and glitter of English landscape under such effects, all of which he rendered with so much truth and spirit and such freshness of style. These apparently are the qualities in the great landscapist's work that seemingly have attracted Mr. Muirhead: but it is an attraction that has made for good, for it has filled him with a high ambition, it has made him fastidious in his search for forms, but it has not made him in any degree a copyist of the great English landscape painter whose work caused such excitement when it was exhibited at the Salon of 1824, and whose art, by its aspects and feeling, must undoubtedly have helped to plant firmly and vivify French landscape painting. In England his influence has been equally great, if one studies his contemporaries, David Cox and Peter de Wint, whose water-colours had the same feeling for air and freshness: and later Cecil Lawson showed in his work Constable's largeness and dignity of view;

whilst in our own generation the influence has come back from France in certain of Mr. P. Wilson Steer's landscapes.

As a colourist Mr. Muirhead is entirely original; his tones seem to be derived from the close study of nature's colour, and give the idea of reality—open-air reality—and also of decorative effect. It is one of the essentials in a painting that it should be decorative, otherwise its reason for hanging in a room is not very clear. Of course a painting may have other qualities, such as a feeling for character or for sentiment, like that which Millet possessed. Even in the work of artists who have used symbolism, or those who have illustrated legends or historical events or everyday occurrences of their own time, it will be surely found that their work only lives by its possessing decorative qualities; and bound up with this is that unity of purpose that the artist gets from selecting only such forms as he can weave into a decorative whole.

Mr. Muirhead has gone very much his own way



"THE MILL AT CERES"

BY DAVID MUIRHEAD





*(In the possession of  
C. H. Moore, Esq.)*

"THE LOST PIECE OF MONEY"  
BY DAVID MUIRHEAD



"THE FEN BRIDGE." BY  
DAVID MUIRHEAD

*(In the collection of Sir  
Charles Darling)*



A WOODLAND FOOL.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY  
DAVID MUIRHEAD.





## David Muirhead

in forming an original style of his own. He began his artistic career in Edinburgh, where he was born, and he says he had the usual school drawing at the Royal High School of that town, and after attending the Royal Institution, which is the Government school, he tried for and was admitted a student at the schools of the Royal Scottish Academy, where he studied under Lawson Wingate, William Hole, and R. Alexander. After this he came to London and attended Professor Brown's class at the Westminster Art School for a little more than a year. Before taking up art altogether Mr. Muirhead had some training as an architect under Mr. Sydney Mitchell.

He began to exhibit pictures at the Royal Scottish Academy and also at Glasgow; the first painting he showed in London was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1895—a portrait; at the same place in the following year another portrait. In 1896 he first showed a landscape at the New English Art Club. In 1898 to the British Artists' Exhibition he sent two harbour scenes; the larger one was called *Old Stonehaven*, the other *Evening*; and in the same year at the New English Art Club the most important landscape he had hitherto shown, *The Village of Ceres*, a fine pastoral, the sky of which is painted with such truth that the clouds really seem to float across it. *The Mill at Ceres*, which followed next year, also gives the feeling of

sunlight and heat. From this date he has been faithful to the New English Art Club, of which he is a prominent member, and, with the exception of the Exhibition of International Art (where he showed at the first display they held in London, in 1898, two portraits and a marine), he has exhibited nowhere else: thus his finest work has been seen there, consisting of such pictures as *Autumn*, which was a beautiful landscape, full of true sentiment of the grave kind which Mr. Peppercom so often reveals in his scenes. Another very interesting work is *The Fen Bridge*, which belongs to Sir Charles Darling, a painting that has in itself much beauty of style and feeling for decoration and the qualities of paint. *The Avenue* is a canvas on which is shown most truthfully and most beautifully the brilliancy and sparkle of sunlight filtering into and through the recesses of a woodland landscape. It was painted in 1902. Three or four years later came the *Woodland Pool*, a rather similar subject but a quieter effect of a sunlit natural scene, but none the less true. *The Windmill at Cley* is full of solemn sentiment quite in keeping with its grey tones. One of Mr. Muirhead's recent landscapes is *The Cornfield*, which was shown at the last Autumn Exhibition of the New English Art Club; it is a successful attempt to suggest light and heat. Various as the artist's subjects in



"A CORNFIELD"

(The property of Julian Lousada, Esq.)

BY DAVID MUIRHEAD

## David Muirhead

landscape are, they all have a definite personal spirit.

Although Mr. Muirhead is generally better known by his landscapes to many, he deservedly merits recognition also as a figure painter. One of his most successful works is the picture called *The Lost Piece of Money*, here reproduced, which was seen at the New English Art Club some few years ago. The colour is subdued but rich, with its deep reds and greys: the composition, which is skilfully planned and conceived, deservedly attracted much notice when it was shown. A somewhat similar work is *The Sisters*, which was seen at a later exhibition and in which the quiet dignity and perfect naturalness of the figures give the picture a haunting beauty.

His latest essay of this kind is the picture called *Night Piece*, here reproduced in colour; it was exhibited at the New English Art Club this summer, and is destined by the generosity of Mr. Edmund Davis to adorn the new Salle Anglaise at the Musée du Luxembourg in Paris; it is a work that Mr. Muirhead has conceived with Pre-Raphaelitish intensity.

An exhibition of nearly fifty of his works at the Chenil Gallery in 1907 clearly revealed the beauty of his landscapes, so admirable in their design and

cool schemes of colour, also showing at the same time the thoughtful tenderness of sentiment in his beautiful figure paintings.

It is always interesting to learn how different artists have worked, and by what means they have built up their pictures. Some painters have worked entirely out of doors, almost finishing their pictures on the spot. Others, again, have worked in the studio from the slightest notes, aided by memory. Mr. Muirhead employs both methods: the picture called *The Fen Bridge* was painted entirely in the studio, chiefly from memory and with only the slightest sketch to help him, as the effect was but a fleeting one lasting only a few minutes. *The Mill at Ceres*, on the other hand, was painted outside, and very little was done to it when it was brought back into the studio, but the effect was one which lasted some hours each day, and for many days in the summer.

Mr. Muirhead thinks that the effect settles pretty much his method of working. If it is transitory he makes many sketches and notes and then works upon them in the studio. If it is a recurring effect he works on the spot as much as he can; but sometimes he paints a landscape which is entirely composed, but then he works for some certain feeling and not for any realistic effect. F. W. G.



"A BACKWATER ON THE OUSE"

BY DAVID MUIRHEAD



[By permission of Edmund Davis, Esq.]

"NIGHT PIECE." FROM THE  
PAINTING BY DAVID MUIRHEAD.







*(The property of Percival  
Fawcett, Esq.)*

"THE WINDMILL AT CLEY"  
BY DAVID MUIRHEAD

## *Open-Air Museums in Norway*

### THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE OPEN-AIR MUSEUM IN NOR- WAY. BY GEORG BRÖCHNER.

It is with some satisfaction that the present writer can refer to an article of his published in *THE STUDIO* some twelve years ago, its purport being a plea for the erection of an open-air museum for London. The suggestion met with warm approval in different quarters at the time, but more than a decade had to elapse before the question was taken up in earnest. Now that there seems every likelihood of the plan approaching its consummation a brief survey of the development of the open-air museum in other countries during recent years may not be considered inopportune. I say other countries, but as a matter of fact it is only in Scandinavia that the open-air museum has as yet become an institution—and a much-treasured and ever-growing institution—although a lively interest in the same is springing up in diverse directions. The director of the Skansen in Stockholm, the far-famed forerunner and prototype of open-air museums, informs me that even the town of Omsk, in once-distant Siberia, has been making inquiries as to how to set about forming a museum of this description; and at Arnhem, in Holland, a

society has quite recently been founded for the same purpose. In Germany, too, a lively interest is taken in the matter.

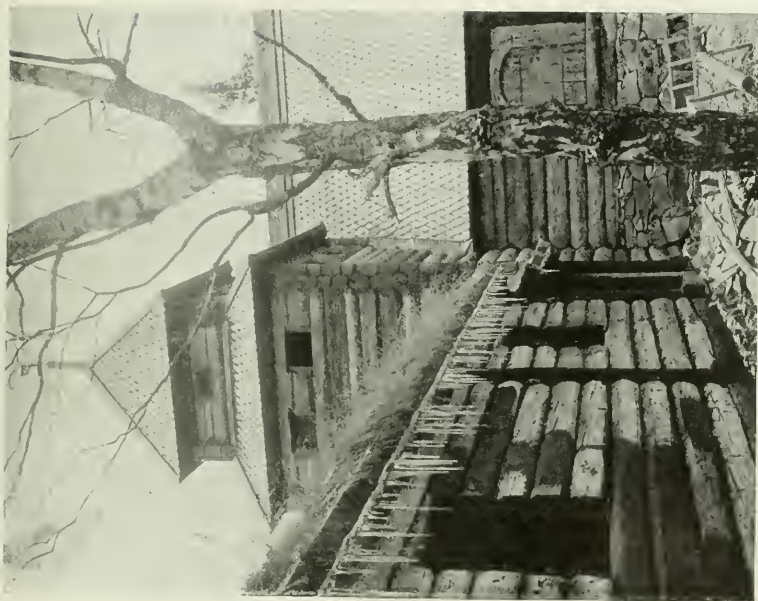
There is one feature common to nearly all open-air museums—as I will continue to call them—and their number has swelled materially of late years: they nearly all owe their origin to the fervent and unselfish enthusiasm and wise circumspection of one man, and that not a professional museum official, and most of them have sprung from a very modest first effort, afterwards, however, in many cases growing by leaps and bounds.

Norway, to which country I propose to devote this first article, supplies an excellent and most striking illustration of this general rule in the Maihaugen Open-Air Museum, or the Sandvig collections as they are perhaps more frequently called, at the town of Lillehammer. M. Anders Sandvig may well be held up as an ideal organiser in this connection, and considering that he has only been able to devote to this work the spare time which his profession has left him, the admirable results attained become all the more astounding—and yet he himself does not by a long way look upon the Maihaugen as finished or complete.

I should like to give M. Sandvig's own definition of his aim with Maihaugen. It was not, he says,



THE LITTLE LAKE AT THE MAIHAUGEN OPEN-AIR MUSEUM, LILLEHAMMER, NORWAY



A PARSONAGE AND CHAPEL FORMING PART OF THE MAIHAUGEN OPEN-AIR  
MUSEUM



ROAD FROM THE "SKIAAKER" HOUSES TO PARSONAGE; ON THE RIGHT THE  
"LOKRE STUE"; ON THE LEFT A "STABUR" OR STOREHOUSE (see pp. 111,  
112, 114)

## Open-Air Museums in Norway

to make a museum with scheduled collections, or only to gather what one accidentally came upon of half-forgotten articles from bygone days, in one place a house, in another a utensil. Nor was his aim to find what had been most excellent in workmanship from different ages, still less peculiar or exceptional variations.

"No," says M. Sandvig, "as I in my mind's eye see the Maihaugen in its ultimate consummation it shall be a collection of *homes* where one, as it were, can walk straight into the homes of the people who have lived there, learn to know their mode of living, their tastes, their work. For the home and its equipment are a picture of the people themselves, and in the old hereditary homesteads it is not only the single individual who is mirrored, but it is the whole race, generation after generation.

"Nor is it simply an incidental selection of isolated homes that, in Maihaugen, I wish to save from destruction or neglect. No, I want to place the entire village, as a complete whole, in this big picture-book; not only what might be called the manor-house, with its many buildings and its equipment bearing witness to hereditary pride and affluence, but also the house of the humble peasant, the village craftsman's out-of-the-way cottage, and

the Säter hut from the vast and distant forest. And from the top of the hill the old village church shall send forth the peal of its bells over these relics of bygone ages."

M. Sandvig, who took up his residence at Lillehammer in the year 1885, soon began to collect old furniture, weavings, silver, weapons, &c., from historic Gudbrandsdale, the Valley of the Valleys as the place is called, where for more than a thousand years a race of proud freeholders have had their home, the farm often remaining in the possession of the same family for five or six centuries. The Gudbrandsdalers bow to no man, and not a few of them carry their lineage back to the kings of ancient Norway.

If the place which had become M. Sandvig's home thus proved a fruitful field for his collecting propensity, he, on the other hand, made the best of the opportunities fate accorded him. No longer satisfied with cups and cupboards, he began to buy old houses in which to place his treasures, and altogether he purchased eleven venerable buildings from different parts of the Gudbrand valley; with great care they were removed to Lillehammer and re-erected in his private garden. Eventually the collection assumed such magnitude that it became



THE MAIHAUGEN OPEN-AIR MUSEUM: VIEW FROM THE ROAD TO THE "FER GYNT STUE," LILLEHAMMER



*Open-Air Museums in Norway*



THE MAIHAUGEN OPEN-AIR MUSEUM: THE "LOKRE STUE" AND ITS LIVING-ROOM (*see p. 114*)

## Open-Air Museums in Norway

a necessity to provide more commodious quarters, and in the highly picturesque Maihaugen, with its glorious scenery, an ideal home was found for M. Sandvig's old-time treasures. Some eight years ago this most admirable open-air museum was ready, the Sandvig collections having in the meantime been transferred to a local Welfare Society, of which, however, M. Sandvig continues to be the leading spirit.

The Maihaugen, as it now stands, and still bearing promise of yet further growth, is an almost perfect example of what an open-air museum ought to be, complete within its natural self-contained limits. Only at a future London open-air museum a Maihaugen would naturally become but a section and part of a vast whole.

The oldest type of house at Maihaugen, the *aarestue*, takes one back many hundred years, some four or five centuries and beyond, and there is over these venerable buildings a saga-like simplicity, an almost Spartan frugality, though in lines, proportion, and workmanship they are possessed of a remarkable beauty and harmony, witnesses of ancient northern style (if this much-abused word may be used in this connection) and craftsmanship. But there were no windows, no fireplace, not even any flooring. In the midst of the large room (the

accepted plan of the *aarestue* comprised a large and smaller room, *stuen* and *kleven*, and an open gallery, the *svale* or *stalegang*) there was a hearth, the *aare*, and above it a good-sized square hole (the *ljore*) in the roof, which was left open in fine weather, and otherwise covered with a wooden frame, over which was suspended a transparent skin. This frame, which was called the *skjaa*, was worked by a long pole, which was an indispensable utensil in the house, and when any one came on important business, more especially a-wooing, he had to hold on to this pole whilst he made known the nature of his errand. There were also, at different heights, two or more smaller holes or slits in the wall, which no doubt had the double vocation of producing a draught for the *aare*, when the door—and lowly it was—happened to be closed, and of enabling the inmates to keep a look-out, lest unwelcome strangers should come upon them unawares.

Along the side-walls were benches, and on the end wall facing the entrance was the high-seat, the seat of honour, and in front of this was the massive table, with the drinking-horn and other utensils. On this wall hung also the master's armour and shield, spear and bow. A well-known Norwegian writer says of the *aarestue* that when the big fire blazed at Yuletide, and the mead-horn and the



THE MAIHAUGEN OPEN-AIR MUSEUM: A GROUP OF "SKIAAKER" HOUSES

*Open-Air Museums in Norway*



"JOMFRUBUR" OR MAIDEN'S BOWER IN A "RAMLOFT-STUE," I.E., A HOUSE WITH A LOFT OR ATTIC (see pp. 114, 115)



THE MAIHAUGEN OPEN-AIR MUSEUM: INTERIOR OF AN "AARESTUE" OR "HEARTH" HOUSE



## Open-Air Museums in Norway

beer-mug diligently went round, men drinking to each other across the fire, whilst merriness reigned on all sides, it must assuredly have been cosy in the old sooted *aarestue*.

Were it necessary I would gladly, as far as I am able, affirm this assertion, for a peculiar charm, a feeling of trusty homeliness pervades these old-time wooden houses, such as one still may come upon in out-of-the-way places in Norway and Sweden, though modified through the ages. They may not appeal to you at first sight, rather the reverse, perhaps, but they soon seem to grow upon you, with their timeworn timber and scanty fitments. No wonder that these old houses have of late years been copied, or rather adapted, by not a few architects and others, and that timber is again held in high repute as building material.

But I am digressing. Although it is out of the question to follow the ancient Norse house through the various stages of its evolution, I must cursorily mention some of the other old houses in M. Sandvig's wonderful Maihaugen.

In Norway one formerly saw, and may still occasionally see, large clusters of separate houses all forming one homestead. Detached from the often numerous outhouses—there were at places as many

as two score or more of them—stood the dwelling-houses, not less than three and very frequently more, one for the summer, one for the winter, and one for festive occasions, the number of buildings generally increasing from generation to generation. The Løkre *stue*,\* a good specimen of a Gudbrandsdale type, hails from Lorn parish, high up the valley. It is what is called a *ramloft-stue*, that is, a house with a room (*ram-loft*) on the first floor, to which there is access up the outside staircase through a door in the loft gallery, or *svale*. The plan of this house is rather interesting. It is almost square, which does not clearly appear from the accompanying illustration (p. 111). There is on the ground floor a large room, one might almost call it a hall, at the end of this a second, narrow room, about half the size of the former, above it is the *ram-loft*, and along this end of the house and the one longitudinal wall, but forming part and parcel of the house, runs a *svale*, which in this case is

\* *Stue*, which in Danish means a room, is the Norwegian and Swedish (*stuga*) for a rural house. *Ram* = German *Raum*, room or space. The names *Løkre*, *Tigstad*, *Hjeltar*, and *Mytting* which occur later in this article in conjunction with *stue*, are apparently either names of places or names of persons.



THE MAIHAUGEN OPEN-AIR MUSEUM: A "STABUR" OR STOREHOUSE



*Open-Air Museums in Norway*



THE MAIHAUGEN OPEN-AIR MUSEUM: THE "HJELTAR STUE" (see p. 118)



THE MAIHAUGEN OPEN-AIR MUSEUM: THE "VIGSTAD STUE" (see p. 118)

## Open-Air Museums in Norway



THE MAIHAUGEN OPEN-AIR MUSEUM: THE "MYTING STUE" (see p. 119)

completely panelled in on the outside, so it really becomes a corridor; and the *svale* at the end, as already mentioned, has two stories. The large

the "high-seat" has been removed to the wall in the corner opposite to the *peis*; but the long benches still run along the walls, and in one

room in the Lökre *stue* is 20 feet by 23, and 13 feet high from the floor to the ridge-pole or roof-tree, there being no loft over the big room. It will be readily understood that this house has not sprung direct from the *aarestue*. Intermediate phases had to be passed: the first little leaden window has grown and multiplied, as has the furniture, though still by no means excessive; the *peis* (open fireplace) still found in many Norwegian houses, and now having again become a regular institution, has superseded the *aare*, its place being in the corner opposite the entrance. Also



THE MAIHAUGEN OPEN-AIR MUSEUM: BEDROOM OF PARSONAGE FROM VAAGE (see p. 120)

*Open-Air Museums in Norway*



MAIHAUGEN OPEN-AIR MUSEUM: DRAWING-ROOM AND KITCHEN IN PARSONAGE FROM VAAGE (see p. 120)



## Open-Air Museums in Norway



MAIHAUGEN OPEN-AIR MUSEUM: ONE OF THE BJORNSTAD CLUSTER OF HOUSES NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION

corner is a bedstead. The *aare* was by degrees discarded everywhere, holding out the longest in some far-away Sater hut, but, as M. Sandvig says, the *ljore-hole* at last closed, as a weary eye which for centuries had gazed heavenwards.

The room above the *kleven* (the smaller room) was the maiden's bower, *jomfruburet*, which, as already stated, had its separate entrance by way of an outside staircase and through the upper *stale*; there was no *peis*, but two small windows, and the door was very low. A quaint and ancient custom attaches to this sanctuary. Even if on other nights of the week the daughter slept in the same room as her parents or younger brothers and sisters, she repaired to her bower on a Saturday evening in order to receive her sweetheart. That night, the best of the week, when the lovers were allowed to hold sweet converse, she did not undress and decency was in no way outraged—was it not the eve of the holy day?—and although it was not considered good form for young people to show their

liking for each other in public or be seen too frequently together, these nocturnal week-end visits, at which the lovers could not even see each other and only spoke in whispers, gave no offence to any one.

The Vigstad *stue* was originally also a *ramloft-stue*, but it was altered to its present shape in the year 1707. It is remarkable for its excellent workmanship; but then the Vigstad folk for many generations were famous for the dexterity with which they handled their axe and their knife.

Though not in workmanship, this *stue* in other respects must yield to the Hjelstar *stue*, the climax of these three thoroughly typical houses, and a larger and more elaborate structure. It too is a *ramloft-stue*, and its roof-tree bears the date 1565. This and the Lökre *stue* are the only two fully preserved *ramloft-stue* in Norway. The Hjelstar *stue* is somewhat broader and longer than the latter, but hardly so lofty, and the plan is very nearly the same, the



MAIHAUGEN OPEN-AIR MUSEUM: AN "AARESTUE" IN THE BJORNSTAD CLUSTER OF HOUSES NOW BEING ERECTED



## Open-Air Museums in Norway



HAMAR OPEN-AIR MUSEUM, NORWAY: ROOM IN A PARSONAGE FROM VANG

*svale*, however, being open. The interior is decked out as for a *fête*, the floor, well scoured, covered with fresh juniper branches, and the walls are hung with the best weavings, the women of the Gudbrandsdale having always excelled in this craft. The colours are gay and manifold, as are the patterns, which comprise *motifs* in endless variety, human beings and animals, trees and flowers, often handled in the quaintest manner, as, for instance, the Three Wise Men on horseback, to mention one example amongst many. There are finely carved utensils for sundry purposes, and almost everything which this and the other venerable houses contain, chests and cupboards, spoons and drinking-vessels, and countless other objects, are not only possessed of great value either from their intrinsic merits or as a means of illustrating the mode of life and the habits of their former owners, but many of them have their own separate little story, droll or pathetic as the case may be, which it has been M. Sandvig's delight to hunt up and faithfully record.

Although the *stabur*, the storehouse, was not intended to serve as a dwelling for men, it ranked above the outhouses, and by degrees rose to a building of

hams and sausages being generally hung up in the *svale* for air's sake.

The Mytting *stue* (p. 119) hails from Ringebru and is probably rather more than two hundred years old. Although it tells of further development, its exterior has much in common with the Hjeltar and the Lökre houses, only the *ram-loft* of the latter has grown into a complete second story, like the ground floor with three rooms. The *svale* has been retained, one on the ground and two on the first floor. It is clear that whiffs from foreign countries have by this reached the distant valley, for this *stue*, amongst other outlandish innovations, contains a handsome stove, with ornaments and coats of



HAMAR OPEN-AIR MUSEUM, NORWAY: AN ALCOVE IN A HOUSE FROM GRIMSRUD WITH LINEN-CHESTS, ETC., DATING FROM 1777

## Open-Air Museums in Norway



HAMAR OPEN-AIR MUSEUM, NORWAY: ENTRANCE TO A HOUSE FROM GRIMSUD

arms, bearing the date 1659. The long fixed benches and fixed cupboards have also had to give way to a more promiscuous and arbitrary order of things, but then it should be pointed out that the Mytting *stue* does not belong to the group of downright peasants' homes, but rather has been the residence of some official.

The old parsonage from Vaage was the home of sixteen pastors prior to the year 1786; two years later it was transferred to the pastor, who undertook to keep it in repair, and since then it has passed from pastor to pastor until bought for the Sandvig collections. It was probably built about the middle of the seventeenth century, and is a good-sized one-storied house, square in its plan, with four rooms, including a very large kitchen and an open *scale* at the one end, which, however, does not proceed right to the side walls. As with the houses already described there is some fine workmanship in the timber, and the deviations from the ancient *aarestue*, at least in the exterior, are not of any great moment. The interior, however, has become far more modern,

and the rooms as they now stand abound with regular furniture, though from past centuries; but the illustrations must speak for themselves, although more especially the large kitchen well deserves some notice being taken of it. It was the realm of the pastor's wife, and hither all the parishioners were wont to come for help and advice, and on festive occasions sumptuous repasts were prepared there, as is demonstrated by some old annotations, one dinner comprising two kinds of soup, two dishes with

*entrées* and *pâtés* (with oysters, cray-fish, &c.), four different joints, partridges, capons, half a dozen different sweets, and plenteous dessert. Times, after all, had changed since the days of the ancient *aarestue*.

The work M. Sandvig has done at Maihaugen is beyond lauding, but if praise were needed a Swedish writer supplied it the other day, when generously comparing Sandvig's genius with that of Artur Hazelius, the creator of Skansen.

It can be no matter of surprise that the results



BYGDØ OPEN-AIR MUSEUM, CHRISTIANIA: "RAFTHUSEN" OR LOFT-HOUSES FROM TILEMARKEN

*Open-Air Museums in Norway*



EYGO OPEN-AIR MUSEUM, CHRISTIANIA: THE MARKET-PLACE AND THE ØSTERDALE HOMESTEAD



## *Open-Air Museums in Norway*



BYGDØ OPEN-AIR MUSEUM, CHRISTIANIA: THE ROLSTAD LOFT-HOUSE FROM GUDBRANDSDALE

attained at Maihaugen have inspired others to follow in M. Sandvig's steps, and in several Norwegian towns open-air museums have been formed, as at Lillehammer, with a local limitation. At Hamar the first move was made some ten years ago, several gentlemen forming a committee, amongst them M. Didrik Grønvald, who is now the leader of the museum which in due course sprang into existence, he, like the other gentlemen, doing all the work gratuitously. Through contributions from different quarters, the State eventually assisting with a very modest grant, it became possible to purchase several old buildings, of which the museum now boasts seven, and a society, comprising some two hundred members, has in the meantime been formed in the interest of the collections. A striking house with eight large rooms, dating from the latter part of the seventeenth century, has recently been acquired, but

not yet erected, and articles of interest are constantly being added to the museum.

Another open-air museum, the scope of which is to be principally devoted to the Glomdale, was opened last year at Elverum, and was formed on the initiative, and thanks to the munificence of, some private gentlemen in the town. The plan is to bring together typical old houses from the different parts of the Glom valley, and to equip them in such a manner that they give a reliable picture of the life of the people through the ages. Five houses are already in

various stages of completion, but the programme is quite a comprehensive one. A large site has been given by the municipality, facing the Glommen and the Prästfos waterfalls, which form a highly picturesque frame round the museum grounds. M. O. Bull Aakrann is chairman of the committee, but a society representative of the different localities



BYGDØ OPEN-AIR MUSEUM, CHRISTIANIA: THE GRIMSGAARD "STABUR" OR STORE-HOUSE FROM HALLINGDALE





HOUSE IN LEXHAM GARDENS, KENSINGTON  
STANLEY-BARRETT AND DRIVER, ARCHITECTS

in the district is in course of formation for the purpose of taking the matter in hand.

With the Norwegian Folke-Museum at Bygdø, outside Christiania, which has a national and not a local character, I have dealt in a previous article, but since then, thanks to M. Hans Aall's able management, it has grown into a thoroughly representative museum. It now boasts twenty-eight old buildings and some twenty thousand articles. Space will not allow me to accompany the illustrations with any explanatory letterpress, nor is such really needed, inasmuch as the reader without any difficulty will recognise similar types to those already described. The Bygdø Open-air Museum is extremely interesting, but its location does not afford the same scope as does that of the Maihaugen and one or two others.

## RECENT DESIGNS IN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

"THE Tiled House," here illustrated, is adjacent to the "Studio House," of which an interior view was given in one of our recent numbers, and contrasts strongly with other houses in the vicinity, which are mostly of an early or mid-Victorian type. But for the fact that it looks so clean and fresh by comparison with its smoke-toned neighbours, the house with its stone mullioned windows, leaded light casements, rough-casted walls, and roof covered with old tiles, might pass for a

much older structure than these, but as a matter of fact it was only completed about a year ago. The hall, of which an illustration is given, has a polished, dark red quarried floor and beamed ceiling. At the farther end the fireplace, built in



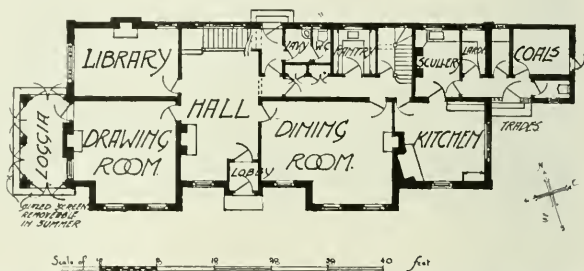
HOUSE IN LEXHAM GARDENS: THE HALL  
STANLEY-BARRETT AND DRIVER, ARCHITECTS

## *Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture*

red bricks and tiles, is placed on a raised hearth. A screen forms one side of the ingle-nook, behind which a few steps lead to the kitchen quarters: a door opposite opens on to the dining-room—a quaintly shaped room fitting into one corner of the site, which is triangular. The hall communicates by a few stairs with the sitting-room—a large room (32 feet by 15 feet), formed in the slope of the roof, the actual roof timbers being exposed. From this a door opens on to a large balcony with a red quarried floor and low parapet wall with flat quarried top, and forms a pleasant place for serving tea in summer.

Messrs. Stanley-Barrett and Driver, of Gray's Inn, the architects of the house, have paid special attention to economy of labour in the interior arrangements. All woodwork and angles are rounded, and there are no dusty mouldings. The leaded lights have no saddle-bars to cut the

servants' hands, but have steel cores inside the leads. The leads are rounded in sections so that the panes can be cleaned as easily as a plain sheet of glass. Where the beams do not show, the ceilings, instead of having dusty moulded cornices, are simply rounded at the angle between the wall and ceiling. The floors throughout are polished. The floor of the kitchen is a novelty, the centre being formed in wood blocks for comfort when sitting or standing round the table, and the surround is paved in polished red quarries. The walls are enamelled white with a washable enamel,



HOUSE AT BICKLEY, KENT

(See p. 127)

C. H. B. QUENNEL, F.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECT



MORDEN HOUSE,  
BLACKHEATH  
for W. GRIFFITHS.

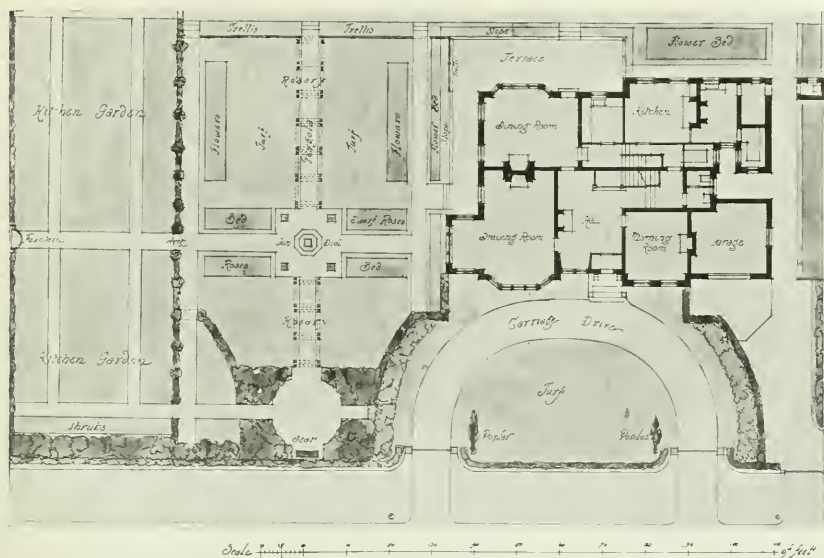
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## Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture



MORDEN HOUSE, BLACKHEATH: GROUND PLAN

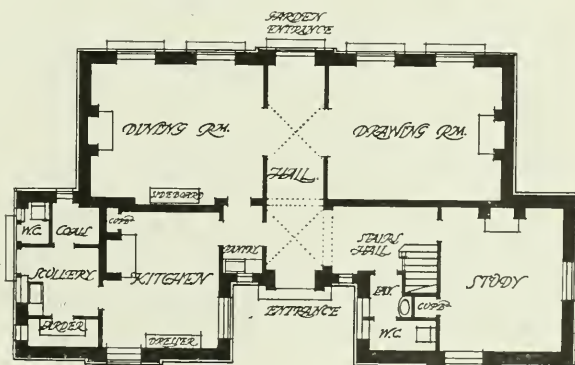
JOHN BELCHER, R.A., AND J. J. JOASS, ARCHITECTS

which is kept clean by simply sponging down. The hot-water supply is arranged on a similar system to the Thermos flask: by means of pulling a lever at night the hot water is bottled up and a hot bath can be obtained before the kitchen fire is lighted.

The house at Bickley, in Kent, which is shown in our next illustration (p. 124) has been erected from the designs of Mr. C. H. B. Quennell, F.R.I.B.A., of Westminster, and carries on the eighteenth-century traditions of domestic architecture, simplicity being the keynote of the entire structure, which in its reposeful character presents a marked contrast to the ostentatious kind of building so often met with in the outer Metropolitan districts at present in course of development. In planning the house on its present site a special point was made of the preservation of the fine old oak-tree shown in the illustration, this adding considerably to the interest of the exterior. Red hand-made bricks of various tints

have been used for the walls, and hand-made tiles for the roofs.

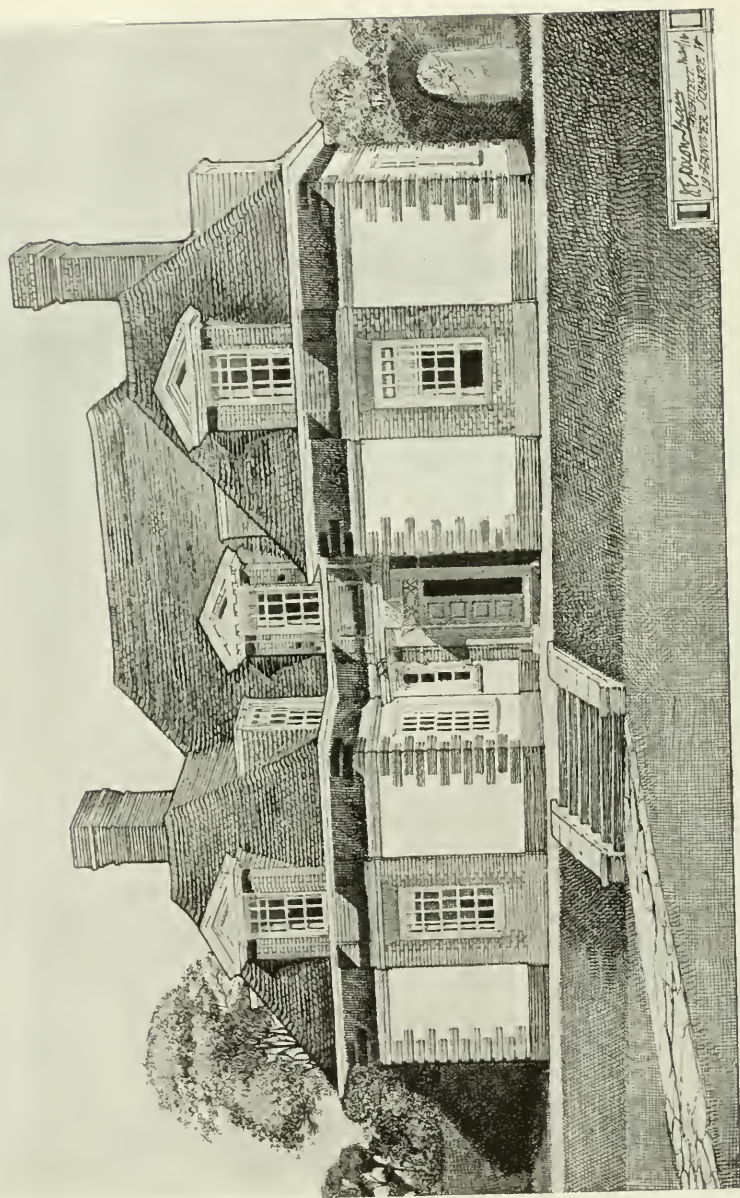
Morden House at Blackheath in Kent, of which we give an illustration in colour and a general ground plan, occupies a site adjoining the grounds of Morden College in a district which, in spite of its proximity to London, still retains much of that rural aspect which has always made it a favourite residential locality. As the illustration shows, the



PLAN OF HOUSE AT HARPENDEN

J. E. DIXON-SPAIN, ARCHITECT

(See next page and p. 129)



"HOUSE AT HARPENDEN." J. E.  
DIXON-SPAIN, ARCHITECT

(Plan on preceding page)

## *Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture*

house is a red-brick structure, the roof being covered with Westmorland slates, while Portland stone is used for the principal windows, which are glazed with leaded lights. The rooms are commodious, the largest of them, the drawing-room, being over twenty feet in both dimensions. A special feature has been made of the garden. Messrs. John Belcher, R.A., and J. J. Joass of Clifford Street, London, were the architects of this house.

In planning the house at Harpenden in Hertfordshire, shown on p. 128, the idea of the architect, Mr. J. E. Dixon-Spain, was to produce an economically planned residence suitable for a gentleman of moderate means and one which should avoid the banal characteristics of the usual type of detached villa—that is, to ensure as much privacy as possible in the rooms occupied by the family and especially to prevent the intrusion of kitchen odours. Brindled stock bricks with red dressings for the external walls and red hand-made tiles for the roofs are the materials specified in this case. The dining-room and drawing-room, which are so arranged as to be converted into one large room if required, are provided with French casements opening on to the garden on the south side of the house. The floor above contains five bedrooms, a bathroom, and various offices.

Herr Oskar Kaufmann of Berlin, of whose work as a designer of interiors we give some illustrations, will be remembered by many readers of *THE STUDIO* as the architect of the Hebbel Theatre in Berlin, which was the subject of an illustrated article published by us in May 1908. That well-thought-out and monumental structure established his reputation as an architect, and since then he has undertaken other commissions of a kindred character. One of them is for a

large theatre at Bremen, which has just been completed, while a large Volkstheater and a "Kinema" are in course of erection in Berlin from his designs. Herr Kaufmann is a true modernist and though he is enamoured of Barock and Biedermeier, his solutions are always individual. He has a great ambition for planning on a big scale, and this ambition is now being gratified by a scheme for an entire "Platz" with large corner buildings surrounding the future "Volkstheater." But in spite of these monumental aspirations, he is far from disdaining such work as the arrangement of domestic interiors: on the contrary, he takes keen pleasure in solving the varied problems these present. In this branch of his work a penchant for grandeur is discernible. In particular he has a great love for the finer varieties of wood and employs them with good judgment. In the



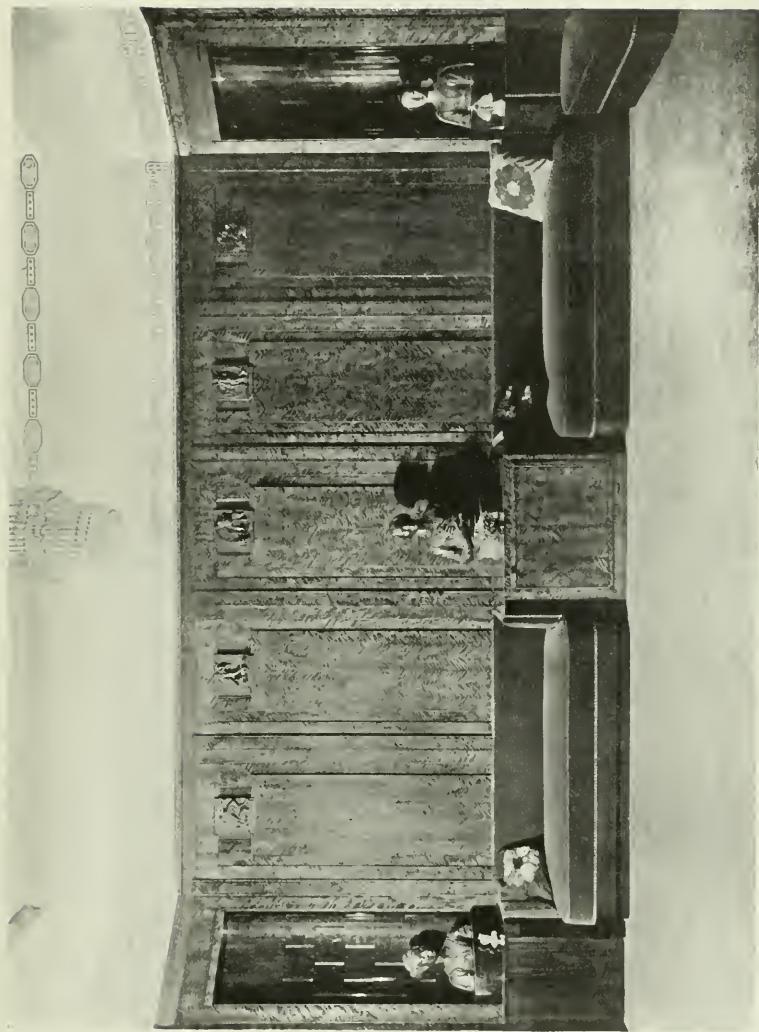
A CORNER OF A NURSERY DESIGNED BY OSKAR KAUFMANN, ARCHITECT





LIBRARY WITH FITTINGS IN AFRICAN PEAR AND PALISANDER WOOD. DESIGNED FOR DR. EPSTEIN BY OSKAR KAUFMANN, ARCHITECT





(Woodwork in golden yellow birch and palisander;  
sofas upholstered in cobalt-blue velvet)

MUSIC-ROOM. DESIGNED FOR DR. EPSTEIN  
BY OSKAR KAUFMANN, ARCHITECT

## The Wonder of Work on the Panama Canal

panelling of the rooms he has fitted up for Dr. Epstein the general surface is pleasantly relieved by the introduction of inlays or carving. The preference of his client for sculpture as the chief decorative feature of the rooms coincided entirely with the architect's ideas, but he has contrived to counteract any feeling of austerity arising in this way by using upholstery of rich colours. In the nursery oval pictures with fairy-tale subjects relieve the monotony of the white enamelled surface of the wainscot.

### THE WONDER OF WORK ON THE PANAMA CANAL. BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

I WENT to Panama because I believed that, in the making of the greatest work of modern time, I should find the greatest inspiration. The desire to draw, to etch, to lithograph the Wonder of Work is no new thing with me—it is no new thing with artists who have always believed in work as a motive: building, digging, constructing, demolishing, have from the earliest time been the subject of endless art.

And the greater the artist the greater has been his interest in work—in the work going on around him—the work of his own time. As the Church gave up art, the artist turned to another patron, the State, and in the recording of great works undertaken by the State there are great motives.

But the study of work for its own sake, for its grandeur, picturesqueness, mystery, or pathos, has always been a theme for artists; specially those artists who have endeavoured to glorify the greatest work being carried out in their day.

Rembrandt's best etchings are of the mills and dykes of Holland, the most important works, the most vital subjects, in his country and his time.

Velasquez's *Spinners* is of the same quality as the *Meninas*, yet the picture is but an interior filled with work-women. I do not call a painting like his *Forge*, or *Vulcan*, a painting of work, for this, fine as it is, is a machine—it is not a genuine thing, and in this connection I would dismiss all imaginative renderings of work from Cimabue to Watts, though the greatest painting by Watts's far greater contemporary, Madox Brown, is *Work*. It is far easier to be symbolic, imaginative, cubic, in one's studio than decorative, realistic, actual, at the mouth of a coal mine. It is easy enough to give a list of great artists who have glorified work, but it is difficult enough to keep it within limits. There is Claude, with his harbours; Canaletto, Guardi, and Piranesi with the building and destruction of

Venice and Rome; Turner—though he got everything wrong—with his Carthage that never would stand up, and a locomotive that never would run. And it is really too funny to remember that, while Ruskin was writing and damning the changing character of England, Turner and Constable and Crome were painting it and immortalizing it.

But in these last days work has become the greatest thing in the world, and more and more artists have turned to it, have devoted themselves entirely to it. Nearly every one of Méryon's etchings is of work. Whistler's Thames plates and Nocturnes are but the glorifying of work. Of the canvases and drawings of Millet and of Segantini this is equally true, and with their contemporaries we come to the greatest of all—I mean in that he devoted himself entirely to portraying work in sculpture, in drawing, in painting—Constantin Meunier. No one before in Europe had found subjects in the coal mines and iron furnaces of Belgium. Of course the sentimental toiler had been hauling canal boats and greeting his children, with mills and smoke faintly suggested in the distance, so as not to disturb the sensitive patron. But Meunier saw the real Wonder of Work, Whistler its exquisite beauty, its endless mystery, its perfect decoration. And there are the Japanese to be taken into account. It is to these widely varied artists that I, in common with all others who care for the Wonder of Work, owe my inspiration.

With me it is no new thing. The drawings of ships I made as a boy from my father's office were followed by sketches of houses being built, made from our home windows; and when, still a boy, my father took me to the coal mines of my native State, I found and drew subjects that I went back to and drew again near forty years later—caring for the subjects I had cared for as a boy and seeing that I was right in the things I had then drawn. The first magazine article I ever illustrated was of work, and in it is a drawing of an oil refinery. The love of and interest in modern work is no late development. For years I have, with two or three other men, been scouring Europe and America for subjects; you have to hunt for them, for not only can no one tell you where they are to be found, not only must you find them for yourself, but the composition you see one day never returns, it has got to be done then and there, either direct from nature or from memory.

I have hunted these subjects from San Francisco to Sorrento, and the more I hunt the more I find, and the more I learn, for the first time I tackled a steel mill I made a sorry mess of it. There is as

## *The Wonder of Work on the Panama Canal*

much character in mills and mines as in puddlers and miners. And unless one cares enough to study the anatomy, the construction of these huge works, as one studies the anatomy of the figure, it is useless to try to draw them. On the other hand, study them too much, or show too much, and the result is a mechanical rendering. Mills and harbours and docks are, as Rembrandt and Claude showed, as much governed by the laws of composition as anything else. And it is these two great facts, knowledge and composition, that have got to be kept in mind when drawing the Wonder of Work.

But the average painter, or etcher, or illustrator simply does, without thought or observation, save of the man he is priggish from, the subject he has to do, or thinks it is the fashion to do. Every gallery now, every exhibition—there are even decorations which are not decorative on public walls—reeks with the attempts of all those who have nothing to say for themselves or have or have not turned Post-Impressionists, to render work and workers, for work has become the subject of their thieving. But to those few who care and have proved by their work that they care, this is the day and the time of the Wonder of Work, because within a few years, even sooner, with the coming of electricity, the mystery of work, the smoke revealing, concealing mystery will have rolled away for ever. And also because to-day the greatest works that man has ever undertaken are in progress.

There are the dams in Egypt and Arizona; there are the sky-scrapers of New York. The wonderful railway stations are all disappearing; the coal and iron mines becoming spick and span and unpaintable. Even the costume of work is vanishing and the workman's character along with it.

But at the present moment the most stupendous work the world has ever seen is in progress; and it was to find out if it was pictorial—in the hope it was—that I went to the Panama Canal. There was no one to give me a hint—it was not till I got to the Isthmus that I found some one had been there before me. I had never heard of him or his work and have only seen one of his drawings. Still I started on a trip of 15,000 miles in search of the Wonder of Work.

The day I got ashore in Colon, I found it. I had seen great cranes at Pittsburg and Duisberg, but nothing like that which stretched its great arm, with great claws at the end, over the sad silent swamp at Mount Hope—the graveyard of de Lesseps's ambitions. I had seen in New York, as I sat on the thirtieth story of the Metropolitan Building, a chain come up from below with a man clinging to

it. But I had never imagined anything like the group of figures which rose out of Gatun Lock just as I reached it at dinner-time. I had looked into natural chasms and gulfs—though nothing like those I was to see later—but I never imagined anything so impressive as the gates at Pedro Miguel Lock. I have seen the greatest walls of the oldest cities, but I have never imagined anything so imposing as the walls of Miraflores Lock. I have seen the great aqueducts and great arches of the world, but I never imagined anything like the magnificent approaches to Gatun and superb spring of Pedro Miguel—made so by army officers and civil engineers mainly to save material. For there are no architects, no designers, no decorators employed on the Panama Canal—just ordinary engineers—and it might have been a good thing at the Victoria and Albert Museum if an architect had not taken over the work of an engineer. But the engineers at Panama are great designers, and great work makes great decoration.

Almost before I left the Canal artists and decorators were on their way there. I hope it may interest them half as much as it interested me.

I have tried in these lithographs of the Canal to show some of the things I saw as they were this spring, but even in the few weeks I was on the Isthmus many of them changed completely, or disappeared for ever. What I did is, at any rate, a record of what I saw. Not that I came anywhere near exhausting any sort of subject—from every part of the lock new compositions may be evolved. I merely tried to draw the things I saw when I saw them—squatting on my sketching stool where I could, or when I could, or on an iron girder, in the cab of an engine, a telephone box, or on the top of a crane. I only remember refusing to be suspended in a bucket a hundred feet or so in the air over one of the locks, as I was invited.

Had I not had my previous experience in trying to draw work, I could not have done even what I did, but the study of great architecture is a great aid, for these huge locks are architectural. The life of the Canal, the workmen, I hardly touched; they are but details in the Wonder of Work they have created. Where often the work is fiercest, there the fewest workers are to be seen. It is only when the men knock off that you see the thousands who are at it.

The landscape, the mountains crowned with strange trees, the long level lines of cloud—I always believed this to be an invention, or a convention, of the Japanese—that hang motionless before the hills, the impenetrable jungle, the native

## *The Wonder of Work on the Panama Canal*

villages, are all subjects. Subjects without end, maybe only for me, but for me there they were.

Panama City is as picturesque as a Spanish city, and as full of character: it has yet to be lithographed, etched, or drawn. There are churches, courtyards, balconied streets, forts, shops, gardens—all awaiting the artist who has not yet come, though, as I have said, he is on the way. I wonder Whistler made no record of them on that unexplained trip of his across the Isthmus. But I went to draw the Canal; I had no time for anything else, though some of the vistas under the royal palms on Ancon Hill, looking down on the town, the Pacific beyond, are as fine as the Bay of Naples. And from the sea Panama is very like Naples.

But the Canal called me and I had scarce any time for any of these motives.

In the Canal I found the subjects I wanted—subjects such as I shall never find again, and it will always be a delight to me that I went—went on my own initiative and not at any one's bidding. If my drawings have interested my own countrymen, and others' countries and countrymen, it is the greatest honour I could claim, and to have done some little thing with, and for, great men like those who have made the Canal, to have done something to record what they have done is what I went for—and to have interested them is far more than I ever expected. I shall probably never see the Canal again, but I have seen it and drawn it—and that was worth doing, and I am glad I went, for it is the most wonderful Wonder of Work.

The problem was, however, to draw these wonderful, stupendous subjects. I had, before leaving Rome, from whence I came, settled my method. It was to be lithography. I meant to use it for two reasons—one, because I like it, and thought I could get what I wanted more directly with it; the second, because I felt almost sure I could have my drawings printed in Panama—that there would be a government lithographic office on the Isthmus.

I took a large supply of paper—Scotch transfer-paper made up into blocks by Cornelissen's of London—and bought a large supply of Korn's chalks in New York; a pocket-knife and a tee-square completed my outfit for lithography. I had also etching-plates and charcoal, water-colours and pastels. But I trusted to lithography.

The first thing I found after I reached Panama was that there was no government lithographic press, no printer; and I do not know if there is

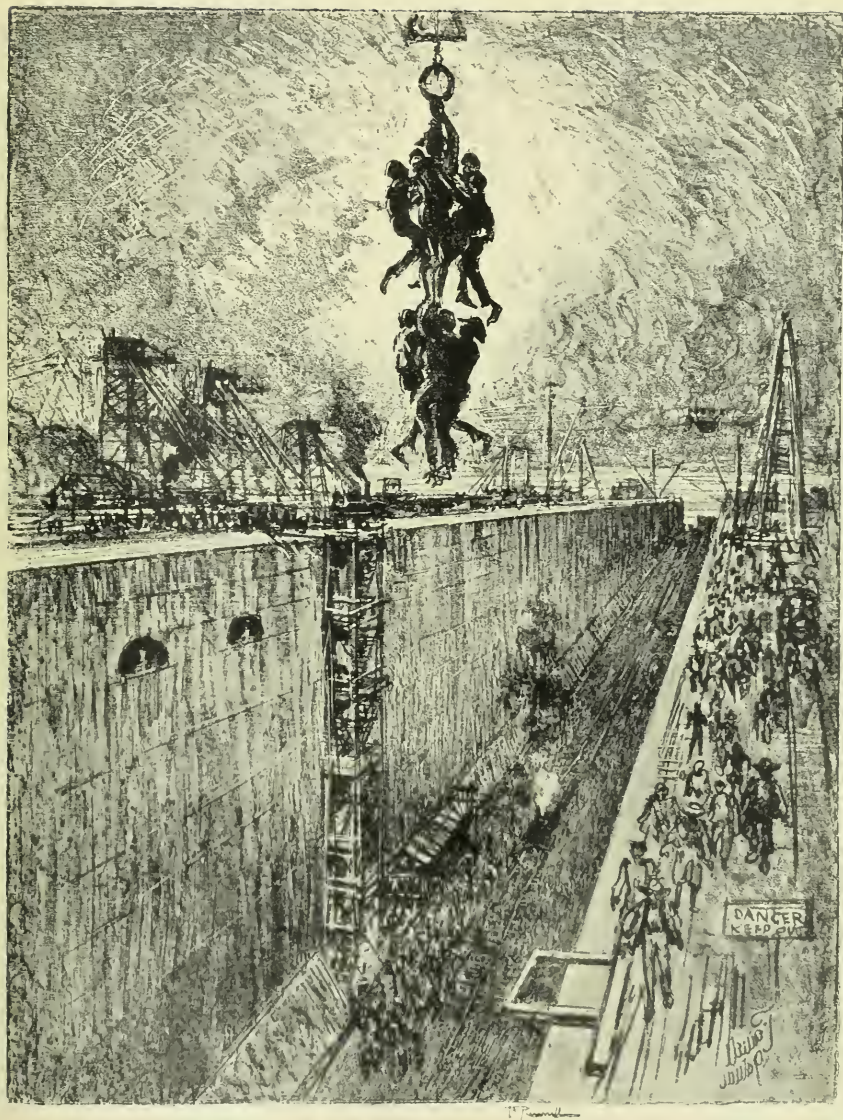
one in the Republic of Panama; that, therefore, if I could make the drawings, they must remain on the paper till I got to New York or San Francisco. As a matter of fact they were not put on the stone for nearly three months after, at Messrs. Ketterlinus's in Philadelphia, and not until after I had carried them some six thousand miles through hot and cold, damp and dry. Every authority on lithography wrote me that I would never get any results after such treatment of the drawings—that they would never transfer—that they would all be stuck together in a solid block—and I don't know what other awful things. I was pretty well certain myself that they were done for, at least, if any one of the prophets was right. So in the first place I had some of those I did not care much for—which I had succeeded less well with—photographed, so as to preserve some record; then I went to work at them with the printer, Mr. Gregor, every single one of them being transferred to stone, and, for me, Senefelder's prophecy, that *for artists the most important part of his discovery was the method of drawing on paper*, was realised. I did this transferring first in the manner in which it is done by Way in London. A little later, however, I tried the method of Goulding—the method, incredible as it sounds, by which you extract the grease from the paper, and transfer it to the stone, while the carbon, or whatever it is, remains on the paper. The artist by this method has his drawing and his print both.

But I, or rather we—the printer, Mr. Gregor, and I—have discovered through these drawings something that Senefelder never thought of, that the same drawing can be transferred any number of times from the same original, and in this way my pilgrimage to Panama has been of technical value.

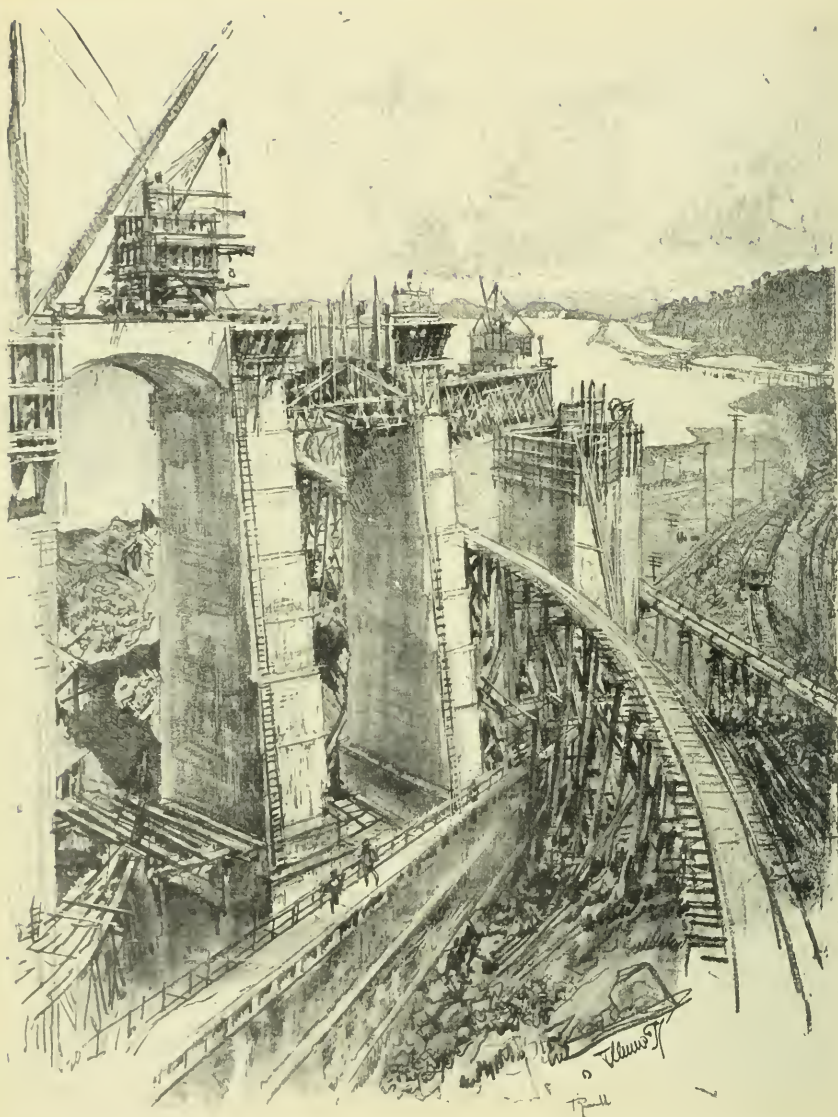
As to making the drawings, the block kept the paper flat and in the windy gusty weather this was much. I used Korn's Blaisdell pencils—the only form of chalk I could have used without a crayon-holder, which I hate—for in the heat the chalk—the copal—got as soft as crayon estompe in my fingers. In fact the drawings were nearly all done with copal or number four. What they looked like can be seen in the prints, for every print in lithography is an original. For illustrative purposes lithographs are most useful, as they reproduce perfectly, and did in this case. There is nothing special to remember or to learn about lithographic drawing, and it is quite a good thing to forget some of the things you are told. But after all, the subject was the thing, and I found the greatest subjects in the Wonder of Work on the Panama Canal.

JOSEPH PENNELL



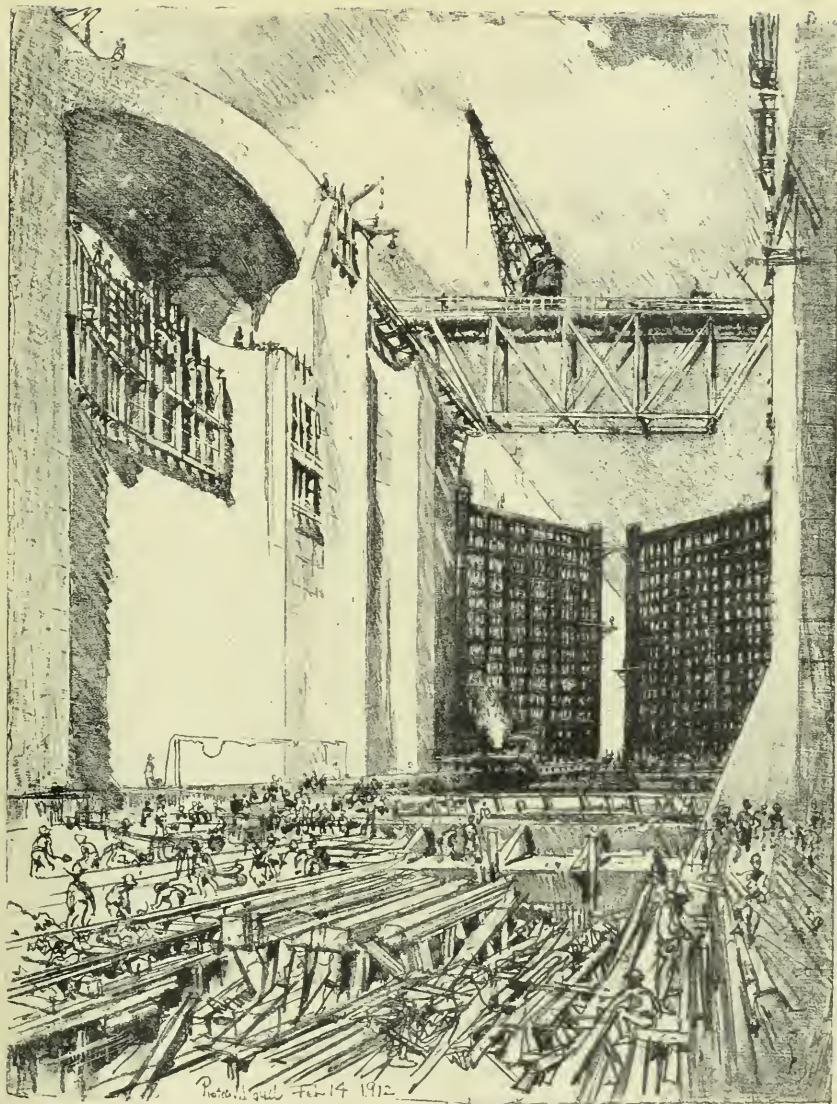


"THE END OF THE DAY—GATUN LOCK." FROM  
A LITHOGRAPH BY JOSEPH PENNELL



"APPROACHES TO GATUN LOCK." FROM  
A LITHOGRAPH BY JOSEPH PENNELL





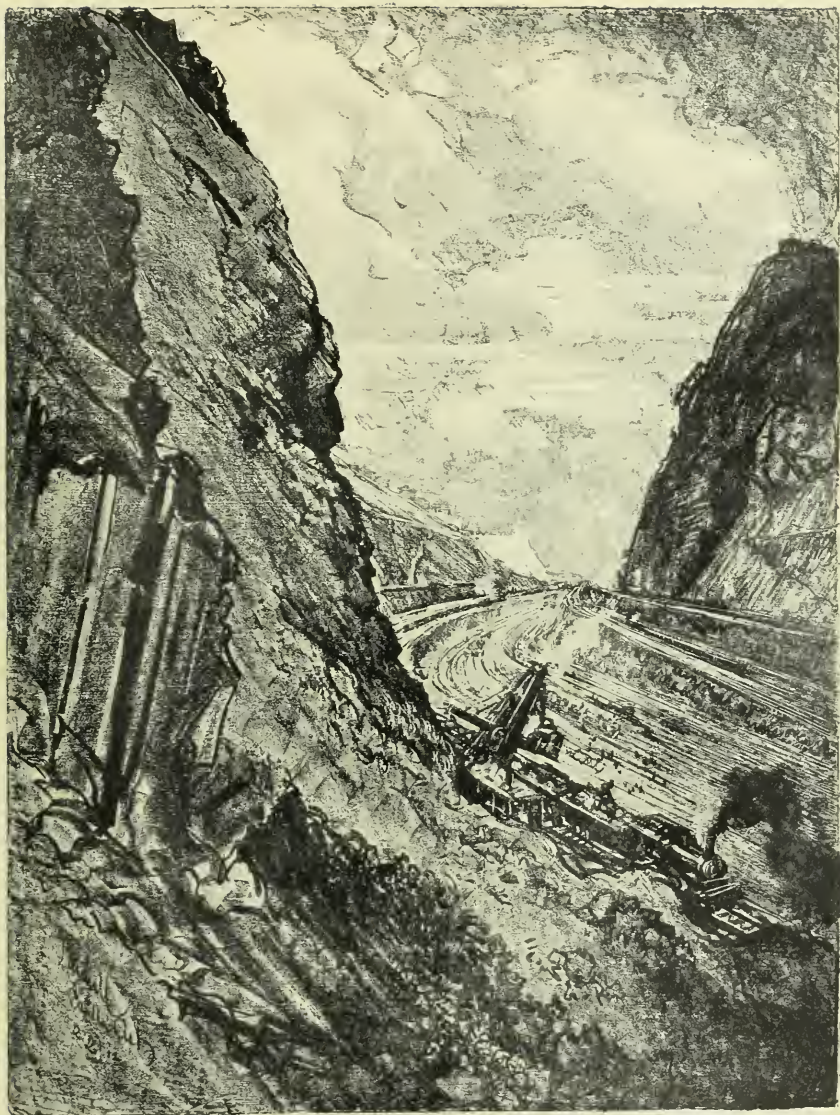
Pennell's sketch Feb 14 1912

LAYING THE FLOOR OF PEDRO MIGUEL LOCK  
FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY JOSEPH PENNELL

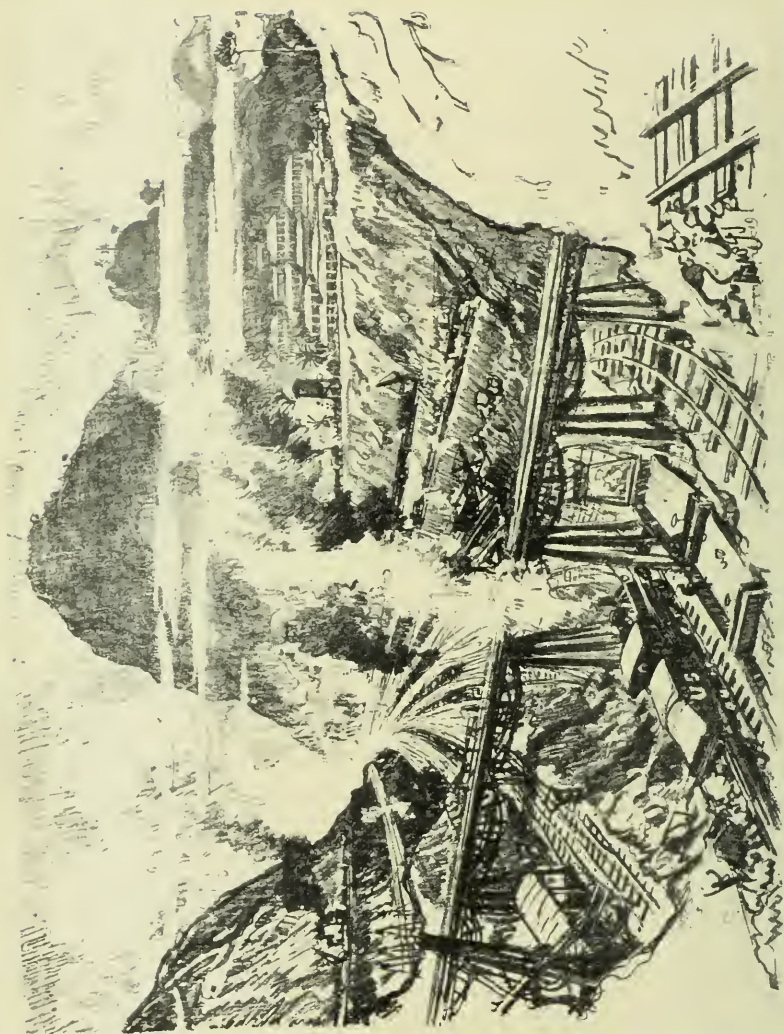


THE GATES OF PEDRO MIGUEL LOCK. FROM  
A LITHOGRAPH BY JOSEPH PENNELL

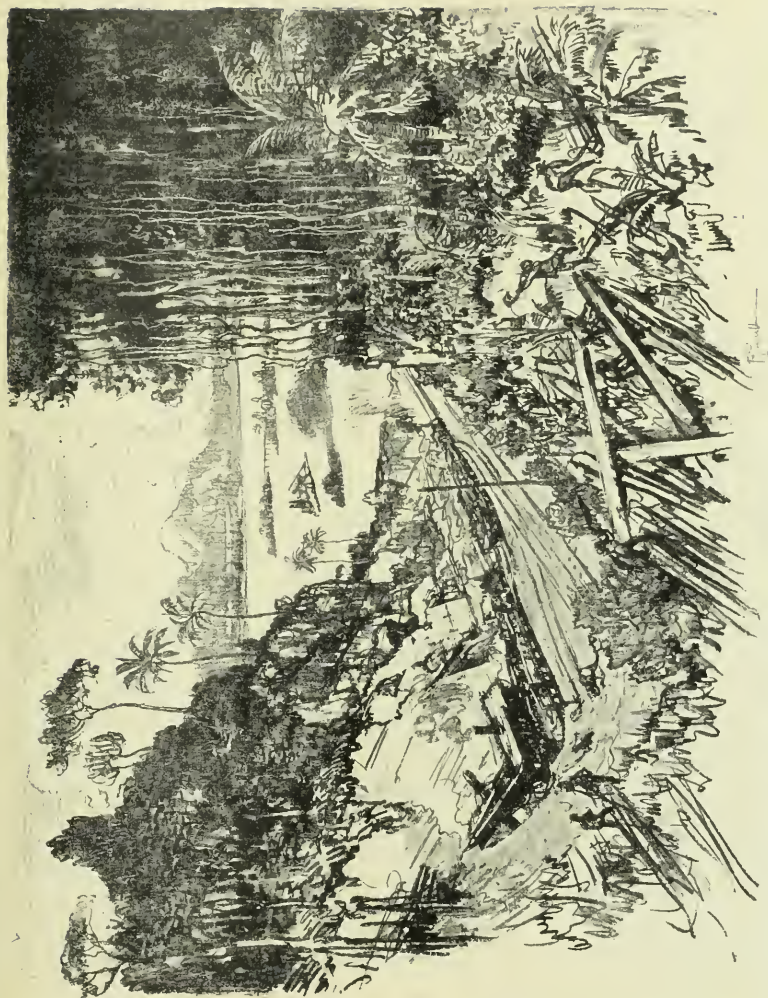




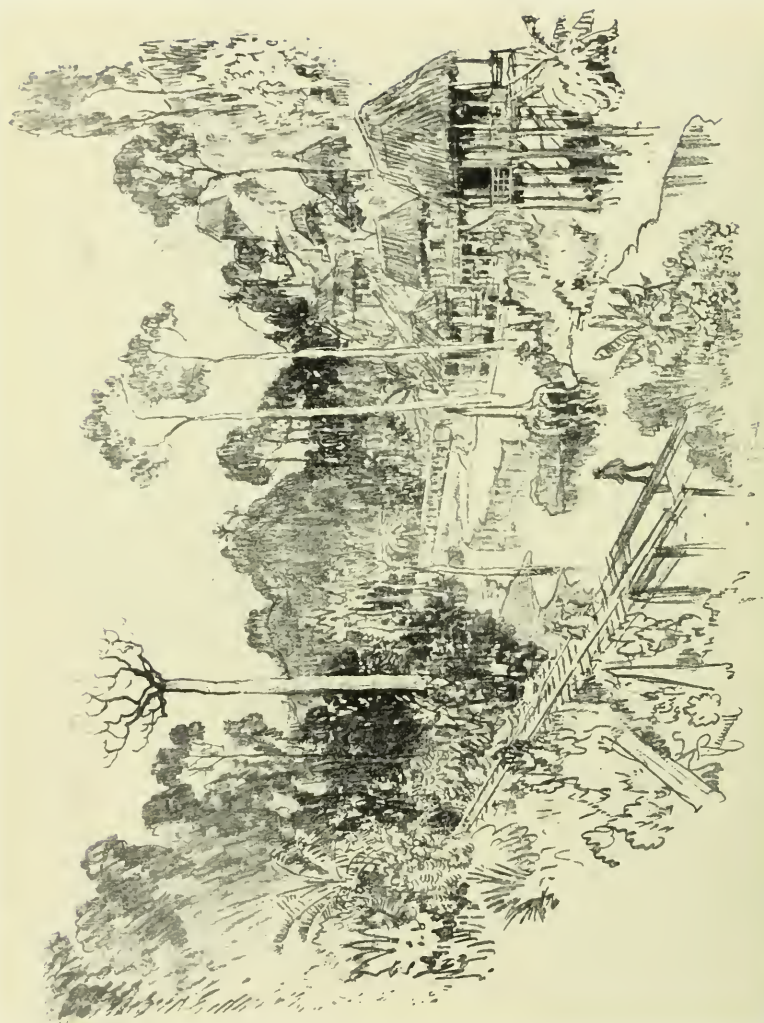
"THE CUT—LOOKING TOWARDS CULEBRA"  
FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY JOSEPH PENNELL







"THE JUNGLE—THE OLD RAILROAD FROM THE NEW.  
FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY JOSEPH PENNELL



"THE NATIVE VILLAGE." FROM A  
LITHOGRAPH BY JOSEPH PENNELL



## *The Grosvenor Gallery*

### THE INAUGURAL EXHIBITION AT THE NEW GROSVENOR GALLERY.

THE directors of the new exhibition rooms at 51A New Bond Street have certainly shown some courage in their choice of a name for the place. By calling these rooms the Grosvenor Gallery they have imposed upon themselves the duty of living up to a very high tradition and they have openly invited comparisons with a gallery which has a very important place in art history. That they should have done so is to be taken as a good augury for the future of their undertaking; they have adopted a position from which they cannot well recede and they have by implication committed themselves to a policy which should lead to notable results. If this policy is properly maintained the new Grosvenor Gallery will be a very welcome addition to the London art centres; it will fill the gap which has been caused by the conversion of the New Gallery to baser uses and it will provide an appropriate home for many art societies which, lacking galleries of their own, are always more or less dependent upon chance for finding suitable places for holding their exhibitions.

The new building is admirably adapted to its purpose. There are four rooms and a long corridor, all well proportioned and pleasantly lighted and arranged so as to set off to good advantage the works exhibited in them; and the place is decorated throughout with just that degree of sumptuousness which gives a satisfying impression without being over-insistent. The gallery is not so large as to require a wearisome number of works to be placed in it to fill it sufficiently, but it is certainly large enough to allow a society with a quite considerable members' list to do itself justice and to make its aims fully

intelligible. The judicious limitation of the wall space should make the exhibitions which are held in it more in accordance with the modern demand, and more expressive of what is best in the art of our times. There will be no excuse for exhibiting bad things in rooms so discreetly planned, no reason for padding out a good show to make it spread over an excessive wall area; an adequate collection of picked works can be displayed under the most favourable conditions and in the way that will bring out its good qualities most convincingly.

If the inaugural exhibition can be taken as an illustration of what we are to expect at the Grosvenor Gallery, art-lovers have certainly ample reason to rejoice over so definite an addition to their opportunities of enjoying what is best in the art of the moment. The directors, it seems, from their "foreword" to the catalogue, intended their choice of current British art for the opening show to be taken as a profession of faith and as evidence



"KATHLEEN"

BY HARRINGTON MANN

## The Grosvenor Gallery



"GIRL IN A SPOTTED FROCK"

BY EDITH S. RACKHAM

of their desire to put before the public "the seasonal output of acknowledged and rising artists of this country"; but at the same time they promise that foreign art developments shall not be disregarded if they possess an æsthetic value and do not depend upon mere sensationalism for what interest they may have. The desire to draw upon the output of British artists is, however, justified in the "foreword" on the ground that "this source affords more recent, interesting, and sincere material than any of the present movements abroad."

What an amount of truth there is in this contention could scarcely fail to strike any one who seriously studied the work in the gallery. Although there were certain gaps in the collection which to some degree diminished its representative character, the assertion it provided of the variety and value of contemporary British art was unusually convincing. Hardly any of the artists represented could be accounted as of not sufficient prominence to be

included in so ambitious a demonstration of the recent achievement of our native school. In its selection and arrangement, its sustained quality and its sincerity of purpose, the exhibition was specially memorable.

In landscapes of importance the exhibition was exceedingly strong. Prominent among them was Mr. W. W. Russell's brilliant study of open-air lighting, *The Sands*, an exquisite rendering of a vivacious subject, very subtle in its tones and most attractive in its freshness and luminosity of colour. Equally worthy of consideration was Mr. Lavery's handling of a somewhat similar motive, *The Lido, Venice*, a record of pervading sunlight treated with splendid confidence, while one of the most commanding in its decorative significance and its power of statement was Mr. Hughes-Stanton's *Fort St. André, Villeneuve*, a very effective transcription of nature seen with true individuality and set down with the sincerest conviction. Mr. Grosvenor Thomas has shown few things in late years which illustrate better his admirable art than the *Landscape* and the *Sketch at St. Margaret's Bay*, with their most persuasive spontaneity and rare beauty of quiet, well-harmonised colour.



"THE ABBÉ PICHOT"

BY FRANK CRAIG



"JEU D'ENFANT." BY  
F. CAYLEY ROBINSON

## The Grosvenor Gallery

Mr. Oliver Hall is one of the most consummate stylists in landscape whom the British school has ever possessed. The pictures he exhibited, *Egdean Wood* and *Road through the New Forest*, have a supreme interest as examples of dignified design from which all the other trivialities have been eliminated and in which the great, salient facts are stated with perfect appreciation of their value. His sense of colour, too, is as true as his feeling for form, so that there is no flaw in the harmony of his work, and there is no direction in which he fails to make his artistic intention perfectly intelligible. Mr. Peppercorn's sombre and impressive method was seen to advantage in his *Early Morning* and *The Path by the River*, and Mr. Alexander Jamieson's executive skill was displayed most agreeably in his picture of *The Theatre of Marie Antoinette, Versailles*, delightful in its vigorous directness and breadth of manner.

There were included in the exhibition, too, a number of canvases by Buxton Knight and Mr. Walter Greaves. The examples of Buxton Knight's work were to be heartily welcomed because they

gave us an opportunity of studying once more the achievement of a painter who ranks among our greater men, and whose practice was always guided by a noble singleness of aim. The masculine robustness, the earnest seeking after truth, the absence of affectation which distinguished the whole of his production, made the pictures worthy of the closer study. The contributions of Mr. Walter Greaves, notwithstanding the technical skill displayed in them, were less interesting because the source from which their qualities were derived was so evident. As a close imitator of Whistler, as a follower who has learned all the tricks of method and all the personal mannerisms of his master, Mr. Greaves is extraordinarily successful, but his productions are necessarily less authoritative than those of Buxton Knight because they are, after all, only reflections of what has been done—and better done—by a far greater artist, while Buxton Knight's works express at first hand the observations and beliefs of a man who went his own way.

Among the figure pictures a very prominent



"THE SANDS"

BY WALTER W. RUSSELL





"THE COMING OF SPRING"  
BY CHARLES SIMS, A.R.A.

## The Grosvenor Gallery

place must be assigned to Mr. William Orpen's *The Blue Hat*, a charming picture of an Irish girl painted with consummate skill, and Mr. Glyn Philpot's character study, *The Scilian Actor*, a noteworthy example of the practice of a young painter who is rapidly forcing his way to the front rank by the sheer strength of his personality. A very different type of art was illustrated in *The Coming of Spring* by Mr. Charles Sims, an exquisite fantasy painted with extraordinary daintiness and delicacy of sentiment, and full of subtle beauty. It is one of his most charming efforts, delightfully imagined and perfectly realised. Mr. G. W. Lambert's *Portrait Group* with its quaintness of arrangement and a certain novelty of manner is a work displaying much executive ability and one that has an additional interest as embodying the portraits of some well-known artists: and Mr. Frank Craig's *The Abbé Pichot*, though seen elsewhere recently, lost none of its interest in its new surroundings.

Mrs. Rackham's *Girl in a Spotted Frock* claims particular mention as a painting which has both soundness of technical treatment and definite grace of manner. Its lowness of tone was not unpleasant and its reticence hinted at a reserve of strength which is rather stimulating to the imagination. Mr. Spencer Watson's *Study*, too, was a picture which had a distinct measure of speculative interest; and Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen's *Portrait* was again quite as attractive for what it suggested as for what it made apparent. All these three canvases were valuable additions to the exhibition.

Among the other works which well deserve the places given them in this excellent collection must be counted Mr. Von Glehn's agreeable colour note, *The Garden Window*, Mr. Spencer Watson's *Troop of Centaurs*, Mr. Ludovici's *Time and Tide*, Mr. J. da Costa's skilful *Sketch for*

*Portrait*, Mr. W. Graham Robertson's tender colour arrangement, *Miss Kitty Cheatham*, Mr. Harrington Mann's *Kathleen*, Mr. W. B. E. Ranken's *The Bronze Group*, *Versailles*, the admirable still-life study, *Eggs*, by Mr. H. M. Livens, and the characteristic composition, *Jeu d'Enfant*, by Mr. F. Cayley Robinson: and there were two noteworthy compositions by Mr. Robert Anning Bell, *The Fainting Nymph* and *The Two Marys at the Sepulchre*, which represented excellently an artist of great distinction.

Mrs. Von Glehn's portrait of *Gladys Cooper*, Mr. Muirhead Bone's pastels, Mr. Pennell's lithographs, and the sculpture by Mr. Derwent Wood and Mr. R. F. Wells must by no means be overlooked; they, and Mr. Hartrick's *Wearry*, Mr. Crawhall's water-colour, *The Cove*, and the two lovely flower studies by Mr. Francis James, helped very appreciably to keep up the level of one of the best exhibitions seen in London for some time.



"EGGS"

BY H. M. LIVENS



"THE LIDO, VENICE." BY  
JOHN LAVERY, A.R.A.

*The Grosvenor Gallery*



"THE PATH BY THE RIVER"

BY A. D. PEPPERCORN



"ROAD THROUGH THE NEW FOREST"

BY OLIVER HALL





THE BLUE HAT. FROM THE OIL.  
PAINTING BY WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.



*The Grosvenor Gallery*



"THE TWO MARYS AT THE SEPULCHRE"

BY R. ANNING BELL



"SKETCH AT ST. MARGARET'S BAY"

BY GROSVENOR THOMAS



"PORTRAIT GROUP"  
BY G. W. LAMBERT



## STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—A rumour was current during the late summer that the Council of the Royal Academy was thinking of making a new departure this year by holding an autumn exhibition consecrated to one of those departments of art which at present are very inadequately displayed at the annual summer exhibition—that is, to what is commonly classed as “black and white” work, but as up to the time of going to press we have heard no more of this alleged intention we presume the idea, if it really exists, is not to take shape this year. We hope, however, that it will be persevered in, and we feel pretty certain that provided the scope of such an exhibition were made sufficiently comprehensive, it would prove to be popular among connoisseurs, collectors, and art-lovers generally. In the Black and White Room at the summer exhibition of the Academy as at present organised are to be found a number of etchings, drawings, and engravings—on the last occasion there were close on two hundred works falling within these categories, including a few colour prints; but the exhibits are so crowded that it is practically impossible to appreciate them at their proper worth. That fault, as we all know, is one which mars the entire exhibition: but while the accommodation remains as at present it is difficult to see how it can very well be remedied except by the holding of another exhibition in the autumn.

If the scheme of an autumn exhibition of “black and white” at the Academy is ever realised we would suggest that it should be organised on as broad a basis as possible. Original colour prints should certainly be included, and as there is a great deal of good work now being done in this field, there would be no difficulty in arranging an attractive display and one which would pleasantly relieve the monotony of purely black and white work. Original lithographs, too, should be represented, and here again there is no dearth of available material. “Black and White” would, of course, be a misnomer for an exhibition organised on these lines, as it is even now for the room at the Academy which bears this name, inasmuch as besides a few colour prints it usually contains drawings in other than a black medium. The term generally employed on the Continent—“Graphic Art”—seems to us a more appropriate one.

gives a better impression this season than it has for a long time. Although there are fewer works, this is only to be discovered by a reference to the catalogue. If there are fewer pictures than usual there is more art. We are very glad to see this old society recovering a more influential position among exhibiting bodies. Works which should be referred to in a notice of the exhibition, which will remain open until Christmas, are *The Drawing-room*, by Mr. L. Cambell Taylor; *Paddington Station*, by Mr. Henry Bishop; *The Fountain of Bacchus, Versailles*, by Mr. Marius Forestier; *A Critic*, by Mr. W. Douglas Almond; *The Valley, Corfu, Greece*, by Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton; *The Forest Pool*, by Mr. A. Brantingham Simpson; *The Gipsy Camp and Silver Morning* by Mr. Algernon Talmage; *Midnight*, by Mr. Louis Sargent; *Bathers—Lido*, by Mr. John Lavery, A.R.A.; *Near Portel, Pas-de-Calais*, by Miss Evelyn Hicks; *A Bunch of Flowers*, by Miss M. I. Gloag; *Arundel Park*, by Mr. C. Ross Burnett; *A Swarm in June*, by Mr. Harry Fidler; *Afternoon*, by Mr. G. D. Davison; *Early Morning*, by Mr. W. Lee Hankey; *Purple Anemones*, by Mr. W. B. E. Ranken; *May Day*, by Mr. A. Streeton; *Brewing Storm*, by Mr. Julius Olsson; *Seaweed Gatherers*, by Mr. Terrick Williams; *Spring*, by Mr. F. W. Le Maistre; *Embsworth, Sussex*, by Mr. James S. Hill; *Isle of Mull*, by Mr. Leslie Thomson; and *Girl at the Piano*, by Miss Hilda Fearon.

There have been autumns which have witnessed to more interesting exhibitions by the Royal Society of British Artists than the one now open. It is, perhaps, the smaller pictures that on this occasion claim most attention, such paintings for instance as the fantastic *A Marked Passage*, by Mr. R. J. E. Mooney; *In a Calm and Quiet Bay*, by Mr. A. Carruthers Gould; *The Shallow River*, by Mr. Hely Smith; *The Little Valley*, by Mr. Fred Milner; *In Home Waters*, by Mr. A. H. Elphinstone; *Crossing the Etang*, by Miss Dorothea Sharp; *At Low Tide*, by Mr. Alfred Hartley; *The Flooded Valley of the Ouse*, by Mr. J. Muirhead; *The Miss Sahib*, by Mr. Frederic Whiting; and *A Threatening Sky*, by Mr. Walter Burroughs-Fowler. The President, Sir Alfred East, makes the most distinguished contribution to the oil paintings in his *Autumn in Gloucestershire*. And in the water-colour room the honours are his again with *Sturry Mill, Kent*, though here he is closely seconded by Mr. J. Muirhead, in *A Corner of the Mill*; here also Mr. F. Whiting has an interesting drawing, *Youth and Age*, and the

## Studio-Talk

work of Messrs. R. G. Eves, A. M. Foweraker, Giffard H. Lenfestey, W. T. M. Hawksworth, C. Geoffrey Holme, and D. Murray Smith assists in making this the strongest part of the exhibition. Mr. Joseph Simpson contributes a fine pencil drawing, and the miniatures of Miss Underwood deserve comment.

At the conclusion of Mr. Val Davis's article on "The Art of Charles John Collings" in our last issue, we expressed our intention of supplementing the reproduction then given of Mr. Collings's water-colour *On the Shuswap Lake* by another from the drawings recently exhibited at the Carroll Gallery. We have now the pleasure of offering our readers a reproduction of *The Trapper's Line*.

Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips have been showing lately at the Leicester Galleries further designs, drawings, and models for "Hamlet" and other plays by Mr. Gordon Craig. Mr. Craig has not yet been given a full opportunity of proving the practicability of his designs; but apart from any question of their practicability, it must be

said of them they are at once ingenious, attractive, imaginative, decorative and emotional. They succeed sometimes in being nearly all that a work of art should be. Their fault is a certain lack of definiteness, as if they could not be worked out in detail. Possibly this might prove the case were they used for the purposes of the stage; it is certainly a characteristic of the drawings themselves. At the same galleries, Mr. George Clausen, R.A., has been having an exhibition of his works, thus affording students of his always interesting art every opportunity to follow his successes. Many of the small still-life pieces, such as *The Chinese Pot* and *Carnations in Sunlight*, were very beautiful in their learned appreciation of interior atmospheric effects. The artist has also, as is well known, followed these effects in the interiors of barns and sheds; and another phase of his work, of which many fine examples were in evidence in the exhibition, is his interpretation of sunlight broken by the contours of thickly foliated branches of great trees in country lanes and fields. The eminent painter still remains experimental, and wonderfully free from mannerism in technique.



"A FRENCH PASTORAL"

FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY W. A. GIBSON  
(See *Glasgow Studio-Talk*, p. 159)



*(By permission of Chas. H. Enderman, Esq.)*

"THE TRAPPER'S LINE." FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY CHARLES JOHN COLLINGS.





At the Stafford Gallery, a very effective exhibition has recently been held of the work of Messrs S. J. Peploe, J. D. Fergusson, Joseph Simpson, and George Banks, and the ladies, Miss Anne Estelle Rice, Miss Jessie Dismore, and Miss Ethel Wright. The work of these artists was seen to advantage together. They cultivate the same quality of colour, and concentrate upon decoration rather than upon representation in the results they aim at. They represent the English wing of the Post-Impressionist school. It is possible that the vital elements of their work would not, upon analysis, be found to be those involved in their "profession of faith," but what is certain is that the school does not send such attractive exhibits from abroad as those brought together at the Stafford Gallery.

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The Directors of the Carfax Gallery have, during the last month, introduced to the public an artist who is quite unusually gifted as a colourist—Mina Loy (Mrs. Stephen Haweis), who descends, artistically, from Beardsley and Conder. Her work, which has many limitations, is carried through to success on the strength of a fine imaginative feeling for pattern and an indisputable sense of colour.

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The Fine Art Society has been exhibiting a series of water-colours of English Pleasure Resorts by Mr. H. Dawson Barkas. A considerable gift in composing and very dainty colour made the exhibition

a success. At the same galleries an exhibition of landscapes by Mr. T. Stirling Lee was an interesting event. Mr. Lee, who is so well known as a sculptor, revealed a highly sympathetic treatment of landscape in his paintings.

**G**LASGOW.—An exhibition which Mr. Gibson held recently at Davidson's Galleries attracted marked attention. When two years ago the Corporation Committee recommended a Gibson landscape for the permanent collection, and when, presumably because the artist did not entirely endorse the opinion of the committee, the purchase was not completed, there was something like a sensation in art circles. The artist knew he was capable of higher flights, and in point of fact the picture in question has since been literally repainted and his art to-day more worthily represents his ideals. The rich fullness of quality in the Scottish landscapes, the clear transparency of the French pastorals, of which an example is reproduced on page 156, and the grey harmonies in the Dutch seascapes admirably illustrated his genius and versatility.

J. T.

**P**ARIS.—For the American and English artist Paris has an enthralling fascination. Some few years ago Mr. L. D. Luard passed through its city gates with the intention of spending a few weeks. The few weeks



"THE SEINE IN WINTER"

FROM A PASTEL DRAWING BY L. D. LUARD



"PULLING"

FROM A CHALK AND PASTEL DRAWING BY L. D. LUARD

have now become part of years and I doubt if any other place in the world would yield him those things in which he delights and which he finds here to aid him in the expression of his art. He draws and paints the tragedy of the life of that city's

working horses with an insight hardly equalled by those who use the same subjects in France.

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In Mr. Luard's studio in the Boulevard Arago one will find innumerable sketches and inimitable



"ON THE TOP OF THE BANK"

FROM A CHALK AND PASTEL DRAWING BY L. D. LUARD



"THE HARROW"

FROM A CHALK AND PASTEL DRAWING BY L. D. LUARD

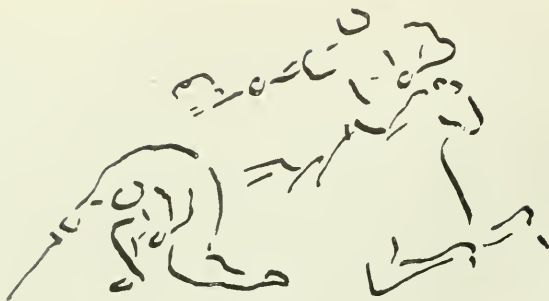
notes, all of them little paramount truths, executed with vigour and excellent design, of animal life. He seldom if ever misses the character and action of the subjects that arrest his pencil, the essence of his power of detailed restraint being most notable in his *On the Top of the Bank* and *The Seine in Winter*. His chalk and pastel drawing *Pulling* is a typical example of an everyday occurrence in the building and rebuilding of Paris and its surroundings. In it Mr. Luard has suggested the sound of the boisterous whip-cracking, as well as the energy of men and submissive beasts, which again is so well expressed in *The Harrow*.



BUST OF KING NICHOLAS I. OF MONTENEGRO  
(See p. 162)

BY PROF. RUDOLF VALDEC

It is in chalk and pastel that Mr. Luard seems to attain his most masterly achievements, both mediums lending themselves agreeably to the speed necessary in depicting the fleeting movements he so keenly observes. In his small oil *croquis*, the same vitality is never lacking, and many of them formed part of a recent interesting exhibition of his work held in the galleries of Georges Petit. Though Mr. Luard chiefly confines himself to the study and painting of horses, he in no way evinces narrowness of mind in dealing with the widely different art of



PEN SKETCH BY SULTAN ABDUL-AZIZ (SULTAN OF TURKEY, 1861-1876)

others. For some years he has devoted much thought to the training of the memory, and with a searching enjoyment he set himself the perhaps not easy task of collecting material for his translation of the notes and letters on the same subject by Lecoq de Boisbaudran. Its publication for the first time in English last year under the title of "The Training of the Memory in Art" was rapidly appreciated by teachers and students, and occasioned many diverse criticisms. Some day, perhaps, Mr. Luard will add to his translation some of his own methods and experiences, which I am sure will prove as helpful as those of the master he has translated. E. A. T.

**A**GRAM, CROATIA.—The portrait bust of the King of Montenegro of which an illustration is given on page 161, is by Rudolf Valdec (Valdets), one of the younger professors at the Art Academy in Zagreb, as Agram is called by the Croats. He received his art training under Professors Eberle and Kühne in Munich. In his own country (he is a native of Krapina in Croatia) Valdec has already gained fame both as a portraitist in marble

and bronze and in larger works of sculpture. His bust of Bishop Strossmayer, a man of high culture who did much for art in Croatia and left his fine collection to his country, merits special mention as a work well conceived and admirably carried out. Another of King Peter of Serbia is also a good work. Besides these he has also portrayed the chief statesmen, politicians, and men of note in Croatia. In all that he has done, Prof. Valdec shows earnest search for the truths of art.

He has been awarded many distinctions for the works he has exhibited in different lands, and in his own country he has met with well-deserved recognition. A. S. L.

**C**RACOW.—At the home in Cracow of the family of the late Polish artist Stanislaw Chlebowski, who was the court painter of the Sultan Abdul-Aziz, I found a simple album covered with grey linen, containing drawings by the Sultan—sketches of great worth. They are the work of a hand untrained but bold. Only some crooked contour-lines which at first give one the impression of Turkish writing; some necks of horses and some uplifted swords, the outline of a rising dust-cloud, the straight lines of masts and swollen sails; but in spite of this simple manner there exists such a feeling of life and movement, such an understand-



PEN SKETCH BY SULTAN ABDUL-AZIZ





PEN SKETCH BY SULTAN ABDUL-AZIZ

ing of rhythm and such a surety of touch, that were it not for some few illogical details, only to be perceived by very experienced eyes, one could suppose the sketches were the work of a very practised artist. Abdul-Aziz was never taught to draw, and perhaps his most important artistic education was his journey to Paris and London in the year 1867.

The album contains sixty-eight drawings by the Sultan, done in red ink on separate pieces of paper, which have been pasted into the album. The drawing paper has the watermark: Joynson's improved extra, 1866. The date of their origin is roughly 1866-1870. Joined to the album is a letter of one of the officials of Abdul-Aziz, who wrote that Chlebowski "avait son atelier dans le Palais Impérial et il travaillait sous la direction et l'inspiration du Sultan." The subscription is: Muzzafer, Maréchal, Aide-de-camp de S.M. le Sultan, Gouverneur Général du Liban. There is also a certificate of Prof. M. Sokolowski who happened to be at Constantinople at that very time and saw at Chlebowski's

the sketches almost immediately after their production. The album also contains a pencil-drawing by Chlebowski on which the Sultan has made corrections in red ink.

Abdul-Aziz used to come to the studio of his painter and during long artistic discussions, sitting

in "the Turkish manner," used to take a piece of paper and twisting it round his left hand draw on it with a roughly sharpened reed. The sketches are for the most part battle-scenes, attacks on fortresses, fast galloping legions, boats full of people or vessels with swollen sails, sometimes a study of some movement of a hand or of a flag. This album is the most distinct document of the temperament and of the individuality of Abdul-Aziz, a man who possessed an uncommon culture, a wise ruler whose life was greatly disturbed by court intrigues which prevented him from carrying out many useful projects. M. Mieczyslaw Treter has published in the Polish magazine "Lamus," of which I am editor, some notes on this album of his drawings, with some reproductions, and it is from these notes that the foregoing information is derived.

M. PAWLIKOWSKI.



PEN SKETCH BY SULTAN ABDUL-AZIZ



"BULGARIAN PEASANT WOMAN IN BRIDAL DRESS"

BY J. V. MRKVITCHKA

SOFIA. — Bulgaria, like most Oriental countries, is a land of contrasts. Seven or eight centuries ago the arts flourished there, thanks to the Byzantine influence; then, during five centuries of Turkish subjugation, they were so completely stifled that about the period of the Liberation, in 1878, there existed in Bulgaria neither arts nor artists. But in less than twenty-five years after that date the fine arts in that country had developed to such an extent that work by Bulgarian artists attracted attention in the Universal Exhibitions of 1900 (Paris) and 1904 (St. Louis).

Foreign artists made their appearance in Bulgaria soon after the Liberation, as professors of drawing in the newly created *lycees*. Among them was a Czech, Jan Mrkvicka (Mrkvitchka).

M. Mrkvitchka arrived in Bulgaria while still very young, almost immediately after leaving the Munich School of Fine Arts. At the invitation of the Government of Eastern Roumelia he became professor of drawing at the *lycée* in Philippopolis, and settling down in that town remained there several years. Life in Bulgaria had not many attractions for the young artist in those days, particularly in Philippopolis, which had no art gallery, no art collections, no exhibitions. Furthermore, the articles necessary for his work had to be got from abroad, and as the railways which now connect Bulgaria with the rest of Europe were not then laid, communication was a difficult matter and months would elapse before orders could be executed. But the greatest difficulty of all was to find models. Among the people there was a widespread superstition to the effect that the person whose



"BULGARIAN PEASANT WOMEN DANCING"

BY J. V. MRKVITCHKA



"AT THE WELL." BY  
J. V. MRKVITCHKA

portrait was in the hands of another ran a great risk, for the possessor of the portrait, it was believed, could injure the original in many ways, could kill him, indeed, simply by burying it !

Several artists from abroad who arrived in Bulgaria after Mrkvitchka found it impossible to put up with the miserable life they had to endure, and left it, never to return. But our young painter, full of energy and courage, was in no way disconcerted. He soon became acclimatised, and began to get interested in the young country, so rich in natural beauty and in original types. "At the school," he would often remark to his friends, "I tried my best to inspire my pupils with artistic taste and a love of art. . . . As for myself, I lived a very quiet life. The splendid scenery around me and the characteristic faces I met at every step roused the artist within me, and made me long to put all these things on canvas. I devoted myself to the study of nature and of types, and in so doing derived great pleasure. Nowhere can one find such varied types and costumes as are to be found here. Things have kept their natural imprint ; neither the barbers nor the fashion papers have yet succeeded here in giving the same appearance to every one, as is the case in your civilised countries. The *homme du peuple* has preserved his manner of wearing his clothes, of putting on his fur cap and belt, and of leaving his chest bare. . . . All this has something individual about it, and makes a most picturesque ensemble. . . . Studies of this kind well repaid me for my solitude."

The productivity of M. Mrkvitchka is truly astonishing. His works are many and various. He has produced studies, landscapes, portraits, *genre* pictures, historical compositions, and book



PORTRAIT OF MADAME S.

BY J. V. MRKVITCHKA

illustrations. In a word, there is scarcely a branch of painting or drawing at which he has not tried his hand. From the walls of his studio dozens of pairs of eyes look naïvely at you. They are sketches of Bulgarian types, mostly women ; on whatnots, in the corners, everywhere, are piled heaps of drawings and studies, representing landscapes, the inhabitants of the town, their costumes, their embroideries—in fact, the whole country itself. Among the numerous portraits of men, women, and children, all marked by an external resemblance, and realising in characteristic manner the essentials of the person depicted, may be mentioned that of the Czar Ferdinand I., in State costume, painted when he was Prince ; the late Princess Marie Louise, Monsignor Siméon, Madame S., and other personages of prominence in the social life of this quarter of Europe ; also one of the famous Bulgarian monk Pais or Paissy.



Mrkvitchka's most interesting works, however, are his *genre* pictures and his historical compositions. All these pictures are marked with the characteristic imprint of the artist's talent—full of grace and poetry and sweetness. But the master has been no less successful in pictures of another kind, wherein he shows us tragic scenes full of horror, inspired by the sufferings of the Bulgarians and Macedonians under the Turkish heel.

Mrkvitchka is known as "the first Bulgarian painter," or the "Father of Bulgarian painting." And either of these titles is quite accurate. No artist has depicted Bulgaria so completely or in a manner so varied; none has represented more truly or more delicately the characteristic traits of its inhabitants, the expression of their faces, their gestures, and the original heaviness of their motley

dress. All the other Bulgarian painters have, voluntarily or otherwise, come under his influence. Hence, partly at any rate, we can understand this peculiarity in Bulgarian art, namely, that it did not begin, as art begins everywhere else, by imitations of classical works, but went straight to realism, to the artistic reproduction of nature and social life.

Mrkvitchka's remarkable works have won for him the sympathetic interest of Bulgarians of the highest class. He was in the good graces of the late Prince Alexander of Battenberg, who presented him with a brooch set with diamonds. But it is the present ruler of Bulgaria, Ferdinand I., who has shown most kindness to the painter. Soon after ascending the Bulgarian throne the Prince, as he then was, on arriving at Philippopolis, paid a visit to the painter's studio, and was agreeably surprised

to find in that provincial town an artist of the true sort. He bought two pictures, and had them hung in his study over the desk at which he works. The late Princess Marie Louise, who was devoted to the arts, and something of an artist herself, also had a high opinion of Mrkvitchka as a painter. She commissioned him to paint her portrait, intending to present it to her regiment. But when the portrait was finished it pleased her so much that she could not bring herself to part with it. After the Princess's death the artist did another—based on the first—in the old Bulgarian style. The Princess, founder of a new Bulgarian dynasty, is represented seated on an antique throne, under the protection of the Holy Virgin, the work being executed in old-style mosaics.

After the annexation of Eastern Roumelia to the principality of Bulgaria, Mrkvitchka was appointed professor of drawing at the *lycée* in Sofia, with the



PORTRAIT OF KING FERDINAND OF BULGARIA

BY J. V. MRKVITCHKA



BULGARIAN PEASANT STUDY. BY J. V. MRKVITCHKA

special object of reorganising therein the teaching of drawing, which according to a ministerial report was much more advanced at Philippopolis than in the capital. Sofia, already the centre of the political and intellectual life of the country, became, soon after Mrkvitchka's arrival, an art centre as well. By organising an exhibition of his pictures in the Salon of the "Gymnasium"—the first show of the kind held in Sofia—the painter excited wide interest in art, and from that date the artistic movement in Bulgaria may be said to have begun. In 1895, thanks to the energetic intervention of Prof. J. Chichmaroff, the Society of Artists and Art-lovers was founded at Sofia: the illustrated journal "Isskoustvo" ("Art") made its appearance under the direction of Mrkvitchka and his friend A. Mitoff. Finally, in 1906, the then Minister of Public Instruction, M. K. Velitchkoff, poet and art-lover, established in Sofia a School of Fine Arts for the purpose of creating a *foyer artistique*, and thus promoting the development of national art in the country. Mrkvitchka was made Director of the school, and still holds that post.

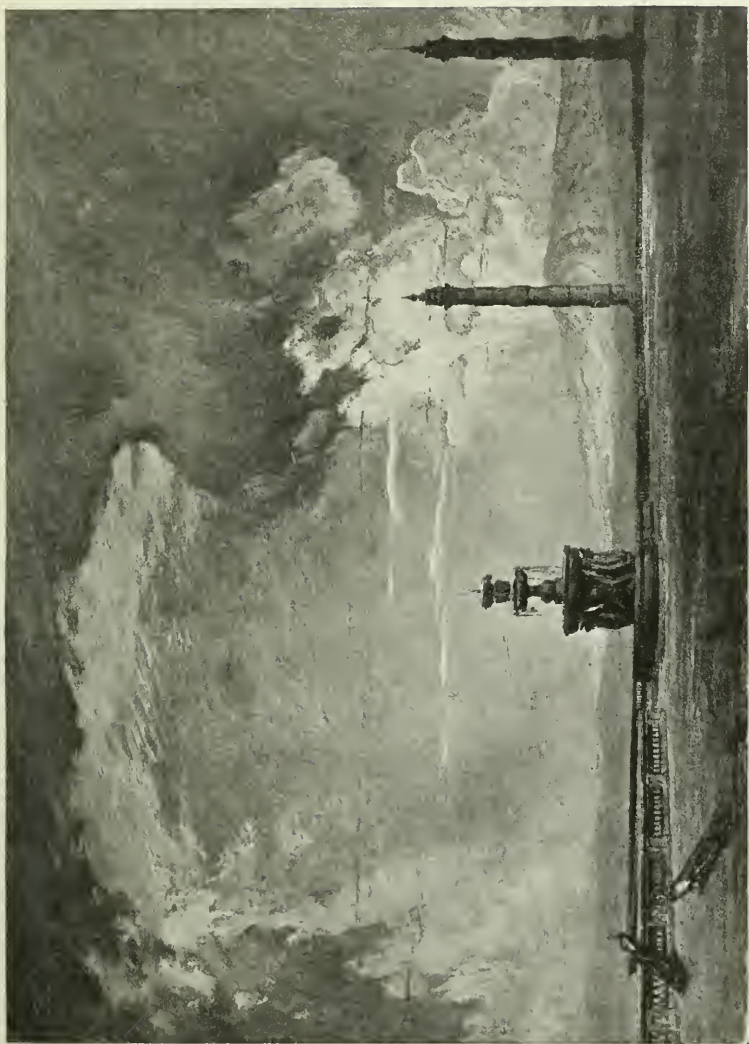
executed in the old style, to show those students at the school who are specialising in iconography, which plays so large a part in the ritual of the Eastern Church to which Bulgaria as a nation adheres, how one can adapt modern painting to the old Bulgaro-Byzantine style. During the last few years he has successfully attempted decorative painting. A little while ago he decorated the walls of the Agricultural Bank at Sofia, and more recently he has been occupied in adorning a mausoleum at Bucharest. Mrkvitchka received the gold medal at the Paris Exhibition in 1900 and at St. Louis in 1904, which proves that his works are as highly esteemed abroad as in Bulgaria itself. O. G.

**B**ERLIN.—The Salon Rabl has been having a show of new landscapes by Prof. Carl Langhammer. Italian scenery with thunderstorms, nocturnal night effects and picturesque architecture are among the motives



BULGARIAN PEASANT STUDY  
BY J. V. MRKVITCHKA

Several icons from the artist's brush have been



"THE TERRACE OF THE VILLA MONDRAGONE"  
FROM THE PAINTING BY CARL LANGHAMMER

which have fascinated this artist, who has also found some congenial themes in German parks and pastures. One could enjoy the decorator's love for clouds and classical accessories and also the realist's eye for air and trees and cattle. Sympathy with the subject pervaded each picture and in contemplative and lyrical interpretation the influence of the Bracht school was traceable.

The Salon Schulte has been showing the collection of works grouped together under the title "Places of Labour" (*Stätten der Arbeit*) which has been on view in several German towns. This homage to the modern spirit of industrialism has opened new fields for landscape and genre painting. Pictorial themes have been discovered by the artists of all countries in factories, harbours, steelworks, glassworks, and timber-yards. Frequently these subjects are rendered with a social tendency, but more often, perhaps, as purely pictorial exercises. Eugen Bracht evinced no decline of vigour in the rendering of prosaic scenes, and H. Heyenbrock

maintained his reputation as a decorative expressionist, although he does not sacrifice detail. It was delightful to feel convinced of almost dynamic energy in the labourers of Robert Sterl, who is also an exquisite colourist, and Walter Klemm proved his customary directness in some scenes of city life. Brangwyn, Pennell, Baluschek, and Paeschke were prominent in the graphic section.  
J. J.

**B**ARCELONA.—In the *Salón Parés* the distinguished artist Santiago Rusiñol recently showed some of his latest work, executed during a sojourn in beautiful Valencia, Aranjuez, and Gerona. Rusiñol has made a name for himself as the painter of the gardens of Spain, and every one of his works displays so much tenderness that one finds it difficult in presence of a collection of his pictures to discover any preference, such is the degree of perfection achieved by the artist in his special field. If it cannot be said that these latest works were better



"UN JARDIN DE VALENCIA"

BY SANTIAGO RUSIÑOL





"VIEUX FAUNE (ARANJUEZ)"

BY SANTIAGO RUSIÑOL

than those which preceded them, that is simply because there was no room for improvement. But while technically of equal merit some of these pictures stand out from the rest on account of their subjects. The picture entitled *Jardin de Valencia* is a delightful piece of work, not only because of the beauty of the scene depicted, but also because of the masterly way in which the artist has overcome the difficulties presented by the contrast of light and shade. His sunshine communicates a feeling of warmth; in a word, it is the real sun of Spain that is here depicted. The *Vieux Faune* is a scene from the royal gardens of Aranjuez, and this again is a beautiful work. J. G. M.

for the casting aside of the cares of office by all classes of the community. Among other centres of attraction that caught the popular taste this year may be mentioned the Tenth Annual Art Exhibition held at Uyeno Park in Tokyo, which always appeals to the artistically-minded section of pleasure-seekers as well as to students and members of the "profession," printers, publishers, and others interested in the advance of art in Japan. Like its predecessors, it was open to all Japan, and comprised exhibits of sculpture, water-colours, and block prints.

TOKYO.—The fleeting springtime of Japan, replete with memories commingling charm and interest, culminates in the month of May: the holiday spirit runs strong in young and old; temple festivals, flower shows, exhibitions of various descriptions, expeditions to favourite spots in the near neighbourhood of the great cities afford a ready excuse

It is more particularly in connection with the last branch of work that a word may be said. The exhibitors were two in number only, a Japanese and an American, the latter, Mrs. Bertha Lum, an artist whose name is well known in her own country in connection with block printing, on which she has been working for several years. Her work, which is full of charm, shows that she has been able to assimilate the methods of Japanese artists and printers to a remarkable extent, developing

along lines suggested by her own genius in new and original directions while adhering to the procedure that has come down through generations of block printers from early days.

At the present time block printing is practically obsolete save as a means of reproducing old prints. In that branch several houses are doing rare and wonderful work that cannot be too highly commended, but as a mode of expressing modern ideas the art may be said to be as good as dead. Block printing is employed for advertisement purposes and in the production of cheap prints as an economical and effective method of obtaining certain desired results, which, however, differ very considerably from those shown in the olden days. Printed on the unsuitable modern paper in colours that would not have been tolerated by the ancient masters of the art the productions of the twentieth-century block printer are generally poor in design and composition, and it is no wonder that they fail to find favour when compared with the old prints, excellent reproductions of which can now so easily be obtained. During the years Mrs. Lum has been engaged in this work, in close touch with artists and the art of block printing in Japan, little original work has been produced and no progress made: on the contrary, deterioration may be detected if the results of the last five years are critically examined.

Mrs. Lum possesses in an unusual degree that rare gift—priceless to the artist—good colour-sense, combined with an instinctive grasp of composition, and as a medium for their expression has chosen the process of block printing rather than water-colour. Composition is the keynote of the old print. The wonderful faculty of seizing on the best combination of landscape and figure possessed by the master makers of the old-day prints would appear to have descended to Mrs. Lum, who, proceeding along lines both new and original, has produced prints that for depth of tone and atmospheric effect can be compared only to some dreamy pastel rather than the flat and soulless print of modern Japan.

In the old days the paper was soft and of rather loose texture, allowing the colour to soak through in a manner that gave it depth. Nowadays, with a harder

surface to work on, the printer has to press so hard on the block that colour is rubbed off, producing a thin effect on the print. It has been reserved for Mrs. Lum, by paying the greatest attention to the laying on of colours, to obtain from the modern materials that depth of tone that is so truly an admirable feature of the old productions. By a process of reprinting with a good deal of water it has been found possible to produce the effect desired, the result being a depth of colour and warmth of tone that has delighted all lovers of block printing. Added to this technical skill are a grace of composition and an atmosphere all her own, instinct with the thought and inspiration of to-day, this combination serving to bridge the space separating block printing from the water-colour drawing.

The block printing of olden times was a



"FISHERMEN"

FROM A WOOD PRINT BY BERTHA LUM



"KITE-FLYING"

FROM A WOOD PRINT BY BERTHA LUM

handicraft, but a handicraft precious and full of beauty, which is fast becoming lost in this modern age, when the artists of Japan believe that they can only find expression and produce real works of

art through the medium of the brush. Mrs. Lum's prints stand to-day as a bridge between, on the one hand, the prints of old Japan, from which she has learned the methods and secrets of the technical



"WIND AND RAIN"

FROM A WOOD PRINT BY BERTHA LUM



"THE BAMBOO ROAD"

FROM A WOOD PRINT BY BERTHA LUM

part of block printing, and, on the other hand, the expression of the same thoughts and fancies in water-colour.

H. V. H.

and Alfred M. Shiner among others. W. T. W.

#### ART SCHOOL NOTES.

LONDON.—At the Royal Academy on December 2, in his first lecture on chemistry, Prof. Laurie intends to make a new departure that should be of considerable value in connection with the modern revival of a beautiful and ancient art. The lecture will be devoted to a consideration of the palette of the illuminators who practised from the seventh to the end of the fifteenth century and will be illustrated with lantern slides of illuminated manuscripts in their natural colours. In his remaining addresses Prof. Laurie will deal with the proper selection and use of modern pigments; the various methods of wall-painting; media, varnishes, and tempera painting; the theory of colour in its application to painting; and the chemistry of building materials. In view of the possibility that the professorships of painting, sculpture, and architecture may be more or less in commission this winter, several members of the Academy have undertaken to give single addresses in January and February on subjects connected with these three branches of the arts.

The autumn exhibition at the Birkbeck School

#### REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

*Mary the Mother of Jesus.* An Essay by ALICE MEYNELL. With 20 plates in colour after water-colour drawings by R. ANNING BELL. (London: P. Lee Warner for the Medici Society.) 16s. net.—It is part of Mrs. Meynell's gift in the preparation of this book to select her illustrator with so much success as the results show in this case. One can imagine collectors many years hence searching for this edition for the sake of the frontispiece, a singularly fine piece of colour-reproduction. *Mary in the House of Elizabeth* is also a plate of great beauty, adapting the sharp colour-contrast of old missals to present-day conditions without any affected imitation of methods which were not influenced as present methods must be by having to recognise the printing-press. The present-day processes, and the method they admit of, enable the artist to attain, as in the picture *Mary with the Lady Saint Anne*, atmospheric wealth of effect; and Mr. Anning Bell does this without losing the precious qualities of finish which book-embellishment demands. In this last respect he achieves a success which few attain to.

*An Artist in Egypt.* By WALTER TYNDALE, R.I. (LONDON: Hodder and Stoughton.) 20s. net.—Of the numerous books on Egypt which have





"A WINTER DAY IN JAPAN. FROM  
A WOOD PRINT BY BERTHA LUM.



## Reviews and Notices

appeared during recent years none have given us more pleasure than Mr. Tyndale's latest work. The title is perhaps a little misleading, for the author has not, as might be expected, attempted to deal with the many technical problems which present themselves to the artist who endeavours to depict the unique and wonderful beauties of the country, more especially of the atmospheric effects peculiar to it, but has given us, in an agreeable and chatty manner, an account of some of his experiences during a lengthy sojourn in the country. Many of his anecdotes are amusing, while his descriptions of the native life and customs are always interesting, for Mr. Tyndale knows his Egypt well. In his account of the journey to Kosseir, in some ways the most entertaining part of the narrative, he has given a wonderfully vivid description which will appeal to those who have experienced what the author calls "the charm of the desert." If we have any fault to find with this engaging volume it is that the writer should have introduced the gruesome details connected with the story of the Princess Zohra, and with the death of Abbas; or the vivid description of the horrors of the "dancing dervishes" and other barbaric practices which have now almost disappeared. These are not pleasant reading and seem out of place in such a delightful book. The twenty-seven illustrations are admirably reproduced in colour. The subjects are well chosen and varied, and are treated in the artist's usual sympathetic and attractive manner.

*The Heroes, or Greek Fairy Tales for my Children.* By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Illustrated by W. RUSSELL FLINT. (London: P. Lee Warner, publisher to the Medici Society.) £2 12s. 6d.—Mr. Russell Flint's colour-books in the Riccardi Press editions have frequently called for praise in these columns, and we have formerly noted how the artist's style has with each book more perfectly accommodated itself to decorative colour-illustration. The present work surpasses any of his that we have already reviewed in its thorough understanding of the problem of book-illustration. There is no sameness in Mr. Flint's pictures, although he rightly retains uniformity of style. He has considerable inventive faculty, both in the conception of his subject and in the disposition of colour, in the latter obtaining a great variety of effect. The ordinary edition of "The Heroes" is limited to 500, and there are two other special editions restricted to a few copies at £3 3s. and £15 15s. net.

*Colour in the Home.* By EDWARD J. DUVEEN. (London: George Allen and Co.) £2 2s. net.—It cannot, of course, be denied that there is still room

for improvement in the taste of the British public, but in view of the great progress that has of late years been made in the decorative and industrial arts Mr. Duveen surely goes too far when he asserts, in his richly illustrated volume, that the houses of the middle and lower classes are far less artistic in their ornaments and furniture than the hut of the African savage. Moreover, it is scarcely fair to contrast to the detriment of his native land English and foreign modern æsthetic feeling, for, to quote but one case in point, nothing could be more blatantly vulgar than most of the residences in the new French seaside resorts, that compare most unfavourably with the many charming houses in the garden suburbs near London. Other sweeping assertions, such as that "in character and expression both the Spanish and Venetian schools of painting are deficient, but no fault can be found with their colouring," provoke hostile criticism, but, due allowance being made for a certain want of balance of judgment and inadequacy of literary expression, the book—in which, by the way, scarcely any reference is made to the illustrations—contains much useful suggestion. The analyses of colours and the definitions of their relations to each other, though they are scarcely likely to be of much use in educating the ordinary householder, display a considerable knowledge of the subject, and the remarks on the duties of municipal authorities might well be laid to heart by them. Mr. Duveen would have an official to control London streets and buildings, with powers similar to those of the Dean of Guild in Scotland, and he urges closer co-operation between architects, sculptors, and painters, who should together control the builder, the manufacturer, and the artisan, all working together for the common good.

*Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.* By GIORGIO VASARI. Newly translated by GASTON DU C. DE VERE. (London: P. Lee Warner for the Medici Society.) Vol. II. 25s. net.—The second volume of the new translation of Vasari's "Vite dei più eccellenti Pittori, Scultori e Architetti," now appearing in ten volumes, well maintains the high level of excellence of the first, the fine printing and the beautiful plates, some in monochrome, others in colour, giving to it a distinction as great as that of its predecessor. Specially well interpreted are the *Madonna and Child Enthroned*, by Bernardo Daddi, one of Giotto's most distinguished pupils; *The Death of the Virgin*, one of the few surviving works of Spinello Aretino; the *Annunciation*, by the gifted monk known as Il Monaco; and the *Madonna and Child with Angels*, by Masolino da Panicale, the master of the greater

## Reviews and Notices

Masaccio. The period covered in the new volume is the deeply important one that preceded the Golden Age of painting in Italy, during which, though Florence still took the lead, Padua, Venice, and Bologna rivalled that city in the number of masters of genius produced by them, and Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, Luca della Robbia, and Donatello were carrying on the work begun in the fourteenth century by Orcagna and paving the way for the final culmination in the work of Michael Angelo of all that was best in the plastic art of the Renaissance. Unspoiled by any notes or additions, this true masterpiece of literature retains the quaint savour of the original text, in which the chatty chronicler gives his impressions of the inner and outer lives of the mighty wielders of brush and chisel whom it was his privilege to know.

*Robin Hood.* Illustrated by WALTER CRANE. (Edinburgh and London: T. C. and E. C. Jack.) 7s. 6d. net.—Mr. Walter Crane's pencil still retains its charm in illustrating for children, if not quite all its old delicacy and power; and in the work under review he has had the advantage of methods of colour-printing which were not extant when his first books appeared. Mr. Crane, who is a survivor of the great romantic period of the last century, understands knights and friars and the background of scenes indisputably reminiscent of Old England as only one who had shared in the romantic revival could. Every year his books link us to a past phase of art which this country cannot afford to forget.

*A Book of Beggars.* By W. DACRES ADAMS. (London: William Heinemann.) 5s. net.—It will probably be something of a shock to Bishops and Lord Mayors, aristocratic ladies who give no change at charity bazaars, militant suffragettes, members of the Salvation Army and Little Sisters of the Poor to find themselves classed by Mr. Adams in his "Book of Beggars" with crossing-sweepers, hawkers, acrobats, gipsy fortune-tellers, begging-letter writers, and pavement artists. No respecter of persons, the caricaturist touches off with great skill the idiosyncrasies of typical examples of the multitude of those who endeavour to extract money from others, from selfish or unselfish motives. The sketches, which are all full of humour and are moreover well printed, are prefaced only by the old nursery rhyme:

Hark! Hark! The dogs do bark  
Beggars are coming to town,  
Some in jags, some in rags  
And some in velvet gowns.

—the idea suggested by the well-known refrain

being carried out by black-and-white drawings of dogs opposite each coloured picture, their attitudes expressing with rare felicity the feeling of the public towards the particular beggar in question.

*The Fables of Æsop.* Illustrated by EDWARD J. DETMOLD. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 15s. net.—Mr. Detmold's knowledge of animal life makes him a learned illustrator of Æsop. If we have a complaint to bring it is not against the display of this knowledge, or his miraculous drawing of detail, and certainly not against his colour, but against an absence of humour, and emphasis upon the symbolical element of the story which he has set out to illustrate. After all the story should be the point with the illustrator of any book where the illustrations aim at being more than marginal embellishments or fanciful inventions off-shooting from the idea of mere embellishment.

*The Uffizi Gallery.* By P. G. KONODY. With fifty plates in colour. Edited by T. LEMAN HARE. (London and Edinburgh: T. C. and E. C. Jack.) 21s. net.—To make a selection of fifty representative works from the vast number of masterpieces in the Uffizi Gallery, which, as far as Italian painting is concerned, contains the most important collection in the world, must have been a task of no little difficulty, but it must be admitted that it has been performed with considerable tact and judgment. Although, as a matter of course, the greater number of reproductions are of Italian pictures, ranging in date from the time of the early Primitives to that of the late Eclectics, several examples are also given of the Northern Schools, including Memlinc's *Virgin and Child with two Angels*, Rubens's *Portrait of Himself*, and most notable of all the so-called Portman Altar-piece by Hugo van der Goes, one of the very few authentic works of its author. Amongst the best plates in this attractive volume, so far as accurate rendering of tone values is concerned, are Botticelli's *Madonna of the Magnificat* and Holbein's *Portrait of Richard Southwell*, whilst of the scholarly essays accompanying them perhaps the most interesting is that on the Goldsmith Painters of Florence, the writer displaying a very genuine appreciation of the groups of artists who interpreted so well their citizens' love of rich colour and wealth of detail.

*Germany.* Painted by E. T. COMPTON and E. HARRISON COMPTON. Described by Rev. J. F. Dickie. 20s. net.—*Moscow.* Painted by F. DE HAENEN. Described by HENRY M. GROVE. 7s. 6d. net. (London: A. and C. Black).—It is rather difficult to understand why an entire book should be devoted to the City of Moscow while a volume



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only very little larger should be thought sufficient for the whole of that vast agglomeration of principalities, states, and kingdoms which are consolidated under the name of the German Empire. The Moscow book contains, besides its interesting historical and descriptive letterpress written by Mr. Grove, the British Consul at Moscow, a map of the city and sixteen illustrations in colour and a like number in half-tone. Mr. F. de Haenen's pictures are attractive but at the same time one would have liked to see a more characteristic selection of subjects. Certain of the pictures given in colour seem to call less for this treatment than some of the subjects which are treated in black and white. To write a book under the title "Germany" must have been a somewhat imposing task and naturally the Rev. J. F. Dickie's account cannot do more than afford a very cursory survey of the subject. He takes the reader, however, for a rapid tour of the Fatherland from east to west, from north to south, but it is the series of seventy-five reproductions all in colour which form the feature of the book. These, reproduced from water-colours by E. T. and E. H. Compton, give an excellent idea of the scenery and town architecture in different parts of Germany; and besides being, as far as one can judge from personal knowledge of a good many of the places depicted, topographically accurate, the artists have given proof of a very pleasant gift of colour and of composition.

*Whitman's Print-Collector's Handbook.* Revised by MALCOLM C. SALAMAN. (London: G. Bell and Sons, Ltd.) 10s. 6d. net.—The appearance of this new and greatly amplified edition of "Whitman's Handbook" will be warmly welcomed by all collectors and connoisseurs of prints, among whom the work has always been held in high esteem notwithstanding the limited scope of its five earlier editions. The need for amplifying it and making its scope commensurate with the expansion which has taken place in print-collecting in recent years was, indeed, recognised by Whitman, but his death necessitated the delegation of the task of revision to other hands, and we do not think that any one who peruses the new edition will doubt the wisdom of the publishers in entrusting the work to Mr. Salaman. So thoroughly and conscientiously has he done his work that the usefulness and authority of the handbook will henceforth be far greater than hitherto. What he has done goes much beyond what one usually expects in a "new edition," and is, indeed, almost sufficient to constitute the book a new work. Nearly every chapter has been extended; new chapters on the old colour-prints,

on French line engravings, and on contemporary etchings have been added; aquatint, wood-engraving, and lithography are treated in separate chapters instead of in brief sections; and, what is of special importance to the man who spends his money on buying prints, the chapter on "The Money Value of Prints" has undergone very considerable extension, and Mr. Salaman's wide knowledge is here placed at the service of collectors in the shape of trustworthy guidance. The new edition contains sixty full-page reproductions, well chosen, and like the rest of the book well printed.

*La Decima Esposizione d'Arte a Venezia, 1912.* By UGO OJETTI. (Bergamo: Istituto Italiano d'Arte Grafiche). 12 lire.—As one biennial exhibition succeeds another at Venice the event is always marked by the issue of a volume in which are reproduced a large number of the works exhibited in the various sections, Italian and foreign, and thus the series as a whole forms a valuable document in the history of modern art. The present volume, dealing with this year's exhibition which has just come to a close, contains over four hundred illustrations, and the admirable way in which they are here presented reflects the highest credit on the Italian Institute of Graphic Arts. Until two years ago the task of reviewing this international assemblage of works of art was discharged by Sgr. Vittorio Pica, who now holds an official position in connection with the exhibition, but an able successor has been forthcoming in Sgr. Ojetti, who now, for the second time, assumes the rôle of historian of this notable event. Sgr. Ojetti is quite candid in his criticisms, and is especially outspoken in regard to the work of the painters of his own country, which, in his opinion, shows a general falling off this year by comparison with former years. It is interesting to note that, while he also considers the display of British paintings unequal to those of past years, he devotes special attention to the collection of lithographs sent over from England by the Senefelder Club.

Messrs. George Pulman and Sons, Fine Art Publishers, of Thayer Street, Manchester Square, London, are issuing a series of excellent colour reproductions of pictures exhibited in the Paris Salons this year. The prints with their mounts measure 14 by 11½ inches, and the series comprises twenty-four subjects of a popular character. They are sold at 1s. 6d. each.

[A number of reviews of recent publications are unavoidably held over until next month.—EDITOR.]

## THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ART.

"I HAVE been told that art is dying," said the Art Critic, "that it is on the verge of absolute extinction and that within a generation or two it will have ceased to exist. What do you think of the prospect?"

"I think predictions of that sort are preposterous, and am surprised that any one should give utterance to such ridiculous nonsense!" cried the Young Painter. "Art was never so sound or so vigorous as it is at the present time. It is in a condition of splendid vitality, and it has endless possibilities of development. How could it cease to exist?"

"Its vitality may be deceptive, the last flicker of a dying flame," laughed the Man with the Red Tie. "Really, I do not think it is in a healthy state just now: it seems to me to have a tendency to suffer from convulsions, and at times it is certainly rather feverish. I am not altogether satisfied with its condition."

"What you call feverishness is only exuberance of vitality," returned the Young Painter. "Art is breaking out in so many new directions that it cannot help appearing rather restless and unsettled. But that is not to be regarded as a symptom of ill-health, and certainly does not suggest an early decease."

"But some people think this uneasiness is a sign of decay," said the Critic, "so there may be something after all in the gloomy anticipations of the pessimists. One never knows!"

"I don't care a rap what the pessimists say," declared the Young Painter; "it amuses them to imagine all sorts of horrors. But I do not believe that art will disappear until the human race vanishes off the face of the earth. The craving for art is one of the strongest of human instincts, and so long as there are human beings who have any instincts at all there will be art in some form or other."

"Ah, yes, in some form or other," broke in the Man with the Red Tie. "You are admitting the possibility that art as we know it now may die out. No doubt there would be something else to take its place, but would that be art as we understand it?"

"Perhaps not," replied the Young Painter. "Not having the gift of prophecy, I do not profess to be able to say what the art of two or three centuries hence may be like; but that there will be art, and art that will satisfy the popular demand, I feel perfectly convinced."

"Then what the pessimists assume to be signs of decay are only warnings of a coming change," commented the Critic. "I think you are right. I am with you in the belief that art is one of the fundamental human instincts, and that the desire for artistic expression which was an attribute of the human race in the remote past when men were savages and lived in caves, will continue to be one of its attributes in the far future."

"But the art of the future may be quite unlike what we now accept and believe in. That is possible, is it not?" insisted the Man with the Red Tie.

"Of course it is possible," agreed the Young Painter. "I should even be inclined to regard it as probable. The human mind changes with the lapse of time, and therefore it is only reasonable to expect changes in the manner of expressing mental impressions."

"The analogy of the past is against you," suggested the Critic. "The art of the Stone Age differed not at all in intention from the art of to-day, and it differed little enough in manner of expression. The savage artist, living in a cave hundreds of thousands of years ago, really saw and interpreted nature in pretty much the same way as his present-day descendants. He had more limited materials, but such as they were he used them quite in the modern fashion."

"Because a thing has not been, it does not follow that it never will be," objected the Man with the Red Tie. "As art has run for so many years along particular lines there seems to me to be all the greater probability that it will be shunted sooner or later on to other lines. Why should not this diversion be close at hand?"

"For the simple reason that any real or definite diversion is, I believe, impossible," declared the Critic. "Whatever may be the period of art that you examine, early or late, you will find that it has the same underlying motive, the same fundamental purpose. It is only the convention of expression that varies, not the art itself. We may be just now on the verge of a change of convention; we may be going to hark back to one that has been out of favour for centuries, we may even be going to adopt a new one. There are fashions in art as there are in everything else; new mannerisms are always being invented, played with, and dropped for something else; there is no finality in any method of æsthetic expression. But behind the new mannerism there will be the same old art, just as it has always been—that will never change or die."

"No, of course not," agreed the Young Painter.

THE LAY FIGURE.

## Harold and Laura Knight

### THE ART OF HAROLD AND LAURA KNIGHT. BY NORMAN GARSTIN.

It is always interesting to watch the work of intimate friends, and to note the effect of each upon the other, the unconscious collaboration of minds not occupied with the same work. In considering the work of a husband and wife there are still more interesting points to observe. On the one hand, temperamental differences caused by sex and the divergencies, both of outlook and expression, which such differences produce; on the other, the constantly growing identity of experiences and the mutuality of criticism act as centripetal against centrifugal forces, and it would be as inconsequent to expect one of binary stars to move independently of the other, as to expect artists like Mr. and Mrs. Harold Knight to move in different orbits.

Before entering upon the slight sketch of these

painters I would like to say a few words of a somewhat abstract character, whose significance seems to have a bearing on their careers.

I think it was the late J. M. Synge who said that "All art is collaboration." The truth of this axiom is probably less patent to-day than in any other age, for the desire for personal self-expression is so strong in our time, and the segregating force which that implies is so imperious, that we are apt to look for and to see the trees before we catch sight of the forest. In other ages, artists fell into line with their immediate companions, apparently without fear of submerging their personality; at least so it appears now to us, who may, however, be deluded by the perspective of time, which is for ever playing tricks with our judgments. Thus it is possible that the postponed impressionist of some century yet unthinkable will see in the pictures of to-day a likeness as close as we see in the schools of Umbria or of Siena.



"THE SONNET"

FROM THE PAINTING BY HAROLD KNIGHT

## Harold and Laura Knight

Still, whether the collaboration be masked or naked, whether we admit it humbly or deny it arrogantly, the fact remains that art *is* collaboration, that there is no such thing as an artist Melchisedek, and that originality is merely a relative term.

All this is something of a platitude, applicable even more to all the other activities of man, and if I lay stress upon it now it is because the artist, constrained by temperament and training to look in upon the varying phases of his own emotions, is apt to overlook the sources from which these emotions sprang. Also that the portrayal of emotions demands a convention, and a convention implies a concession to other artists' differences of outlook and temperament.

Art is in fact a language, constantly varying according to the emphasis laid upon those phases of nature that in turn appeal to the artist's perceptions. New phases require new treatment, an increased vocabulary to explain new points of view, but what is evident is that the vocabulary must be illuminating and not bewildering, a point not grasped by some obscurantist artists of recent days. That an artist should pant for fresh fields is not only right but is a great part of his claim to be an artist, for if he loves only what has already been done, he is simply a connoisseur. But if he should have the good chance to climb some peak and a new world "swims into his ken," it is no part of his business to send back his message couched in the language of the first savage tribe he meets. If he wants to thrill us with the emotions that thrill him, he must use the language that alone can thrill us—our common tongue.

When we consider carefully any artist's work we see two things. One is the compelling character, that which foredooms it to a certain mode of expression, which is *style*—and we know that *le style c'est l'homme*: while the other is found in those external or adventitious circumstances which bend it, as the

north-west wind bends the trees of some exposed upland. The modification of an artist's style by outward circumstances is of very great significance and is so strong and so insistent as to be often confused with the real inborn character: it is doubtful indeed if even the artist himself is able to disentangle and apportion the various forces that have combined to produce his performance.

If we look back into the past we see in Italy each city developing a different style. This tells of a limited horizon, of difficulties of travel resulting in one dominating personality overriding the other.

When we turn to our own time, we find eclecticism is the striking characteristic, the horizon is boundless, interchanging of ideas and impressions is the rule, added perhaps to something of an absence of the dominating personality. From the oligarchies of the past we have grown into the democracy of the present, as would be inferred from wide reading, knowledge, international galleries, and facilities of travel.

All sorts of forces are at work, all sorts of ideas seething in the pot. The technical perfection of the great masters of the past has brought its reaction. Their criterions of beauty have been assailed and



"THE BLACK JACKET"

FROM THE PAINTING BY HAROLD KNIGHT





*(By permission of Messrs. Ernest Brown  
and Phillips, the Leicester Galleries)*

“DAFFODILS.” FROM THE PAINT-  
ING BY HAROLD KNIGHT

## *Harold and Laura Knight*

even more, artistic nihilists are not wanting who deny the right of beauty to reign at all as the supreme object of the artist's desire. The Futurist wants to destroy all continuity of artistic tradition: the Post-Impressionist wants to — "but man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream."

What then is to be found in all this confusion? What moral may one draw from it, and whither is it moving? Is it well with art or is it stricken with a babel of madness? On the whole I should say that it is well. It is escaping from the house of bondage, even if it should have forty years of wandering in the wilderness before it enters the Promised Land. Tradition and authority have lain sore upon art: the looming giant figures of the old heroes had obsessed academic souls all over the world, and these in their turn held the keys of failure and success: gradually these keys have fallen from their hands. The prison-house has been opened, and small wonder that the prisoners

should make first use of their freedom to plunge into unlicensed orgies.

These are days when every opinion is assailed, when the firm foundations of yesterday are the shifting sands of to-day, and may become the Dead Sea of to-morrow, when science is called on ceaselessly to reconsider her verdicts. What, then, should artists do? Poor feeble folk! eternally oscillating between the extremes of irresponsible caprice and authoritative formulae. Let us try and get on some sort of ground and look round us.

Art may be said to be a sort of varying point, lying upon a line somewhere between personal preference and unpersonal nature. Pushed too near personality art becomes insanity: set too close to unassimilated nature it is banality. Here then, in short, are the Scylla and Charybdis, either of which may wreck our bark. Imitation of nature is the foundation of all art, but it must never be regarded as the end. It is possible to figure to oneself an imitation of nature so exact and impersonal that it would be



"MUSIC"









*(By permission of Messrs. Ernest  
Brown and Phillips)*

"THE MIRROR." FROM THE PAINT-  
ING BY HAROLD KNIGHT



"KNITTING." FROM THE PAINT-  
ING BY HAROLD KNIGHT

*(By permission of Messrs. Ernest  
Brown and Phillips)*



(By permission of Messrs. Ernest  
Brown and Phillips)

"MENDING STOCKINGS." FROM THE  
PAINTING BY HAROLD KNIGHT

## Harold and Laura Knight

like a mirror or the ideal photograph, and would leave as little impression or memory of itself behind. This, then, would be one extreme over which the commonplace reigns. The other extreme is the fantastic distortion of nature pushed to a point where only abnormality and insanity can abide.

In considering the work of Harold and Laura Knight one cannot help feeling that whatever else may be said about it, it avoids all suspicion of abnormality. Sanity of outlook and lucidity of statement are the dominating factors of their work.

Their collaboration has been singularly close, and began unusually soon, dating from their early days in the Nottingham Art School, where they studied under Wilson Foster, himself a student in Antwerp and Paris, and from him they learnt the foundation of an art education—the capacity to imitate nature faithfully. Later Harold Knight went to Paris and studied under Jean Paul Laurens and Benjamin Constant. Here we see the international influences of modern art training.

As their schooldays drew to a close, they both gradually began to feel that the close imitation of nature was not the end; and the perplexity that comes on all artist natures fell on them. But Fate had an eye on them and led them to Staithes, where a group of very admirable artists were working at this time. Fred Jackson, H. S. Hopwood, James Charles, H. Mackie and Fred Mayor represented a band that would be calculated to rouse enthusiasm. Anyone familiar with the work of these artists would feel what a wonderfully stimulating atmosphere these young people came to breathe by the windy, sea-lashed, wholesome east coast with its fisherfolk and its eternal story of the elemental strife they wage.

Times were hard, though this was only a disguise worn by Fortune resulting in good; for amongst other expedients of economy they were constrained to do without

regular models, training their memory systematically to hold the necessary data, a discipline so valuable in enabling them to give a sense of movement and vitality to figures. Under these influences they painted pictures having the story of the sea and the primitive life of its toilers and their families as their motive. One painted by Mrs. Knight in 1903, their wedding year, was her first Academy picture. It was called *Mother and Child* and was bought by Edward Stott, A.R.A. It is hardly possible to fancy anything more calculated to encourage and stimulate a young painter than the purchase by an artist so delicate and fastidious in taste and feeling. It was two years before they had another slice of good luck, when Frank Dicksee bought *A Cup of Tea* by Harold Knight for Brisbane.

Their next move was to Holland, which was



"THE GREEN FEATHER"

FROM THE PAINTING BY LAURA KNIGHT  
(Canadian National Art Gallery, Ottawa)







## Harold and Laura Knight

really a logical sequence to the influences already affecting them. This hollow land, banked and buttressed against the grey tumbling waters of the North Sea, has always been a land of artists and, strangely enough, considering its artificial nature, a land of landscape painters. Great clouds sweep up from the ocean and are mirrored in still canals bordered by stately rows of trees. The cities, too, built in old days by wealthy burghers and prosperous merchants from Batavia and the East Indies, duplicate themselves in bright, quivering reflections on waterways populous with slow-moving barges, radiant with the colour of a paint-loving people.

Here in the land of Israël, of the brothers Maris, of Mauve, of countless names enshrined in the history of art, the Knights set themselves to study atmosphere and composition. The most obvious effect of the Dutch influence was in causing them to rely on a very reticent scheme of colour, discreet greys, and rich mysterious shadows. A certain lowness of tone both in colour and also in sentiment marks this period. Harold Knight painted a large picture called *Grace* which George Clausen, R.A.,

bought for the Cape in 1907; this was reproduced in *THE STUDIO* last year.

The next move was to Newlyn and another page is turned. The Newlyn group has always had the reputation of seeing through the grey fog that legend attributes to the west of Cornwall. Whether this is so or not, the effect upon the Knights has been the exact opposite for, with their advent, there came over their work an utter change in both their outlook and method: they at once plunged into a riot of brilliant sunshine, of opulent colour, and of sensuous gaiety. This, of course, was not really due to their new environment, but rather to reaction—to a healthy desire to experience other sensations, and to test other methods. Their youth and strength demanded a wider horizon than was to be found in the poetic sadness of their low-toned realisations of the grave, serious lives of the poor.

It is often an artist's fate to be bound to a style or even to a class of subject upon which the public, believing it to be his speciality, insists. Such insistence cramps the imagination, restricts the outlook, and finally condemns him to a



"DAUGHTERS OF THE SUN"

FROM THE PAINTING BY LAURA KNIGHT

## Harold and Laura Knight

mechanical repetition that is really fatal to progress. The English are particularly sceptical of versatility : it is often the fate of what is called a successful artist—namely, one who sells his pictures—to have to repeat a worn-out theme long after it has lost for its creator all that emotion of invention which really makes it a work of art.

Mr. and Mrs. Knight have wisely determined to avoid this form of paralysis and the work here reproduced shows an entire change not only in the technical problems of colour and handling, but in their very choice of motive ; what one must call the human side is somewhat neglected in favour of subjects that give them an opportunity of expressing their pleasure in bright sunshine, in pleasant rooms, in sun-dappled shade, peopled with graceful women. How long this phase will last we cannot prophesy, but the wisdom of extending one's experience and making excursions into all the realms of painting can hardly be denied.

It might almost seem that in speaking as I have of Harold and Laura Knight's pictures, I am

regarding them as one thing, one artistic asset ; this is due to the following up of a train of thought and is not really so ; for though the community of their experience has of necessity brought about much similarity, still each has a personality too strong to be absorbed by the other, as even a cursory study of their work will show.

The difficulties that beset young artists' careers are beginning to clear away for the Knights ; fortune gives them of her benefits without the grim disguise that veiled her earlier kindliness of intention, and their pictures have been bought for quite a number of galleries. Besides the pictures of Harold Knight already named, Laura Knight's *Flying a Kite* was bought by Clausen for the Cape ; Sir Hugh Lane bought her *Boys* for Johannesburg ; and *The Green Feather* has gone to the National Gallery of Canada. Mrs. Knight is an associate of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and her drawings are always amongst the most alive and stimulating works to be found in the Pall Mall galleries. N. G.



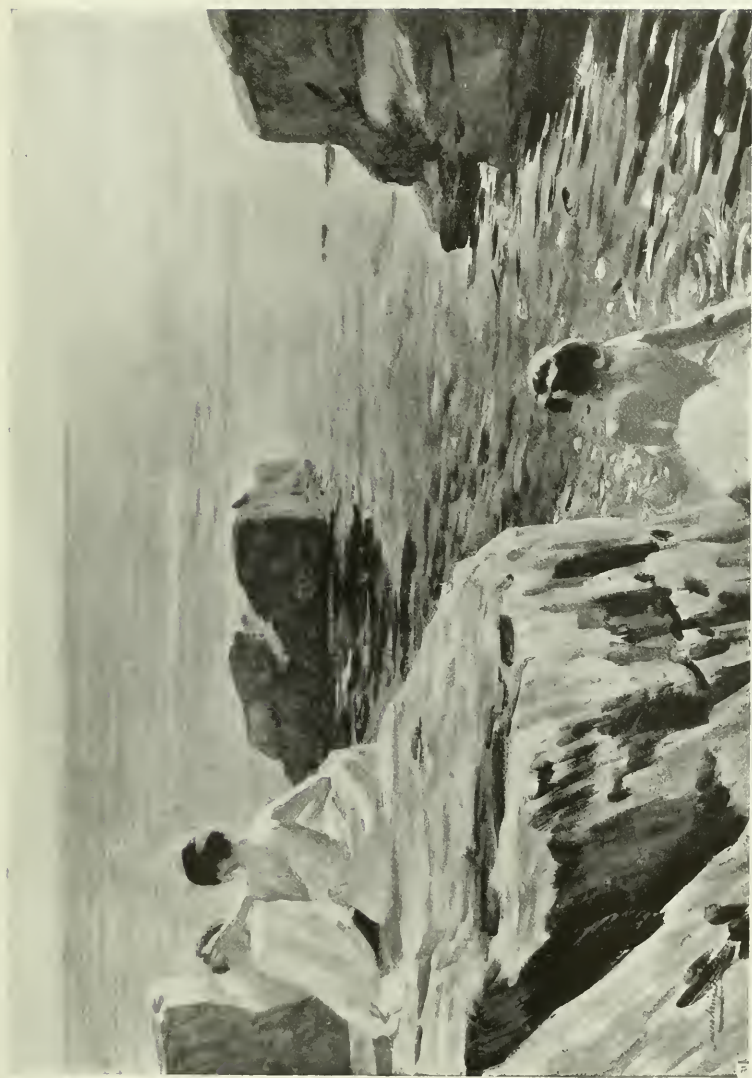
"FLYING A KITE"

196

(Purchased by the Cape Government)

FROM THE PAINTING BY LAURA KNIGHT





(By permission of Messrs. Ernest  
Bouverton and Phillips)

"BATHING," FROM THE WATER-  
COLOUR BY LAURA KNIGHT



"UNTRODDEN SANDS." FROM THE  
WATER-COLOUR BY LAURA KNIGHT

*(By permission of Messrs. Ernest  
Brown and Phillips)*





LA MORT DU CYGNE. FROM  
A DRAWING BY LAURA KNIGHT.



## M. Fernand Khnopff's Villa

THE HOME OF AN ARTIST: M. FERNAND KHNOFF'S VILLA AT BRUSSELS. BY HÉLÈNE LAILLET.

To speak of the "Villa Fernand Khnopff" is to speak of one of the artist's greatest works; it is the expression of his own personality which he has built for his own satisfaction: it is his immutable "Self" which he has raised in defiance of a troubled and changing world.

In the Avenue des Courses, on the outskirts of the Bois de la Cambre, in a magnificent rose-garden is situated this strange dwelling-place which mystifies many a passer-by—"A chapel probably," say some; "A vault built by some eccentric person," guess others. Then they pass, but those who know what famous "eccentric" hides himself behind these walls stop and consider the perfectly proportioned house. They have no difficulty in guessing by what artist it was designed, for in its pure clear lines the cold yet noble æstheticism of Fernand Khnopff is easily recognised. There are no complicated ornaments, only black lines and golden circles; here and there a monogram in black on a golden background, very simply and delicately drawn, stands out against the pure whiteness of the panels. The front of the house has an air of reserve, almost of disdain. Above a black door, bare of any ornamentation, are the words, "Past—Future," and on the top of the gable is a statue of Aphrodite. One tries in vain to classify this house according to any definite style of architecture; he who occupies it has set his own seal upon it, and in its singularity lies its style.

If you are fortunate enough to gain admittance, the servant silently opens the door and shows you into an ante-room decorated entirely in white, with walls of polished stucco. From a position of pride, a superb stuffed Indian peacock watches from the corner of his eye; he is the haughty guardian of this austere dwelling-place. On a slender blue column stands a little Greek statue which, with a graceful gesture, invites you to silence, and on the whiteness of the walls hangs a little replica of a picture which the artist has entitled *Une Aile bleu*. This haughty woman,

standing upright behind the head of Hypnos, absorbed in a reverie both sad and mysterious, holds in her slender fingers the veil which she has drawn between dreams and reality, and is indeed a symbolic figure. Above the picture are inscribed the three letters of the word "Soi" (Self). This ante-room is impregnated with the character of the artist.

A silken hanging of a greyish blue, artistically faded, is raised, and Fernand Khnopff, man of the world, welcomes you. But he has hardly time to assume this wordly mask before it is laid aside: on the other side of the silken curtain the personality of the "artist" alone exists, it imposes itself upon you and is found in all the slightest details of the harmonious surroundings.

It hardly seems possible to realise that five minutes ago you were in the busy streets of Brussels, for here no sound from the outside world troubles the mind, no window placed too low brings you into contact with life; your imagination carries you away, and you feel yourself to be far from all that is low, petty, mean, and worthless: you are in the



"FUTUR": TINTED MARBLE BUST.

BY FERNAND KHNOFF

## *M. Fernand Khnopff's Villa*

kingdom of the beautiful and in this purified atmosphere you feel a compelling need of silence in order that you may attain for a moment something of the Ideal. Yes, silence is necessary in this long white corridor filled with a soft and restful radiance: daylight enters only through curious windows of stained glass on which the colours of blue and gold in combination form flames and fantastic figures. Valuable drawings hang on the walls: among others is an admirable portrait of Elizabeth of Austria—Empress of Solitude—and on the white partition in letters of gold are inscribed the words: "Everything comes to him who waits"—words which are certainly engraved on the persevering mind of the artist. Facing a beautiful white staircase is a logette in which an ivory mask is suspended from a slender column on the top of which, held in place as though by enchantment, is a vase of finest crystal.

This white corridor leads into a white room, beautiful but severe and glacial; several chairs enamelled in white do not invite repose; in a corner stands a little table just big enough to hold a vase in which a single aster raises its delicate head;

facing the window in a very fragile Venetian glass are two little branches with transparent leaves; the doorway is curtained with pale blue satin, and on the walls hang studies of the artist's most remarkable and attractive works. There is something vague and uneasy in the atmosphere of this room; this same head that appears on each drawing has a disquieting influence—always the same regular features, haughty and reserved—yet this woman, so continually reproduced, seems to be different in each picture; her expression, though always searching and profound, seems at times to be disdainful, tender, cunning, voluptuous, hard, glacial, sad, mocking, or caressing, and when one seems to have guessed what the eyes are saying, one remains disconcerted by the expression of the mouth. "The expression of the mouth is the truest," says Khnopff; "there it is impossible to dissimulate." One would like to remain, feeling instinctively a need to penetrate the secrets of so complicated a mind, secrets that elude one just as they seem to be within one's grasp, but something in these faces, with their smiles sad and disillusioned, compels one to pass on and



THE "WHITE ROOM" (A DESCRIPTION OF THIS ROOM IS GIVEN ABOVE)



*(See next page)*

M. KHNOPFF'S PRINCIPAL STUDIO

leave them to their dream of beauty and of sadness. It seems that Fernand Khnopff had wished to illustrate the famous words of Alfred de Vigny—that singer of sufferings nobly born—"Silence alone is great, all else is weakness." The pessimism of the painter is as sincere as that of the poet.

If the artist did not tell you so, you would not know that you were in the dining-room—how should you? There is nothing to denote the fact. At meal-times a little table appears, only to disappear again almost immediately. Here again is shown the struggle between the ideal and the material.

Several steps at the end of the corridor lead to the studio, where one feels more at ease than in the other room, although the sense of mystery is greater. Facing the door is an altar sacred to Hypnos. It is composed of a crystal cabinet resting on a glass pedestal cast by Tiffany; below are two chimeras of gilded bronze and these words stand out clearly: "On n'a que soi." The sun filters through stained-glass windows like those in the corridor, and their colours are reflected on the white mosaic floor of the studio, in the middle of which is traced a great golden circle. On the ceiling, to correspond, there is another, where is represented the constellation of Libra (the Balance) under which Fernand Khnopff was born. A little fountain murmurs the eternal song of Life, which flows on stifling the swiftly passing Present, so that the Past and Future seem almost to meet. At the bottom of the white marble basin lie mother-of-pearl shells, their delicate colours shining through the clear transparent water. Beautiful objects are scattered about the room—a silken garment of shimmering hues, a rose shedding its petals, a branch of withered mistletoe, a beautiful cushion lying on the floor, several butterflies—one of so marvellous a blue that the most subtle combinations of colours could not produce its tint—and, on a bright piece of

embroidery by Lalique, a tortoise cast in bronze. Khnopff does not like animals; for a little while he tolerated this tortoise, then finding it too noisy, he put it in the garden; it wandered away and he found it again dead. To-day—silent—it has regained its place in the studio and has been named by the artist "My remorse." In one corner of the room is a couch the pure Empire style of which harmonises with the cold beauty of the room; here and there hang artistic draperies: on a pedestal stands the first bust modelled by the artist—it is of marble slightly tinted and thus has an almost lifelike appearance—and near by there is a portrait of Mme. Khnopff, the artist's mother—a very fine study.

There is not a single detail in this studio which does not denote the desire for complete harmony: this strained search after perfection is pleasing to certain sensitive natures. Those who are fascinated by his strange art seek to read the mind of Khnopff by means of the numerous drawings into which he has put something of himself, but though these works are complete to the slightest detail, it is very



THE "BLUE ROOM" (see page 206)



*M. Fernand Khnopff's Villa*



ANOTHER VIEW OF M. FERNAND KHNOPFF'S PRINCIPAL STUDIO WITH THE ALTAR TO HYPNOS OPPOSITE THE STEPS

difficult to interpret the artist's meaning. Looking at these drawings so admirably finished, one merely says: "They are very beautiful." What more could one say? But mentally one raises the mask of lofty reserve and before these eyes, sad, grave, or ardent, wide-open or half-closed, before these expressive mouths with lips thin and compressed or half-opened and eager, before these smiles hopeless or tender, one experiences the most subtle emotions that the arts—sculpture, painting, or engraving—can produce when they express at the same time both sorrow and happiness. The face is always the same yet always different; it is a face which exercises a powerful fascination because, though very human, it possesses something vaguely supernatural. A lady who visited the artist once asked him this question: "Should you meet this woman whose face seems to haunt you, would you marry her?" "On no account," was the artist's reply. "I know too well what she has in her mind."

The adjoining room is a second studio and contains the works in course of execution. On an easel rests a very fine portrait, already in an advanced stage, of the Duc de Brabant, which the artist will finish when the young prince returns from his holidays. Two engravings on marble intended for the residence of M. Stoclet promise, by the perfection of the design, the attitude of the symbolic figures, and by the fineness of the workmanship, to rank among the artist's greatest works. In this room, too, are the cartoons which Khnopff in the rôle of "scene-painter" has made for the scenery of certain operas. Thanks to his refined and artistic taste there are in the Théâtre de la Monnaie at Brussels costumes and stage-effects of the most remarkable beauty. He applied all his energies to the production of such works as "Le Roi Arthur" and "Oberon," and once more the directors of the theatre have appealed to his brilliant imagination and his clever

## M. Fernand Khnopff's Villa



ANTE-CHAMBER IN WHITE MARBLE (*see p. 201*)

pencil for the scenery of "Parsifal," which is to be given next season.

Back through the studio one goes to the corridor and up the large staircase to a small ante-room which leads to the "Blue Room." In this "Chambre bleue" Fernand Khnopff has placed some of the works of his favourite artists. There is a picture by Delacroix, a few reproductions of the works of Gustave Moreau, a kindred spirit, and a very beautiful portrait done in red chalk, which was given to the artist by Burne-Jones. In this "Chambre bleue" all the objects are precious and bear illustrious signatures. Among others is the artist's portrait of his sister. In the bay-window, through which nothing but green foliage can be seen, a Malmaison exhales its delicate perfume. It is in this room, where all the blues are exquisitely in harmony, that the artist rests after his work, soothed by the sounds of the piano which float in through the open window from the room below, and here in this poetical atmosphere Fernand Khnopff dreams and composes beautiful works.

In his home, which is the expression of his ideal, far from the world, cut off from all outside influences, alone in his haughty solitude, Fernand Khnopff listens only to the voice of art, and he works methodically at the development of his

conscious self. When young painters come to ask his advice he says: "Above all, be sincere; if you have nothing to say, say nothing." "Art is not a necessity," he adds.

In this house there is nothing to remind one of time or care; desire and regret are banished. The artist follows the line of life he has laid down for himself and his attitude corresponds to that English motto which he has made his own: "Make the best of everything." Born a Belgian, he has an English nature, for knowing himself to be but little understood he takes refuge in solitude and silence. With a smile of mingled pride and satisfaction he often repeats these words: "Vraiment on n'a que soi."

Pride in the form of a peacock guards the door and Hypnos sheds throughout the house the atmosphere of sleep, a sleep that leads to dreams. True to his conception of art, Fernand Khnopff has reached the noblest realisation of his best self: as Dumont-Wilden has said of this cold and beautiful house, it is indeed "the fortress of an individuality in perpetual defence against the World and Life."



"LOGETTE" IN WHITE MARBLE, WITH A JAPANESE EMBROIDERY PANEL AND STANDARD SUPPORTING A BLUE GLASS VENETIAN VASE AND IVORY MASK (*see p. 202*)



VIEW OF M. FERNAND KHNOFF'S  
STUDIO WITH WINDOW OPEN-  
ING ON TO THE "BLUE ROOM"

# GARDEN AND TERRACES AT THE HILL, HAMPSTEAD HEATH

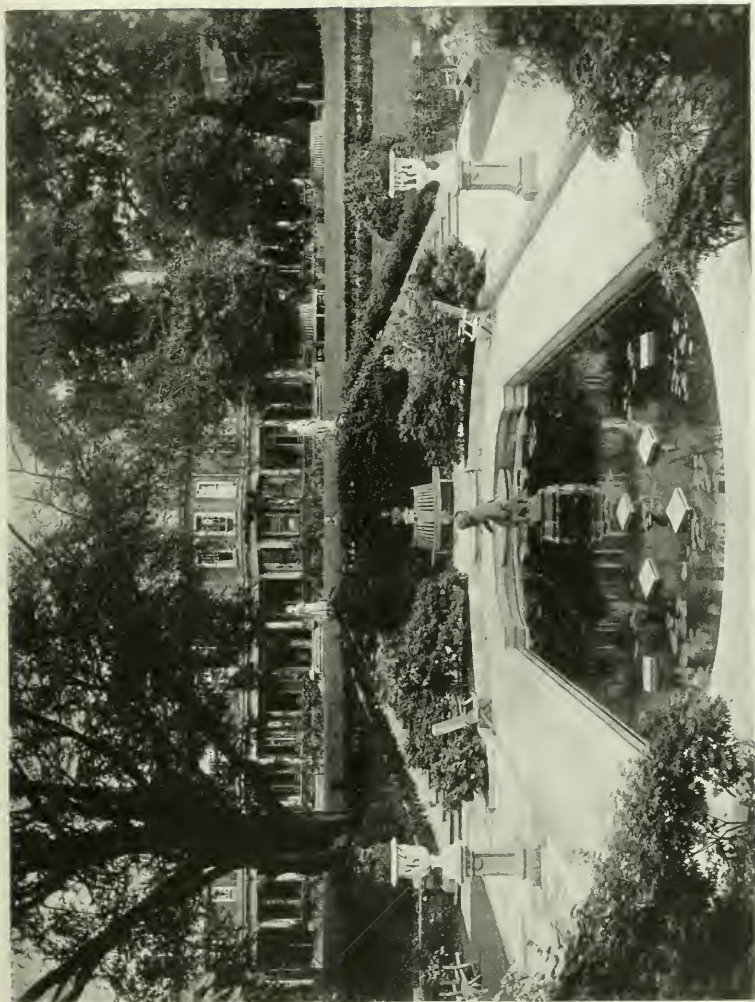
PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. N. KING

(BY PERMISSION OF SIR WILLIAM HESKETH LEVER, BART.)

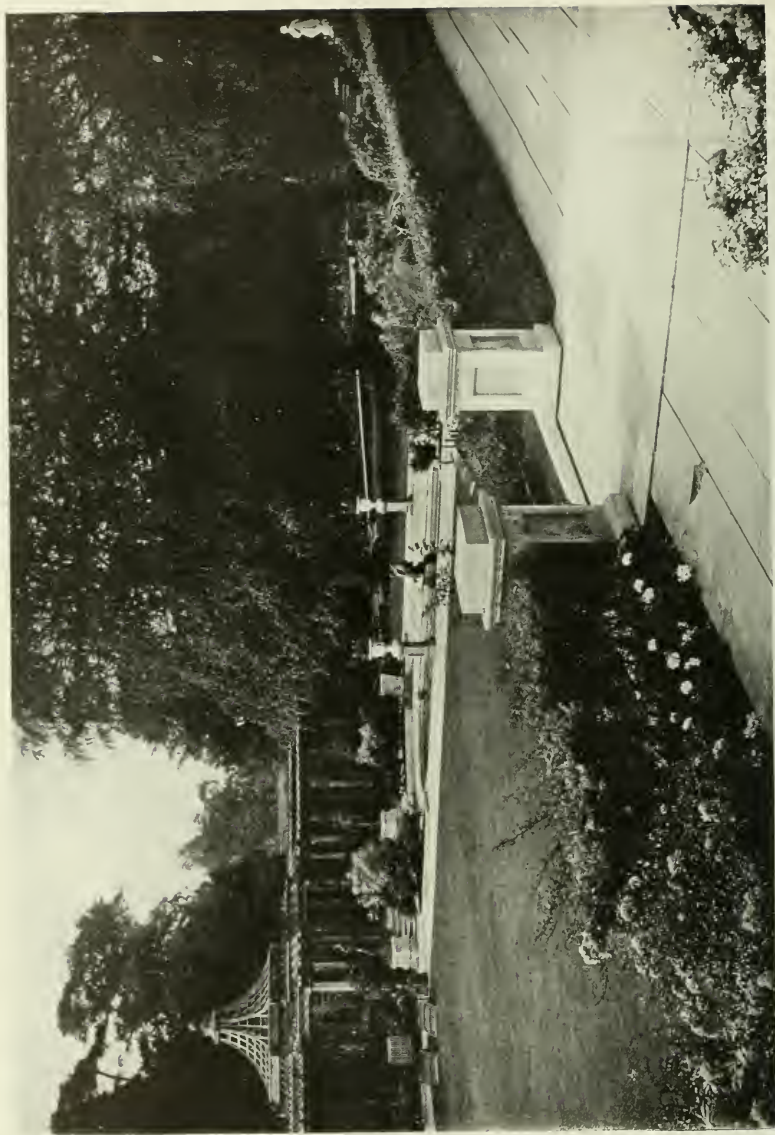


EXTERIOR OF THE LOUNGE

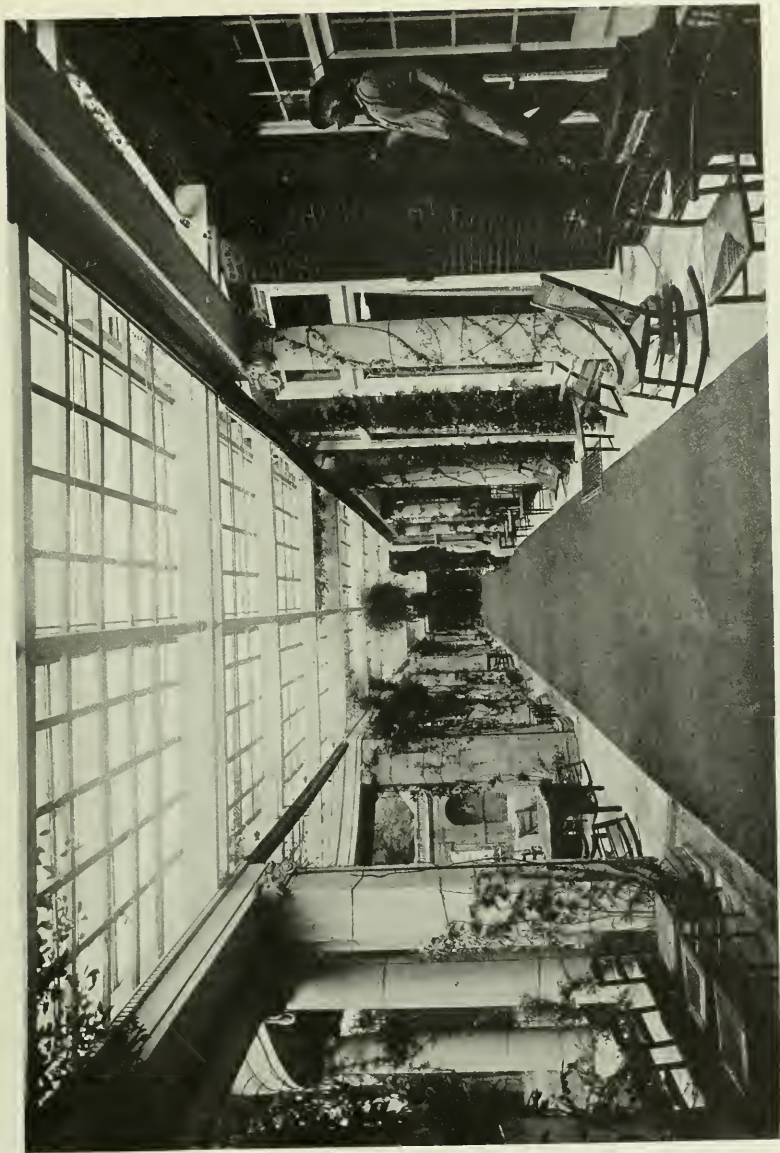




LILY BASIN AND WEST FRONT

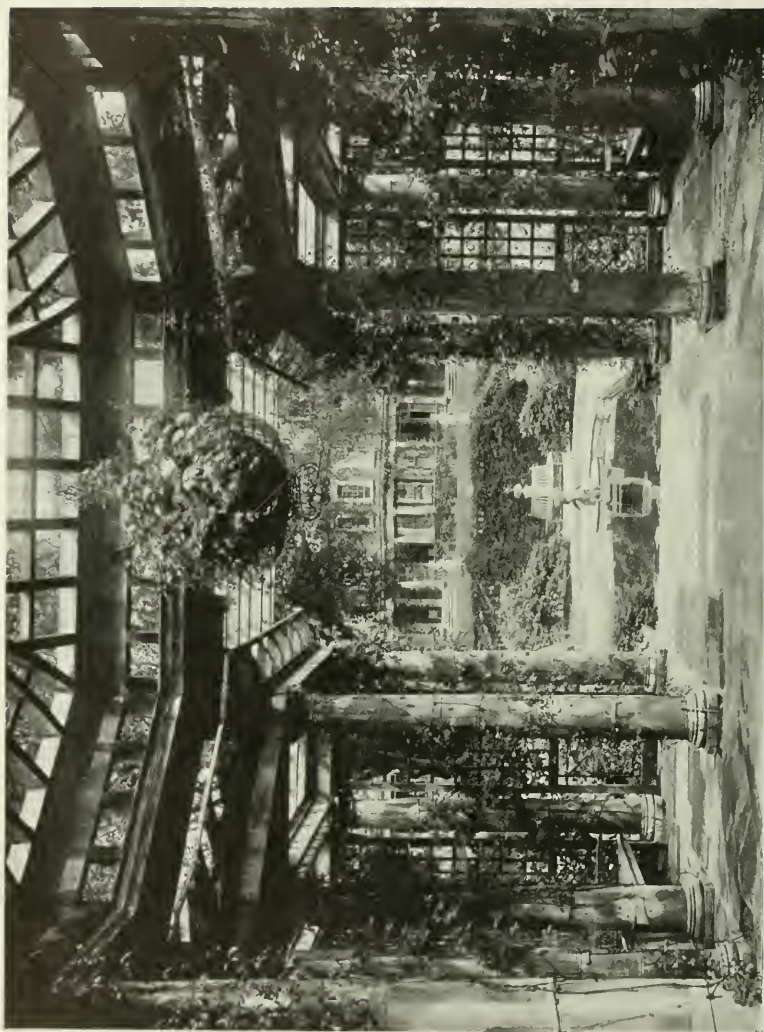


THE GARDEN FROM THE TERRACE



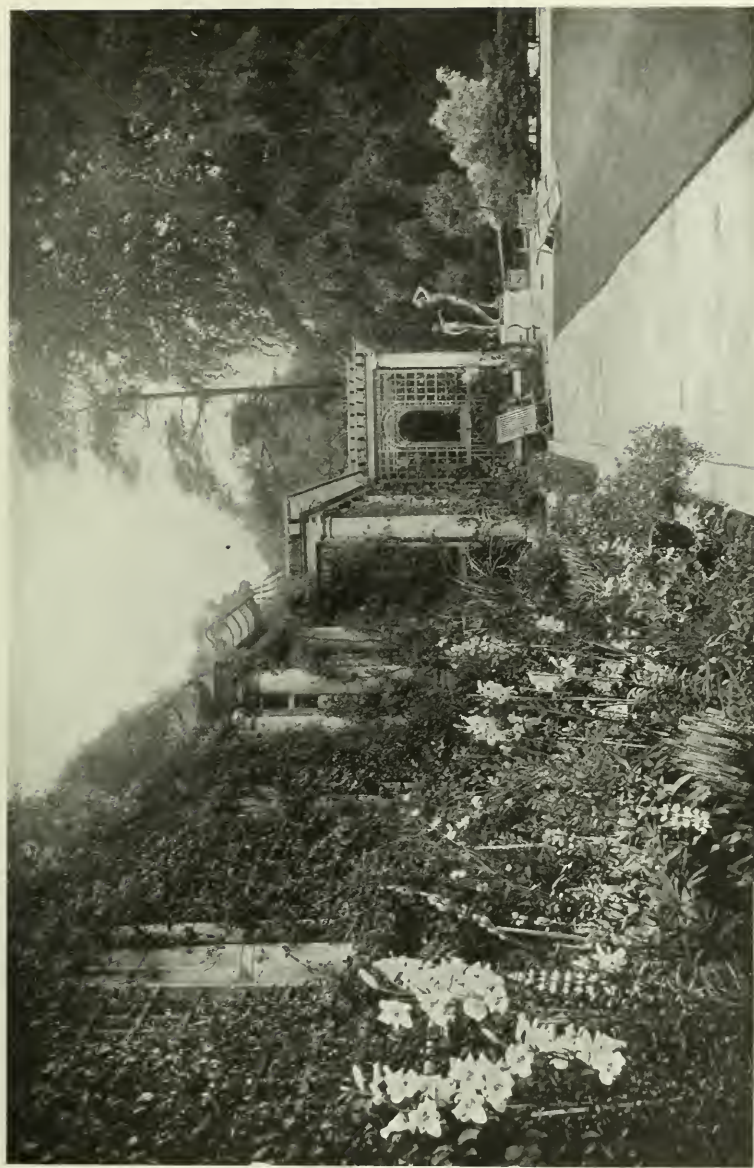
THE LOUNGE





THE PERGOLA

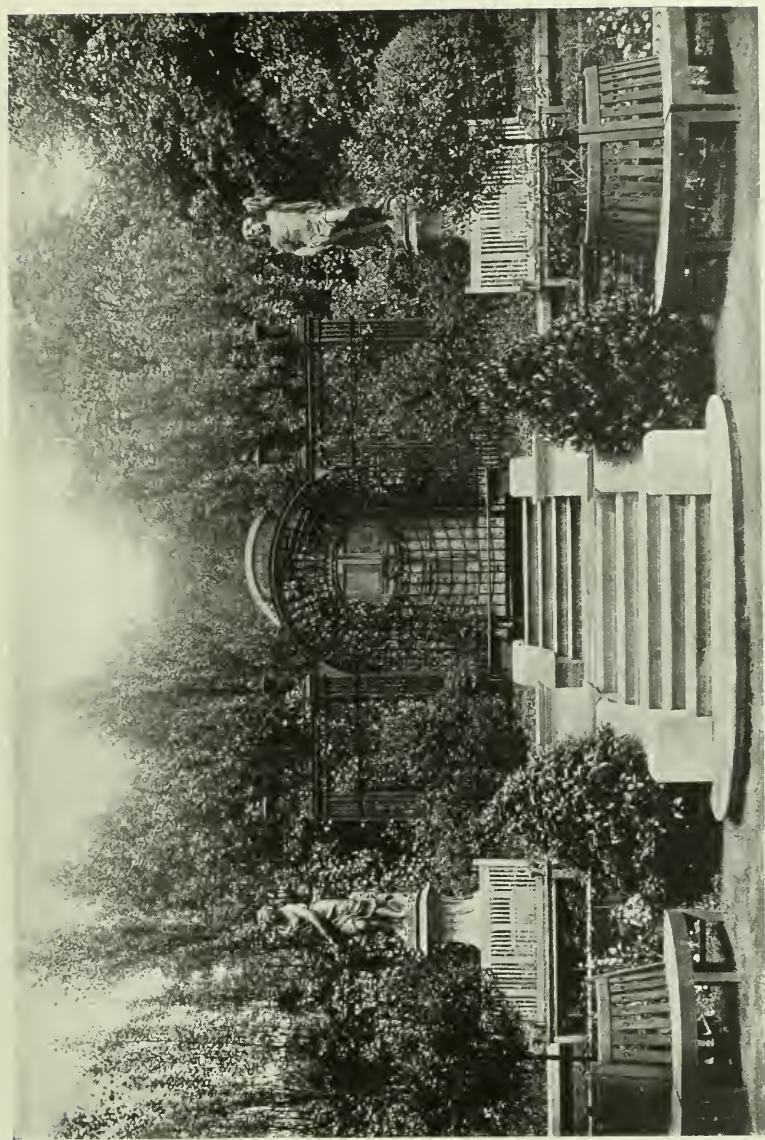




THE PERGOLA AND BORDER



THE PERGOLA



THE ARBOUR





A COLUMN OF THE PERGOLA



## *A Viennese Exhibition of Arts and Crafts*

### A VIENNESE EXHIBITION OF ARTS AND CRAFTS.

FOR the first time since the opening of the Austrian Museum in Vienna nearly fifty years ago a summer exhibition of arts and crafts has been held within its walls. That this one was held was due to the fact that the members of the Deutscher Werkbund held their annual meeting in Vienna this year, and naturally everybody concerned was anxious to show the very best in design and in workmanship which Austria could produce. For the Deutscher Werkbund is a society formed of artists, manufacturers, industrial employers, and others who take an interest in the promotion of the modern arts and crafts, good workmanship in execution and quality in material being as important as the designs themselves. Everything exhibited was of a high quality, and German, Austrian, and Hungarian members were highly satisfied with the result of this exhibition, for it showed that "our curious,

complex, aspiring age still abounds in subjects for æsthetic manipulation, that the material for the artists and their motives of inspiration are not yet exhausted." It showed, moreover, that the bond between the designer and the craftsman who executes his design is becoming ever closer and more sympathetic, for the artist has dipped at the well of the craftsman and the craftsman into that of the artist; both work in that unison and concord without which no true work of applied art can be created. Another point of interest is that the number of artists who execute their own designs is gradually increasing, for it must be remembered that many have learnt their trades and shown special talent for designing at the Craft Schools (*Fachschulen*) before entering the Vienna Imperial Arts and Crafts Schools. Some have even served apprenticeship in one or other of the trades concerned in decorative art. Another and most important factor in the success of the movement is the fact that the manufacturers



DINING-ROOM WITH FURNITURE IN CARVED AND POLISHED EBONY INLAIN WITH MOTHER-OF-PEARL, DESIGNED BY PROF. JOSEF HOFFMANN, EXECUTED BY J. SOULEK. CARPET BY BACKHAUSEN AND SOHNE. HAND-PRINTED SILK DESIGNED BY LOTTE FROMEL-FOCHLER, EXECUTED BY THE WIENER WERKSTÄTTE. (See a'50 Chair on p. 220)

## *A Viennese Exhibition of Arts and Crafts*



CABINET (SHOWN OPEN AND CLOSED) OF PALISANDER AND CEDAR WOOD RICHLY INLAID WITH OTHER WOODS. DESIGNED BY OTTO PRUTSCHER, EXECUTED BY K. FRANTZ

themselves are taking more and more interest in it.

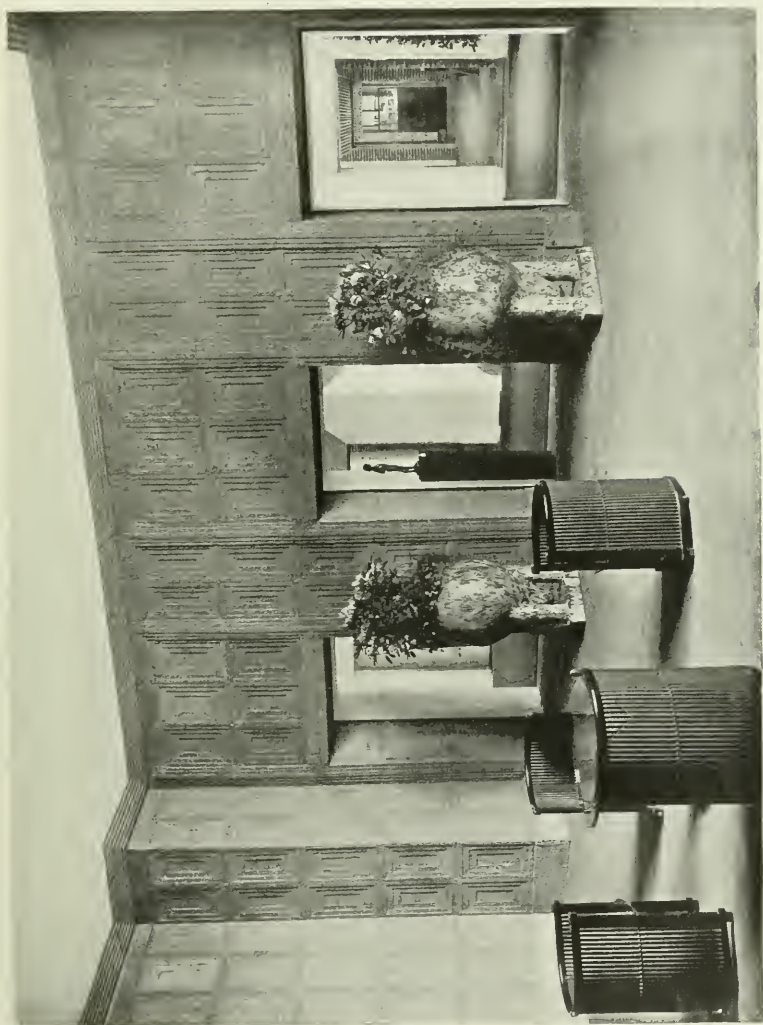
But in spite of all these interests the present exhibition would have been an impossibility had not the Ministry of Public Works (*Arbeitsministerium*) again given material help to make it possible; and this is a proof of the great interest taken in the future of the Austrian arts and crafts. It is significant, too, that for the first time the Municipal Authorities of Vienna also did much towards making the exhibition a success, for not only did the commune lay out the garden which, together with the pergola, treillage, etc., was designed by architect Cesar Poppovits, but they also have undertaken to keep it in order, for the garden is to remain permanent. When to this is added the fact that Westermann and Co. have presented the beautiful terrace, with the steps leading to the garden and the colonnades, also designed by Cesar Poppovits, to the museum, another proof is given of the growing interest taken in these exhibitions. The garden is very beautiful, and is ornamented with numerous attractive garden seats in white-lacquered wood, designed by architect Josef Zotti and executed by the Prag-Rudniker Korbwarenfabrication. Two other features of it

were a coffee-house and a "one-family" villa, designed by architect Robert Örley and built on the new patented system, "Katona." The house was completely furnished, everything being of the finest workmanship and designed by architect R. Örley, at the cost of 2000 kronen, that is, about £84, the cost of the villa without the ground being £375.

Another attraction in the garden was the Parkhaus designed by architect Ernst Lichtblau. Here again excellent taste combined with good workmanship was everywhere perceptible, both as to



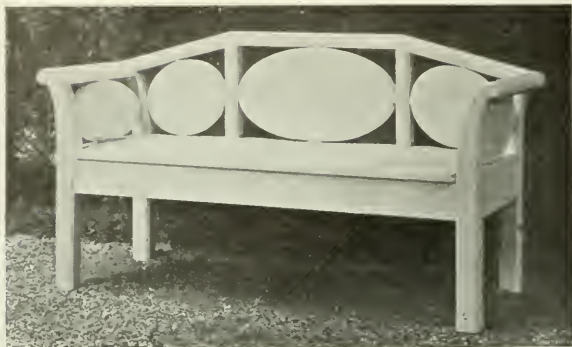
CABINET CLOSED



GARDEN HALL WITH WALL FACINGS OF ARTIFICIAL  
STONE DESIGNED BY R. ÖRLEY, ARCHITECT

(See page 222)





GARDEN SEAT DESIGNED BY JOSEF ZOTTI, EXECUTED BY THE PRAG-  
RUDNIKER KORBWARENFABRICATION

The back was formed of heavy hand-printed silk designed by Lotte Frömel-Fochler and executed in the Wiener Werkstätte. The same material was used for the upholstery of the chairs. Nothing more beautiful in construction, design, and workmanship has been exhibited in Vienna.

Another interesting interior was a lady's boudoir designed by architect Otto Prutscher, the furniture being in white-lacquered poplar upholstered in deep

the building itself and its furniture and decoration.

Just behind the garden a small part was set aside for some headstones and grave monuments designed by A. Basel, L. Forstner, Cesar Poppovits, and Michael Powolny. Some of these were highly praiseworthy, and showed how very earnest the artists are in their desire for the best that material, design and workmanship can produce. Some of the tombstones were of stone or marble, with reliefs, others of wrought iron. There were, moreover, many other objects for the decoration of the cemetery.

The interior of the exhibition was arranged by architect Carl Witzmann, who once more showed great fertility of imagination and invention, for the whole interior was again transformed so that it bore not the least resemblance in the manner of decoration to the exhibition held six months previously, of which an account has already been given in *THE STUDIO*. Whichever way one looked one was greeted by some real work of art, the same care being given to objects designed for and executed in cheaper materials as to those made of the most costly ones. The first attention, however, must be given to the interiors, and to Prof. Josef Hoffmann in particular for his dining-room in carved and polished ebony. Each panel of the sideboard was formed of one piece of wood, highly polished and beautifully carved; indeed, it was a joy to look on this object, which could well merit a place in a museum.



DINING-ROOM CHAIR IN CARVED AND POLISHED EBONY  
INLAID WITH MOTHER-OF-PEARL. DESIGNED BY PROF. JOSEF  
HOFFMANN, EXECUTED BY J. SOULEK

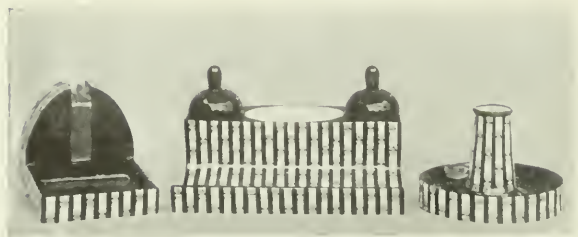




*(Furniture by Carl Bamberger, Brick-  
work by Brüder Schwabron)*

GARDEN HALL. DESIGNED  
BY PROF. OSKAR STRNAD

## *A Viennese Exhibition of Arts and Crafts*



WRITING-SET IN FAIENCE. DESIGNED BY FRAU FROMEL-FOCHLER, EXECUTED BY THE WIENER KUNSTKERAMISCHE WERKSTÄTTE (BUSCH AND LUDSCHER)

blue satin. There was something exceedingly dainty and attractive about this room. Even so another boudoir designed by architect Edward Wimmer. Here the walls were spanned with various squares of bright-hued embroidery, broad in design and treatment, all executed on black cloth by the designers, a number of lady artists, some of them members of the society of the late students of the Imperial School of Embroidery. The furniture was covered with china-blue hand-printed silk, which gave it a peculiar charm. A reception-room, designed by architect Carl Witzmann, was worthy of all praise; so also a dining-room by architect Adolf O. Holub, the veining of the wood (ash) being here singularly beautiful, and in artistic contrast to the beadings of highly polished ebony.

Herr Örley exhibited a garden hall, designed to show the use of artificial pebble-stones for wall-facings, the effect being very pleasing. This is known as "conglomerate," and the inventor is the architect himself. The great vases shown in the illustration are of majolica, deep lavender in tone. The furniture is also formed of a new material, known as "Press-stoff," a kind of compressed fibre. Another garden hall designed by architect Dr. Oskar Strnad showed great originality in the use of brickwork and in the construction of the furniture. A third hall was designed by architect Dr. Josef Frank, and disclosed sound instinct for comfort and utility.

Of the other exhibits those shown by the Wiener Werkstätte were of exceeding beauty both as to design and workmanship. These included the plans, sketches, and drawings for the palatial

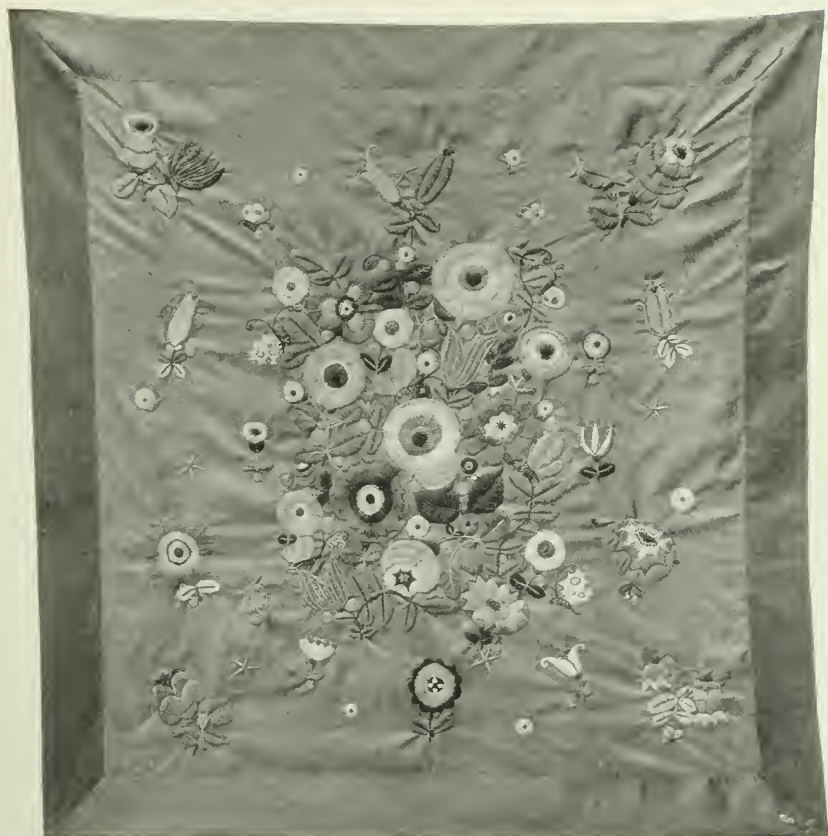
residence of Baron Stoclet in Brussels, about which more will be said at some future date. Among them is the marvellous mosaic frieze designed by the eminent painter Gustav Klimt, a work which will go to make history. The various designs for the Palais Stoclet have been elaborated by its builder, Prof. Hoffmann, in conjunction with Prof. C. O. Czeschka, and

other leading Austrian decorative artists.

The cabinet designed by Prof. Otto Prutscher is highly characteristic of this artist's style, which in every way is individual. Here too every care has been taken in the choice of the woods. Many interesting pieces of furniture were also exhibited, all of a fine quality; in every case good judgment in design was shown, and every manifestation of good-will on the part of artist and craftsman.

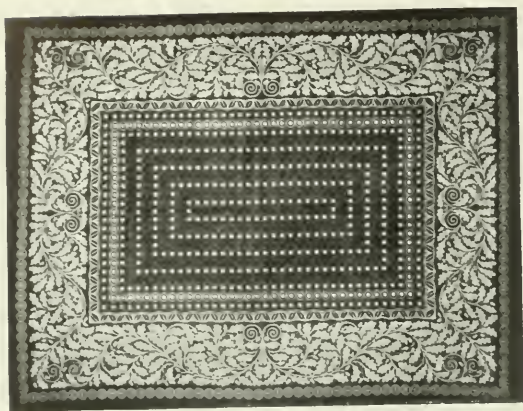


CLOCK IN BLACK AND WHITE MOTHER-OF-PEARL. DESIGNED BY CARL WITZMANN, ARCHITECT; EXECUTED BY KARL KREHAN,



EMBROIDERED WALL-HANGING  
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY  
FRAU MELITTA LÖFFLER

## *A Viennese Exhibition of Arts and Crafts*



WOVEN BED-SPREAD. DESIGNED BY REMIGIUS GEYLING, EXECUTED BY HERRBURGER AND RHOMBERG

It is remarkable how much attention is now being given to porcelain and ceramics generally; it is in a way reviving a lost art, for Vienna was renowned of old for her porcelain. The artists show a real sense of beauty in design and ornament, combined with an exact knowledge of the materials in which they are executed. Some of the specimens shown were of great beauty—for instance, the black and white ceramic figures and vases designed by Profs. Michael Powolny and Berthold Löffler and executed by them in the Wiener Keramik - Werkstätte, or those designed by Frank Schleiss and his gifted wife Frau Schleiss-Simandl, and executed in their Keramik - Werkstätte in Gmunden, which city has for ages been celebrated for its ceramics. Thanks to the material help given to them by the Arbeitsministerium, three girls, past students of the Imperial School for Arts and Crafts, have opened another ceramic workshop known as the Keramische Werkgenossenschaft, and are doing good work. They are Rosa Neuwirth, Ida Lehmann, and Helene Johnová. Other artists who specialise in

ceramics are Hugo Kirsch, Olga Sitte, Gertrud Dengg, Herr and Frau Johanna Meier, Fritz Pollak, and Frau Fochler, who all exhibited characteristic work. Further advance has also been made in the Serapis faience designed by the young architects Klaus and Gallé. They are highly original in their designs, have right feeling for ornament, and are in every way sincere in their work. Nor must the mosaics designed and executed by Leopold Forstner be left out, for they are of great beauty both as to design and workmanship.

In the designing of crystal glass much individuality was also noticeable, some beautiful specimens being shown by Prof. Hoffmann,

L. H. Jungnickel, Oswald Dittrich, and Wilfert Waltl. One felt instinctively that there was right feeling for the material on the part of the artist, everywhere a right understanding on the part of the craftsman.

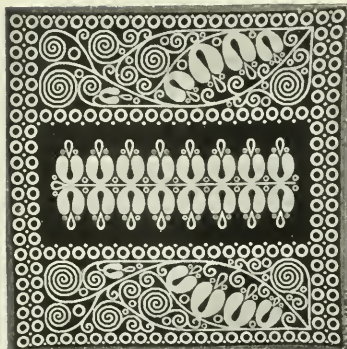
Among the embroideries shown were some of



EMBROIDERED CUSHION. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY HEDWIG POLLAK



## *A Viennese Exhibition of Arts and Crafts*



WOVEN CUSHION COVER DESIGNED BY FRIEDRICH OSTERREICHER, EXECUTED BY HERRBURGER AND RHOMBERG

much beauty of design and colour and clever workmanship, most of the stitching having been done by the designers themselves; and among the artists contributing were Frau Melitta Löffler, Helene Geiringer, Hedwig Pollak, Hermine Weiss, Milla Weltmann, and the members of a society formed of past students of the Imperial School of Embroidery (*Genossenschaft der Absolventinnen der K. K. Kunststickerei-Schule*).

Weaving is another subject which is drawing the attention of the artists of both sexes. The Imperial arms woven in gold, silver, and silk by Frau Sretna Vrankovic on an ancient Dalmatian hand-loom and other fabrics were beautifully executed, both sides alike, and excellent also were some curtains woven on the same primitive stool.

Batik is also becoming more and more popular with women artists, some excellent work being done in this direction by Dora Wibrial, Dorothea Seligsmüller, Elsa Stübchen-Kirschner, and Valerie Petter.

Some good achievements were perceptible in textiles, many leading artists contributing to this branch of art, among them Profs. Hoffmann and Otto Prutscher, Frau Peller-Hollmann, Fräulein Osterreicher and Remigius Geyling.

In jewellery and enamelling much inventive power has been shown and some good results obtained. Many women artists have made a speciality of designing jewellery, notable among them being Sofie Sander, whose career has been a very remarkable one. She has served an apprenticeship to a goldsmith, worked in a Paris workshop, studied all ancient methods, with the result that she has made a name for herself on the

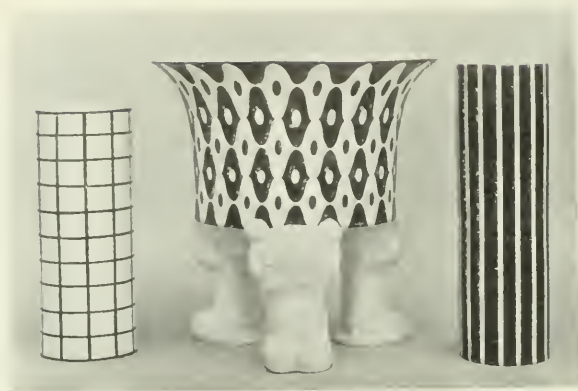
Continent as an expert in classifying ancient jewellery. She has lately been called to Holland and is now a teacher in the State Arts and Crafts School for metal-work and jewellery in Haarlem. The spirit of the true workman is revealed in all her work and was also observable in the jewellery and bijouterie exhibited by Fräulein von Stark, Margarete l'Allemand, Louise von Kalmár, Leopoldine König, Hans Bolek, Alfred Sachs, and other artists.

It is impossible to detail all the different materials including tooled and other leather-work, note-paper, labels, menus, &c., to which the artists have turned their attention. Their work showed no lack of the inventive faculty, and was intelligently done.

A few words must be said regarding the models of villas and other dwelling-houses designed by Prof. Hoffmann, Hartwig Fischel, Alfred Keller, Robert Örley, Freiherr von Krauss, and other



CERAMIC FIGURE. DESIGNED BY FRANK SCHLEISS, EXECUTED AT THE Gmundener Keramik-Werkstätte



CERAMIC VASES AND FRUIT STAND. DESIGNED BY MICHAEL POWOLNY, EXECUTED AT THE WIENER KERAMIK-WERKSTÄTTE OF POWOLNY AND LOFFLER

prominent architects who of late years have been devoting earnest attention to this domain. Some of these habitations were quite unpretentious, others more imposing, but all showed sound knowledge of construction and much right thought in planning, comfort and utility being kept well in view.

Enough has been said to show how deep are the roots of modern decorative art in Austria, and that the branches of the tree are spreading in every direction. Nothing could help to make this fact more convincing than the recent exhibition of the work of the students, male and female, of the Imperial Schools for Arts and Crafts. But this must be left for a future occasion. Here it must suffice to say that, together with the Austrian Museum exhibition, it formed an organic whole.

A. S. LEVETUS.

THE Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, of which Mr. Walter Crane is president, is now holding its tenth exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, 51A New Bond Street, and the exhibition will remain open until the end of January. It has not been possible for us to review this display in the present number, and we have therefore been obliged to reserve our comments on it until next month, when we hope to give illustrations of many of the objects on view, as we have done on the occasions of previous exhibitions. We desire at the same time to thank those of the exhibitors who have been good enough to furnish us with authorisation to photograph their exhibits or have sent us photographs of these.

## A NOTE ON THE WORK OF THE CZECH PAINTER, RUDOLF BÉM.

THE Czech painter, Rudolf Bém, whose work in landscape and figure painting is represented in the accompanying illustrations, is a member of the "Manes" association of artists in Prague. One of the most talented pupils of the academy under Prof. Hynais, and winner of many prizes, he made his *début* in 1893 with the exhibition of a *Head of Christ*, for which

he was later awarded the Haag gold medal and the "Grand Prix." Bém very early turned his attention to portrait-painting and soon gained repute as the painter of the highest Bohemian nobility and Prague society. He had no sooner gained for himself a reputation for portraiture than, having



CHARCOAL PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER A. K. BY RUDOLF BÉM



"BEFORE THE MIRROR." FROM THE  
PAINTING BY RUDOLF BÉM

## Rudolf Bém

won some travelling scholarships, he was taken away to new fields of labour in Paris and Munich.

It is said that an artist who is successful in portraiture will surely be successful in other branches of art, and Mr. Bém has proved the truth of the saying by his work during the last few years. He belongs to those among the modern school of artists who do not specialise in any direction but seek and find beauty in all its manifestations. He is, on the contrary, always ready to respond to new ideas. Perhaps he himself thinks he has not yet found a style of his own, because he continually varies his work, from portraiture to nature and back to more decorative paintings. But one can always trace the intention of the artist to depict the effects of light and colour in his work.

The pictorial problems of landscape-painting have always strongly attracted him and for a long time he devoted all his energy to it. The result of this was a great number of varied impressions of the

countries which were the scenes of his labours. The Modern Gallery in Prague has acquired his picture called *U Mlýna* (At the Mill), which is a beautiful example of an impressionist's conception of landscape. Notwithstanding his early success Mr. Bém has happily escaped the great danger of falling into the habit of repeating a few limited ideas mechanically.

Lately Bém has turned his attention to the Moravian and Slovak peasantry, with their highly ornamental traditional garb. These have been the subject of numerous studies, one of which is here reproduced. I have heard that he thinks of settling in Moravia, so that he may indulge wholly in the impressions fostered by the Slav peasants and their love of colour which comports so well with modern methods of out-door painting. The thoroughness of this artist does much credit to his many-sidedness. He is a painter of great technical powers, a finished draughtsman and a fine colourist



"A WINDY DAY"

FROM THE PAINTING BY RUDOLF BÉM





"A SLOVACK PEASANT GIRL. A STUDY  
BY RUDOLF RÉM





"BY THE BROOK"

FROM THE PAINTING BY RUDOLF BÉM

to boot, and may be regarded as a worthy representative of modern Czech painting.

H. SCHANZER.

## THE OLD AND NEW SCHOOLS OF JAPANESE PAINTING.

A FEW months ago Hermann Sudermann's "Die Heimat," after a run of a week in Tokyo, under the auspices of the Bungei Kyokai, a literary and theatrical association, was suppressed by the Japanese Home Office mainly upon the ground that it was in a way a protest against filial piety, which constitutes so essential a part of our national ethics. The free, aggressive, and independent spirit of youth as expressed in Magda is indeed incompatible with the old spirit as evinced by the dogmatic and obstinate nature of her father, and must lead to constant friction between the two. But such differences as these are inevitable in the

life of a nation in a state of transition, and are apparent everywhere in Japan. Note, for example, the marked incompatibility, the constant and wearing friction between the two schools of artists known respectively as the "Old" and the "New" or "Progressive" school of Japanese painting.

There has been constant contention and dissension between these two schools, especially in reference to the Mombusho Bijutsu Tenrankai, that is, the Annual Art Exhibition held under the auspices of the Department of Education. The Mombusho, in trying to do away with this friction between the two factions, has recently reorganised its jury system for Japanese painting, and the new rules come into effect at the Autumn Exhibition this year. While the interdict against the production of "Die Heimat" has been removed, as the result of some changes made in the text, the value of the recent change by the Mombusho in the jury system is yet to be seen.

## Japanese Paintings



"RAIN STORM"

BY MASUZU SHUNNAN

This friction dates back to the time when the Annual Art Exhibition was created by law with a government subsidy and placed under the Department of Education, Baron Makino being then at the head of the Department. From the very beginning the exhibition was generally recognised to be more or less in favour of the new movement then gaining ground in the art world of Japan. The great majority of the judges were members of the Tokyo School of Fine Arts. Opposed to this institution stood the Nihon Bijutsu Kyokai, an old and influential art society which, under the leadership of Masao Gejo, a member of the House of Lords, champions the "Old" school. The feeling current among certain sections of Japanese painters against the Mombusho Exhibition may be judged by the fact that the Kokuga Gyokuseikai was organised in

opposition, this association professing to encourage the "true" style of Japanese painting. The attitude of the committee of judges of the Annual Art Exhibition towards the artists of the "Old" school became so marked that the Minister of Education was recently questioned in the House of Lords on the subject.

The contention between the two schools reached its climax at the time of the Fifth Annual Exhibition of Art in 1911, when four of the judges sent in their resignations. They were Mochizuki Kimpo; Masuzu Shunnan, whose *Rain Storm* is included among our illustrations; Takashima Hokkai, whose *Landscape* may also be found among our reproductions; and Sakuma Tetsuen, all of whom profess to belong to the "Old" school and who have served on the committee for four consecutive exhibitions. According to their opinion, it is but a natural consequence of the tendencies of the present day that the greater



LANDSCAPE

BY TAKASHIMA HOKKAI



## *Japanese Paintings*



"THE WATER" (SIX-PANELLED SCREEN)

BY OTAKE CHIKUHA



"IN THE YOUNG GRASS" (SIX-PANELLED SCREEN)

BY KONOSHIMA ŌKOKU

number of high awards should go to the productions of the "New" school, but they maintain that the giving of these awards to experimental productions not worthy of the name of art must prove detrimental to the true spirit of art, and fearing that the present tendency will lead to destroying the best characteristics of true Japanese painting, they cannot look on calmly at the sad and inevitable end while on the committee.

It is needless to say that they are denounced by their opponents, who insinuate that these "Old" school painters merely copy the skeleton of the productions of artists who worked in the latter part of the Tokugawa period (1603-1868) and can hardly be called the true Old Masters of Japanese art. They also claim that the adherents of the

"New" school have in them the spirit of the real old masters to which they are trying to give new expression, and maintain that there is no danger of losing the best qualities of their national art.

Putting aside the arguments of both parties, we reproduce here for our readers' judgment some of the more prominent works shown at the exhibition of 1911. Two of them, *In the Young Grass*, by Konoshima Ōkoku of Kyoto, and *The Water*, by Otake Chikuha of Tokyo, were awarded second prizes, the highest bestowed at any of the annual exhibitions. The *Two Girls in a Shower*, by Kitano Tsunetomi of Osaka, was one of the seven which received third prizes.

The unfriendly feeling between the two schools was brought to the highest pitch when towards the



"THE RAIN"

BY TAKENOUCHI SEIHŌ

close of the exhibition of 1911 a certain eccentric artist, who follows the Shijo style, defaced the works of five members of the committee by drawing a large black line across the pictures with a sponge saturated with ink. The works damaged included one by Sakuma Tetsuen, referred to above, whose subject was *Shoki*, a fierce-looking individual who drives away evil spirits and ushers in happiness: *The Rain*, by Takenouchi Seihō, here reproduced: and a landscape by Kawabata Gyokushō, which has already appeared in these pages.

In order to secure a more harmonious co-operation for the unbiased judgment of art productions, the Mombusho has divided the committee of judges for Japanese painting into two sections, each group consisting of a chairman and twelve members. A great majority of the judges in the first section are advocates of the "Old" school, while the second section consists

chiefly of adherents of the "New" school. The four judges who tendered their resignation have been retained in the first section, while Viscount Tamemori Iriye, Mr. Masao Tanimori, and Yamamoto Baisō, a *nanga* artist of Handa, near Nagoya, have been newly appointed and added to the first section. This reorganisation has caused a great deal of discussion among the artists of Japan. Many are opposed to the change, while not a few lament the fact that politics seem to be playing a part in the matter. Whether any real benefit or evil will result from the changes remains, of course, to be seen.

It is interesting to note that a rapidly increasing number of artists are taking up the Western style of painting. The number of students taking courses in European painting at the Tokyo School of Fine



"TWO GIRLS IN A SHOWER"

BY KITANO TSUNETOMI

## Japanese Paintings



"ON BENTENJIMA" (OIL)

(Kofukai Exhibition)

BY KOBAYASHI SHOKICHI

Arts is increasing out of all proportion to those in other courses, and the former now outnumber the students in Japanese painting by more than two to one. Furthermore, a few of our artists in oil seem to be assuming the right attitude towards Western art, and the local public is having an occasional glimpse of the aesthetic value of oil painting as seen in a real masterpiece.

Two exhibitions of paintings in the Western style were recently held in Uyeno Park, Tokyo, by the Taiheiyogakai and the Kofukai, and most of the many pictures displayed there were painted in oils. They came from all parts of Japan, but the works of Tokyo artists predominated. One could not fail to observe that the present tendency is towards strong and vivid colours. Judging from their work, most of the young artists consider brightness the prime requisite in oil painting. Apparently they are striving to follow the tendencies of a certain school in France, with which they are somewhat in touch through men who have studied in Paris and

are assuming the position of leaders here. The conservatives fear that the younger painters in oil are going astray, and, in consequence, are pessimistic about the future. However, the exhibitions were well attended and it would seem that the Western style of painting is becoming popular in Japan.

At the exhibition organised by the Taiheiyogakai there were over five hundred pictures. The Taiheiyogakai is an influential society under the leadership of prominent artists,

among them being Nakagawa Hachirō, whose *Spring Evening* is reproduced among our illustrations. The society includes many promising young artists, and quite a number of pictures have been purchased by the Empress as well as by the Department of the Imperial Household.

For some time the Taiheiyogakai was one of the two large rival societies of *yōgaka*, as the artists who follow the Western style of painting are called. The other was the Hakubakai. Both are



"LOW TIDE" (OIL)

(Kofukai Exhibition)

BY ATOMI TAI



"A SPRING EVENING" (OIL). BY NAKAGAWA HACHIRO  
(*Taiheiyogakai Exhibition*)

offshoots of the Meiji Bijutsukai, or Fine Art Society of Meiji. Towards the close of 1894, Kuroda Kiyoteru, Kume Keiichiro, and others who had studied painting in Paris withdrew from this society and founded the Hakubakai, or "White Horse Society," which gathered many promising aspirants to its fold. Five years later, Yoshida Hiroshi, Mitsutani Kunishiro, Nagachi Hideta, and others broke away from the mother society and organised the Taiheiyogakai above referred to. The Hakubakai, however, having accomplished its mission, was disbanded about a year ago. Recently an exhibition was organised by the new society called "Kofukai," which was thought by many to be the "White Horse Society" resurrected, as the organisers were no other than seven of Mr. Kuroda's *monjin*, once active members of the Hakubakai. It is asserted, however, that they have nothing to do with the disbanded society. The first exhibition of the Kofukai proved a success. There were about four hundred paintings, chiefly in oil, about a quarter of them being by the organisers of the society, including Atomi Tai and Kobayashi Shokichi, and there were also on exhibition some works by recognised masters. However, a visit to this exhibition as well as the other noticed above convinced me that those

of our painters who have adopted the Western style have much to learn and a great deal to strive for.

HARADA JIRO.

## STUDIO-TALK.

(*From Our Own Correspondents.*)

LONDON.—Mr. W. J. Laidlay, whose death took place at Freshwater in the Isle of Wight on the 25th October, was a sincere, conscientious and sensitive painter, and a most interesting personality. He was the actual founder of the New English Art Club, and throughout his artistic career worked incessantly in the somewhat fruitless cause of the reform of the Royal Academy. He was the author of several books dealing with this and kindred subjects, including "The Royal Academy: its Uses and Abuses," and 'Art, Artists, and Landscape Painting.' For some years he was an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and was also a frequent exhibitor at the Paris Salon and the New Gallery. Mr. Laidlay, after graduating at Cambridge, was called to the Bar in 1875, but his love of art triumphed, and in 1879 he went to Paris, where for some years he was a pupil of Carolus Duran and Bouguereau.



"A SEA SHORE" (OIL) BY KIMURA RYŌICHI  
(*Taiheiyogakai Exhibition*)





"BLUE HYDRANGEAS"

(Goupil Gallery Salon)

BY J. E. BLANCHE

We also regret to record the death of Mr. E. J. van Wisselingh, the well-known expert and dealer. Mr. van Wisselingh often showed both insight and kindness in the early encouragement he gave to modern artists who have since risen to fame.

The annual Salon of the Goupil Gallery in Regent Street is nowadays one of the leading events of the autumn season in London, and this year it fully maintains the high standard which the proprietors of the gallery always strive to attain. In one respect it is of especial interest, for just at a moment when some of the first principles that have controlled the finest art of our time have been challenged in theory Mr. Wilson Steer reasserts them here in a work which must rank among the great landscapes of the present, and not the less so on account of the fact that for Mr. Steer it is small in scale. We refer to the picture called *Low Tide*, with its sensitive silvery colour. Another work in this exhibition revealing its creator's art at its very best is Mr. James Pryde's *The Unknown Corner*. No picture of a romantic street-corner could

throw more of a spell over the right kind of spectator than this one, but as is the case with all very subjective art, Mr. Pryde's pictures must have the right kind of spectator—the "Pryde" spectator. M. J. E. Blanche is represented in the exhibition by some of the still-life pieces in which he is such a master; his greatest success here is the *Blue Hydrangeas*. Besides these works of M. Blanche there are some other contributions of a similar character to which this Salon owes not a little of its distinction, such as, for example, Mr. William Nicholson's *Still-Life*, Mr. W. B. E. Ranken's *Flower Piece*, and Mr. H. M. Livens's *Sweet Peas and Roses* and *Still-Life*. Mr. William Nicholson also exhibits landscapes which are in his finest vein, scenes in which sentiment is not concealed and which in their very simplicity are a lesson. That the problems of interior lighting continue to have a fascination for many painters is shown by various pictures in which these problems have been handled with much ability and at the same time with that kind of feeling which makes them something more than mere technical exercises.

## Studio-Talk

In this connection we would name especially the *Breakfast in my Studio*, by Mr. Patrick W. Adam, R.S.A.; and the *Petit Appartement à Paris* and *Le Salon Rose*, by Mr. W. C. Gore. Mr. William Orpen's *An Arran Islander* is one of the outstanding features of the exhibition. A masterly piece of winter landscape is the *Snow, Canada*, by Mr. J. W. Morrice, a painter who holds a distinguished position among the artists of the Dominion. A striking contrast to this is Mr. D. Y. Cameron's *The Peaks*, pitched in a very low key—lower indeed than is his wont. In a brief notice such as this we cannot do more than indicate a few of the works which in our opinion call for special mention, but besides those we have just named we must not omit to refer to Mr. Henry Bishop's *From my Roof Terrace, Tetuan*, Mr. Alexander Jamieson's *Rye, The Port*, Mr. T. C. Dugdale's *The Little Pavilion, Trianon*, Mr. J. B. Manson's *Skill-Life*, M. Felix Vallotton's *Fleurs*, Miss Hilda Fearon's *Afternoon Tea*, and pictures by Mr. Algernon Talmage and

Mr. Philip Connard. Post-Impressionism is not excluded from the exhibition, but the Post-Impressionists represented seem to only have one ideal for a picture: that of making it—especially if it is a still-life piece—as much like the pattern of a Victorian chintz curtain as possible. Many of the artists succeed, but we find it impossible to value this ideal of decoration and success as highly as its exponents would wish it valued.

The Autumn Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, which closes on the 16th, ranks high among those which this society has held. Its strength lies with the activity of a small group of members. Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton has never given us a water-colour more atmospheric or better composed than that of *The Dunes looking towards Hardelot, France*. In its remarkable composition this is a completed picture, without losing the actuality that is secured to art by the artist being immediately in contact with nature while painting



"FROM MY ROOF TERRACE, TETUAN"

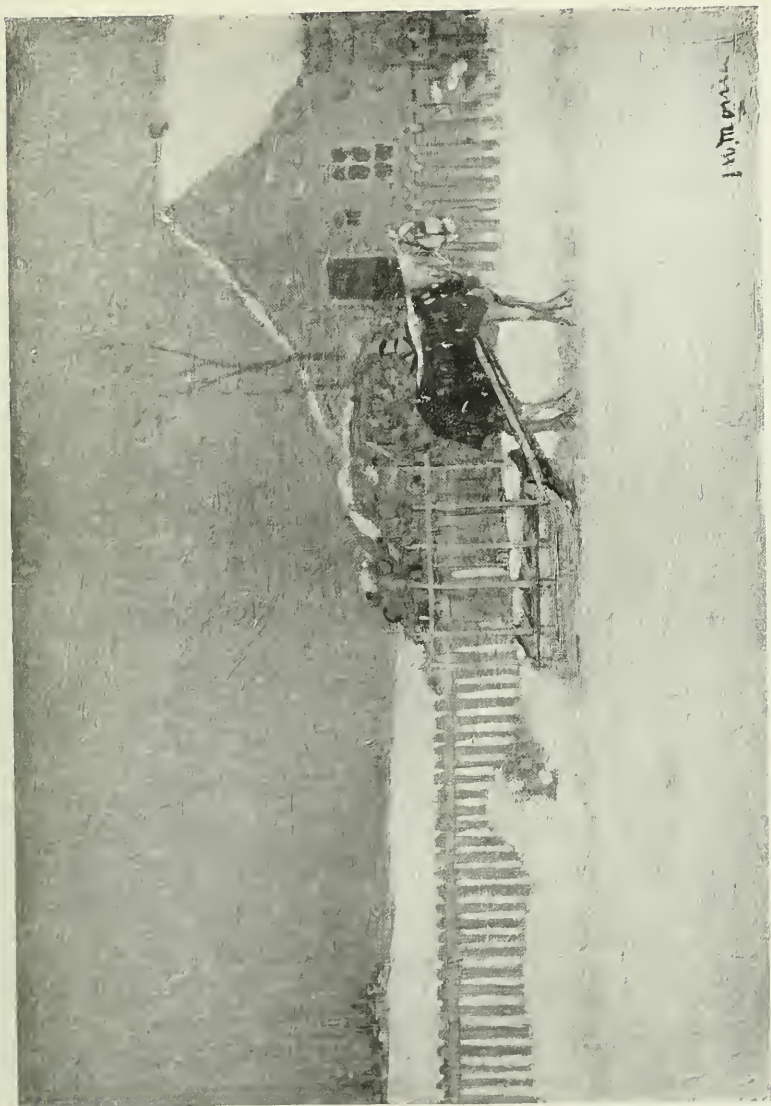
(Goupil Gallery Salon)

BY HENRY BISHOP









"SNOW, CANADA." BY J. W. MORRICE

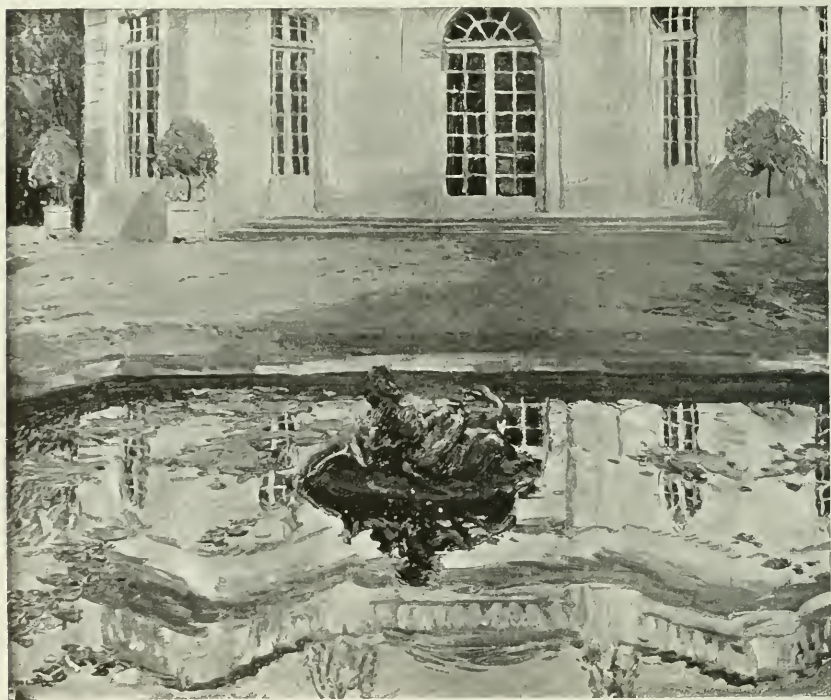
(Goupil Gallery Salon)

it. Another artist to the fore this year, with work that in its colour seems more sincere and less artificial than sometimes heretofore, is Mr. Lamorna Birch. Mr. Robert Allan, in his *Beccles Church* and *In from the Fishing*, is also a very interesting contributor this year. Mr. Charles Sims exhibits two or three works vividly naturalistic for all their fantasy, and his powers are very much greater in this naturalistic presentment than in his frankly artificial *The Pavilion*. Mrs. Laura Knight's *A Grey Day* is a salient feature of the exhibition, and two drawings by Mr. Walter Bayes, *The Panorama Platform* and *Elle à l'air espagnol* are admirable and rare instances of an artist successfully fusing realism and decoration. A charming little work is *A Barn in Dorset* by Mr. Herbert Alexander. A fine instance of Mr. E. J. Sullivan's command of water-colour is present in his work *The Golden Girl*. *Caerlaverock Castle* is perhaps the best of Mr. Paterson's two contributions. Sir

Ernest Waterlow, Mr. J. W. North, A.R.A., Mr. Alfred Parsons, R.A., and Mr. Walter Crane are well represented, and the exhibition owes much to contributions by Mr. George Clausen, R.A., and Mr. A. S. Hartrick.

The interesting drawing which we here reproduce in facsimile is by Mr. Ernest C. Bewlay, whose name may be familiar to our readers as a member of the firm of Cossins, Peacock, and Bewlay, architects, of Birmingham. This drawing and others of his which have come under our notice prove that in Mr. Bewlay we have an artist as well as an architect.

The Black Frame Club's 1912 exhibition was held in the Doré Gallery last month. In this exhibition Mr. E. Borough Johnson exhibited some small interior pictures of unusual interest, revealing his exceptionally skilful technique. Mr. Percy



"THE LITTLE PAVILION, TRIANON"

(Goupil Gallery Salon)

BY T. C. DUGDALE



"NEAR ROTTERDAM." FROM A CHALK  
DRAWING BY ERNEST C. BEWLAY.





## Studio-Talk

W. Gibbs, in a picture *Black and Silver*, was another exhibitor giving attractiveness to the walls. The late Mr. W. J. Laidlay's *Off to the Fishing Ground*, Mr. Septimus E. Scott's *Sunday Morning, Walkerswick*, and exhibits by Mr. Benjamin Haughton and Mr. F. F. Foottet were also among the most notable features of the show.

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At the Stafford Gallery last month the Senefelder Club for the advancement of artistic lithography held its fourth exhibition. It included part of Mr. Joseph Pennell's remarkable series of Panama lithographs, fine prints by Miss Ethel Sabain, Mr. John Copley, Mr. Anthony R. Barker, Mr. G. Spencer-Pryse, Mr. A. S. Hartrick, Mr. T. R. Way, and also some prints by Mr. Brangwyn and Mr. Charles Shannon which had been seen before.

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Mr. Maxwell Armfield's exhibition at the Carfax Gallery in November sustained the reputation he

has acquired as a master of decoration; his pictures are always conceived in the spirit of decoration, form and colour aiming at this with him, and not at reality of representation. Mountain drawing is a feature of his work, and in this vein his realism is convincing, whilst no one knows better how to take advantage of the bold sweep of hill-lines so that they resolve themselves within a frame into rhythmic composition.

TORONTO.—At the end of September the Canadian National Exhibition of 1912 closed its doors upon delighted visitors numbering nearly one million. It claims the attention of art lovers elsewhere on account of the excellent display of pictures by Canadian artists in the Gallery of Fine Arts, consisting of one hundred and thirty compositions in oil, water-colour, and pastel—the work of fifty-five artists. They were the pick of some hundreds of works sent in for approval from every part of the Canadian Dominion.



"WATERFALL IN THE NORTH COUNTRY"

FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY F. H. BRIGDEN

## Studio-Talk

Prominent among them were the following, arranged for method's sake in categories.

**Landscape and Figures.** The President of the Royal Canadian Academy, Mr. William Brymner, exhibited two very excellent compositions, *Feeding Chickens* and *Autumn Days*, both characteristic of Canadian environment. Mr. Brymner's strong points are simplicity of treatment, effective illumination, and harmonious colouring. One of the most effective pictures was *Waterfall in the North Country*, a water-colour by Mr. F. H. Brigden, in which the purple-blues and graded greens peculiar to Canadian landscape are rendered with much charm. In the same category must be named two forest subjects by lady artists, *The Edge of the Wood*, by Mrs. Knowles, and *Winter Morning*, by Miss Wrinch—the former a characteristic summer symphony of sky and landscape in the boundless expanse of Canada's azure atmosphere, in which the red pine and the silver birch as well as the raw grass are well rendered; the latter a harmonic score of sunlit snow and shade, with great pine-trees, black and bare, for bars, for the *La ly of the Snows* is arrayed

in her flawless winter mantle, whilst the Northern Lights reflect their peculiar blues upon the snow. Mr. Homer Watson, who is known to the British public by his pictures shown this year in London, had a "bit" of Canada seen through the glasses of Rousseau and Diaz, whose works he loves so well—*The Source*, a delightful arrangement of nature's greens, deep in colour and high in finish. Another canvas, *The Stronghold*, was decorative in character, a dream of the painter's fancy. Four examples of the art of F. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A., were also hung. Few men have the courage of this artist to approach the mammoth majesties of the peerless Rockies and pitch their easels full in the face of such mighty works of nature. He has dealt almost photographically with the problems of mass, distance, and depth.

**Marine Subjects.** Mr. Robert F. Gagen stands, perhaps, at the head of Canadian painters of sea and river. To the exhibition he contributed three striking canvases—*The Restless Sea*, *Surf*, and *The Sunlit Reef*—all painted on the coast of Maine. There is no British tone about these paintings:



"THE RESTLESS SEA"

BY R. F. GAGEN, R.C.A.



"HOUSES, RICHMOND STREET,  
TORONTO." BY LAWREN S. HARRIS



"TRACKS AND TRAFFIC"  
BY J. E. H. MACDONALD



## Studio-Talk

sky, rock, and water are American in character. There is a boldness and tonality in Gagen's treatment of water which give distinction to his work. He is an adept, too, in rendering stretches of the glorious St. Lawrence River, with its emeraldine-topaz tones of water, its great indigo-purple bluffs—topped with green-russet downs, and weird deposits of prehistoric lacustrine sands of ruddy hue. *Surf* has been purchased by the Canadian Government. Mr. A. M. Fleming's *The Moon and the Fading Day*, painted off the coast of Maine, also revealed a master hand in the rendition of aqueous glories of the eventide. Mr. Farquhar McG. Knowles's *Evening Glow*—capriciously so styled—was of quite a different order. His good ship has weathered fearsome gales and now lies at anchor by the Quebec pier, her battered hull being the painter's looking-glass of the sun, reflecting the

westering orb of day. Mr. Knowles is a past-master in ship-building and ship-sailing—he knows every detail from keel to mast-head. He has painted many admirable compositions of battleships of to-day. One of Canada's best marine painters, Mr. W. M. Cutts, was not well represented: he and his artist wife were away in England painting on the Devon-Cornwall coast.

Street Scenes. Painters reveal their nationality in nothing more clearly than in their rendering of the sights of every-day life. *Houses in Richmond Street*, by Mr. Lawren S. Harris, could only have been painted in Toronto. This was one of the three finest canvases in the exhibition and attracted attention on account of its simplicity of composition and the wealth of its impasto. The shadows of the leaves of the yellowing maples, thrown by the

vivid sun upon the white stuccoed walls and green jalousies, are splendidly worked up in secondary tones by a full brush. The effect is almost illusive, we have the shadows of shadows dipped in grey and gold. *Craig Street, Montreal*, by Mr. Maurice Cullen, also claimed general attention as a fine example of the effect of winter's meagre and solemn colouring on canvas. Mr. Cullen excels in the rendition of mists and shadows. In Newfoundland—that dour land of ice and fog—he finds endless subjects for his sympathetic brush. Another painter of much promise in the same line of atmospheric effects is Mr. James E. H. MacDonald. His *Early Winter's Evening* has been purchased by the Canadian Government for the National Gallery at Ottawa. The picture of his, however, which caused the most interest was *Tracks and Traffic*, a *tour de force* of the



"THE CONFIDANTE"

BY E. WYLY GRIER, R.C.A.

effects of steam and snow. No such scenes may be beheld anywhere but in Canada, where every manufacturing and transporting enterprise is hustle-bustle evermore. The handling of such an in-artistic subject as a Canadian Pacific locomotive, and the tale Mr. MacDonald has made it tell of a nation's progress, are eloquent of his grasp of actualities and his imaginative interpretation of the things he sees and feels. In the same category was *The Rag Market at Bruges*, by Mr. James W. Beatty, done with very much of the fullness and soundness of the Dutch painters of to-day.

Portraiture and Animals. That Canadian painters have acquired distinction in the art of portraiture was amply proved by works in this year's exhibition. Mr. E. Dyonnet's was the most forceful work of all. If *An Old Inhabitant* may not rank with the famous and strong-visaged men of Rembrandt and Franz Hals it is all the same a very capable work. Miss M. Shore, in her *Sisters*, exhibited a spontaneous piece of work. She is a disciple of Henri and has acquired his clever eye-glance; her colour shows the influence of Whistler as well as Henri. *The Confidante* and *The Huntress* by Mr. Edmund Wyly Grier are the work of a romantic

artist who paints in a city lane and lives in a country shack. He has the faculty of exciting the curiosity of his visitors. He is especially fond of transferring to his canvas personal idiosyncrasies of his sitters—such as passing the hand through the hair, twitching of the mouth, and so forth. Hence his effects are actual likenesses—not picture portraits only. Mr. George Agnew Reid's style is decorative, which he teaches in the highest expression of painting. Forceful by nature, he is a poetic painter, and loves to delineate episodes of Canadian history. His panels, over-doors, and mantels are very beautifully designed and carried out. Mrs. Reid paints too, and paints well—still-life, flowers, nocturnes, and sunlit symphonies. Certain other contributions were highly praiseworthy—notably those of Mr. Gustav Hahn, Mr. Charles W. Jeffery, Mr. Herbert Palmer, and Mr. H. Britton.

Enough, perhaps, has been said, although much more is worthy of communication, to show that Canadian art is flourishing, but it needs sympathy and encouragement. Canadians in general are not yet alive to the beauties of the Fine Arts. It takes generations of delvers and builders to prepare the



"THE CASTLE OF CHENONCEAUX"

(See *Paris Studio-Talk*, next page)

BY FRANK BOGGS



"THE CASTLE OF SAUMUR"

BY FRANK BOGGS

national edifice for painters and decorators. It is proposed to hold a representative exhibition of Canadian art in the capital of the Empire in the winter of 1913-1914. Art lovers in London will there have opportunities of appreciating and encouraging artists worthy of their consideration. The exhibition will certainly strengthen the ties which unite the Mother Country and the great Dominion.

E. S.

PARIS.—Mr. Frank Boggs, whose name I have frequently had occasion to mention in connection with the Salons or certain choice exhibitions of water-colours, has recently shown an *ensemble* of his most important drawings in this medium at the Galeries Haussmann in the Rue la Boétie. This, therefore, affords me an excellent opportunity of saying a few words about the distinguished art of this painter and of calling attention to the place of honour he has achieved for himself in modern water-colour.

Frank Boggs was the friend of Jongkind, which of course implies that he is not a very young painter. He has, however, worked in silence, indifferent to success, and hence it arises that fame has come to

him rather late in life, though it is not on that account any the less brilliant. Then, too, though Boggs worked with Jongkind one is certainly not justified in affirming that he was the pupil of the latter. There existed between them a certain similarity of inspiration and both have made use of methods which often showed a close kinship. Boggs is an admirable painter of Paris. His water-colours reveal an impeccable draughtsmanship while they remain very broad and free in style. He bestows much care upon his skies, which are always treated most spiritedly, and upon waters with their myriad reflections which he paints with consummate skill.

The most important among these works are those which form the unforgettable series depicting the castles of the Loire. In these the artist has really achieved a profound mastery of his medium. He has rendered with rare ability all the fine contours of these calm landscapes and those chateaux which are among the marvels of French architecture, setting down their sombre note in his composition and drawing the irregularities of their towers, their keeps and terraces. Amboise, Chenonceaux, Blois, Chambord, Saumur, Loches, Chinon, Azay-le-Rideau, Montreuil-Bellay—all these we find



"THE CASTLE OF MONTREUIL-BELIAY"

BY FRANK BOGGS

represented in first-rate examples of this clever artist's work.

H. F.

**B**ERLIN.—The Royal Academy of Arts has made an effort to show by a finely arranged exhibition of East Asiatic Art the extent to which the best productions of Chinese and Japanese sculpture, painting, and applied art are represented in the leading German collections. Only a few choice pieces were admitted, and no attempt was made to fill gaps by inferior productions. With this most instructive show Prof. Arthur Kampf ended his unusually successful presidency of these Academy exhibitions.

When on two previous occasions illustrations were given in these pages of Frau Kathe Kruse's dolls lively interest was aroused in these really artistic productions. This talented woman, who is the wife of Prof. Max Kruse, sculptor

himself, a lover of labour in all its various forms, in the fields, in gardens, mines, factories, and in the harbour. One saw here pictures painted in unbroken colours, jubilant or subdued, plastic works of robust form and rhythmic vitality, and etchings, drawings, and lithographs which grasped nature's aspects in lines at once simple and confident. A



WASHABLE AND UNBREAKABLE DOLLS

DESIGNED BY KATHE KRUSE





"REST" BY FRITZ GÄRTNER  
(By permission of the Neue Photographische Gesellschaft, Berlin)

realist of almost primitive vigour was here the producer, an artist whose best revelations spring from rural solitude. The humour of the socialist is missing in these plodding men and women. However trenchantly the burden of toil is expressed, its consequences are not made to appear degrading but salutary in health and structure. At times this painter of naturalism is seized with a Zolaesque enthusiasm for *la grande fertilité* or the devotional raptures of Breton or Millet in presence of his patient models in the peaceful fields. He sees with the modernist's eye and can render dazzling sunlight or dawn, summer and winter, with equal sureness. The decorative element forms a strong point in his selection, and he does not tie himself down to a limited range of subjects. His abilities appear of equal strength in painting, sculpture, and the graphic arts, and the indefatigable exercise of such versatile gifts keeps his productive qualities fresh. Fritz Gärtner was born in 1882 at Aussig, but lives and works in the Westphalian country. After

having studied in Munich under Hackl, Löffitz, and Marr, he settled at Schloss Malinckrodt, where he has his open-air studio. He is a member of the different Secession groups and of the Deutscher Künstlerbund, and became known by his contributions to "Jugend." His pictures and plastic works have been going the round of the chief towns in Austria and Germany and attracting a well-deserved attention. J. J.

STOCKHOLM.—During the past summer the capital of Sweden was able to offer its citizens pleasures they seldom have an opportunity of enjoying, and its visitors some most effective attractions. In the wonderfully beautiful Stadium, the genial creation of the architect Torben Grut, athletes from every quarter of the globe engaged in friendly rivalry for classic laurels and more modern medals, while else-



"EVENING" BY FRITZ GÄRTNER  
(By permission of the Neue Photographische Gesellschaft, Berlin)

where the Artists' Association (Konstnarsförbundet) opened one of the most important exhibitions of modern art that have been offered to the Swedish public for a very long time. It is seven years since this society met in one common exhibition in the capital of Sweden, on which occasion it celebrated the twentieth anniversary of its foundation. The exhibition this year was of quite a different character. The golden age of Swedish "stamning" painting—the painting expressive of a mood—is past. Eugen Jansson's night visions of Stockholm, Karl Nordström's gloom-filled west coast breakers, Thøgerström's moonlight parks, which had replaced the transparent everyday pictures of the eighties, have had in their turn to make way for new and sunnier artistic ideals.

Prince Eugen, whose work dominated the second largest room at the exhibition, still stands with one foot fast fixed on the ground where he has created so many delightful works of art. I lately had the opportunity of describing in the pages of this magazine the course of his artistic development, the stages of which were illustrated in this exhibition by a choice collection of his finest landscapes. But that which attracted the chief attention of the

beholder was the great altar-piece for Kiruna Church. The very idea of choosing a landscape as the motif of an altar-piece is as new as it is remarkable. Its significance, at a time when the ability to give a new and simple, yet convincing, reading to old Biblical subjects seems to be almost entirely dead—the Danish artist Joakim Skovgaard is the one brilliant exception—cannot easily be over-estimated, even if, as often enough happens perhaps, it is misunderstood and abused. It is hardly necessary to speak of the purely artistic value and the immense decorative qualities of this vast canvas. But no one who does not know what the Kiruna mining district is, no one who has not trodden these streets which begin at the point, so to say, where tree-growth ceases and which at no time during the year are entirely free from snow, can in full measure appreciate the geniality of the way in which the entire subject has been grasped. For the fertile central Swedish landscape depicted here, with its light, cool colours, its overflowing sunshine, its noble and magnificent form prompting the imagination to flights far beyond the horizon, must, to a soul tortured by a wearisome, month-long winter night, be a veritable vision of the glades of Paradise.



"SNOW AND OLEN WATER, SANDHAMN"

FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY AXEL SJÖBERG



"RETURNING FROM CHURCH." FROM THE  
OIL PAINTING BY CARL WILHELMSON

In the room thus filled by the Kiruna picture a wall was reserved for Acke. The sphere in which this talented but variable artist moves embraces both persons and places. Of the former, attention may be specially called to the portrait-group of the Bonnier family, which breathes of the intimacy of home-life. But that which perhaps most strongly appeals to Acke is the strand where sea and land embrace and which, with its constantly varying character, is one of the most grateful fields of labour in Swedish landscape art. The breakers that wash the soft curves of the reef sing to him a clear, ringing melody; in this translucent atmosphere the very bodies seem to have acquired something transparent, like a hand which is held with lightly closed fingers towards the sun.

Rikard Lindström looks with darker and manlier gaze at the meeting-place of land and sea. The earth is more substantial, the water heavier, and the movement consequently stronger than in Acke's work. His masterpiece was *Evening Glow*, in which the colouring, difficult to reproduce, has reached an intensity that can hardly be surpassed. For Axel Sjöberg, again, the embrace of sea and land is not an expression of intoxicating ecstasy; it is rather strife between two adverse forces that seek to annihilate each other. Ice covers the hard waters until there approaches a spring day when they break their bonds and, in the hour of deliverance, are transformed into a mighty, destroying force. Karl Nordström, the doughty leader of the Association in its polemic warfare ever since its formation, has outlived his artistic *Sturm und Drang* period. The skerries have become for him a pleasant summer resort which it is a delight to depict in new colours and with a fresh technique.

At first sight there would seem to be little in common between the Eugen Jansson who ten years ago gave us the night views of Stockholm and the artist of the same name who, in the largest room of the exhibition, on vast fields of canvas, depicted the healthy, unfettered life of the Swedish sailor. Yet we recognise certain characteristics of former days. We still discover in every delineation of the human figure a disinclination to reproduce a clearly evident, material, tangible surface. The artist sometimes goes so far in his paraphrase of veritable consistency that illusion becomes almost delusion; and although Jansson's chief interest is clearly being drawn more and more to the delineation of the naked model, there is no realistic actuality to be expected in his pictures of moving

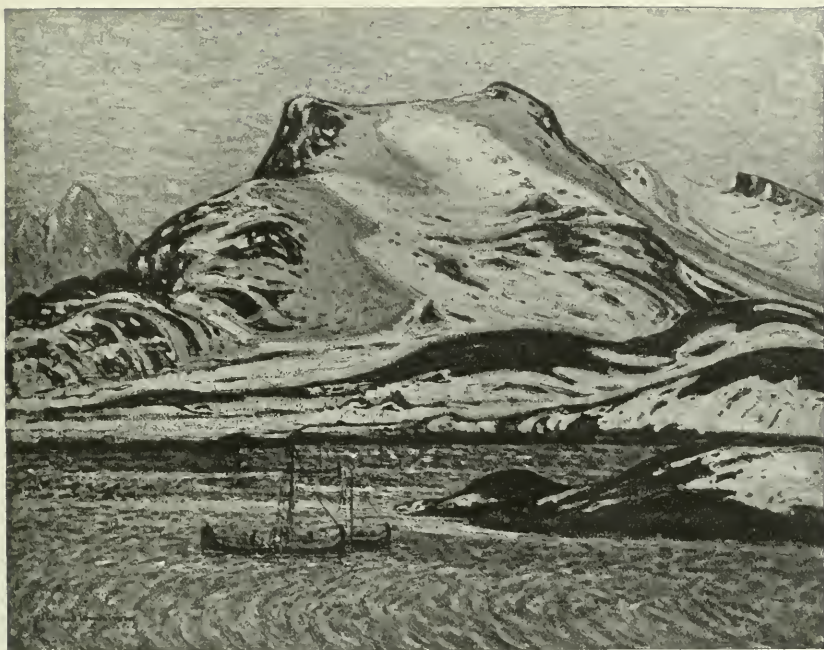
life. In the bathing scenes it is the aerial perspective that creates the artistic transformation; in the athlete and acrobat delineations he searches for the nerves and muscles lying beneath the surface.

When Gösta von Hennigs carries us with him into the arena it is not to admire the muscle play of the acrobats, but to enchain our attention by the brilliant dresses and the display of purely physical feats of agility. He looks with an indulgent smile at the equilibristic performances of the human animal. His canvases possess the uniform colouring and the thorough surface technique of the modern boarding picture. The drawing is summary, but often reproduces with convincing truth the impression of movement. His dazzling



BRONZE STATUETTE OF THE LAP-  
LANDER JOHAN THUURL. BY CHRISTIAN  
ERIKSSON





"KJELDBERGSTINDEN, LOFODEN"

FROM THE PAINTING BY RIKARD LINDSTRÖM

colours are combined with extraordinary *bravura* and intensity.

I hardly know of any one besides Carl Larsson who could have as much right as Carl Wilhelmson to be entitled the most Swedish of our artists. Carl Wilhelmson alone has been able to express the open and independent, the mild yet storm-worn, the conscientious while gloomy traits of the national character. Take, for instance, the wonderful canvas, *Returning from Church*, a memorial to a race of people nourished and chastened by the sea and the clergy. There is about it something of the simple and solemn tone of a confession of faith: "I believe in the bitterness of life; I believe in the blessing of work, the cheering glory of colour, and the healing light of the sun." It is one of those creations to which an artist can gather his powers but once in his lifetime. And this he can do only if he be a great artist. No technique is cleaner and more transparent than Wilhelmson's, and here without doubt it celebrates one of its greatest triumphs.

Wilhelmson's portraits, in spite of their excellent qualities, give us a hint of the limits of his powers. They show that this very clever observer is not possessed of an imagination mighty enough to fathom the depths of involved mentalities. His delineations of men and women have something dry and uninteresting about them when they reproduce individuals in whom culture is supreme. But this limitation has been of decided service to Wilhelmson; it has preserved his delineations of peasant life from all exaggerated features, and has added to all their other wonderful artistic qualities that of documentary truthfulness.

Richard Bergh is Wilhelmson's antipodes as a portrait painter. For him the exterior is merely a means of expression for the psychic *ego* of the sitter. His portrait of Dr. Ekman is a delightful canvas. Never has the technical ability of the artist been greater than here; never has his eye been sharper. It is clear that it is delineation of personality that is the *alpha* and *omega* of Richard Bergh's art; it is for him a problem the solution of which demands



"HORSES IN MOVEMENT"

FROM THE PAINTING BY NILS KREUGER

almost as much concentration of thought as the purely technical details themselves.

A contrast as great as that just noted between Wilhelmson and Richard Bergh as depictees of men is that existing between the animal paintings of the first-named artist and Nils Kreuger. Both are excellent painters of the horse, but they see their model from altogether different points of view. For Wilhelmson the horse is the beast of burden, the faithful helper and comrade of man in each day's toil. Nils Kreuger, on the other hand, sees in the horse, not the most useful, but the noblest of animals. He loves the horse, not beneath a heavy yoke, but in proud and untrammelled freedom. He seeks for him on the expanses of Öland and the sea-strand slopes of Halland. Here, in the open spaces where man's hand is hardly seen, he has caught the expressions for his sensitive and varying moods, which, with a mere degree of difference in the bearing of the head and neck, can show all the scales of feeling between pride and humility, watchful unrest and confiding calmness. So rich is this theme for the artist that, beneath his hand, it is always new, however unimportant the variations of the motive may be.

The sculpture division of the exhibition was dominated by two names—those of Christian Eriksson and Carl Eldh. In all the range of

Swedish sculpture there can scarcely be found such concentrated power as Eriksson's *Archer*, in whose iron muscles there is such a world of energy as promises that the arrow shall fly far and sure when the moment for action comes. The statue is a well-known one, however, like most of those in Eriksson's magnificent collection. But there were some new things, too, the most remarkable, undoubtedly, being the statuette of Johan Thuuri, the celebrated Laplander. This is not merely a portrait, it is a whole race that the sculptor has here given us, with austere, slight forms, in the gleaming, shadowy bronze. The bearing and the very position of the body are so very characteristic of the race. Carl Eldh has a gentler and more lightsome nature. Sometimes it seems as if he wanted energy to pursue an artistic conception to its final issue. But feeling remains to the end, and this it is that ennobles his best work; this it is that makes *Youth* his masterpiece, which, thanks to the generosity of Zorn, will form part of the collection belonging to the National Museum, for which another of the sculptor's best works, *A Young Girl*, has also been acquired.

A. G.

MADRID.—Eduardo Chicharro forms one of that small band of artists who do not thrust themselves and their productions before the public, but who work to satisfy their own private æsthetic ideals.

He lives isolated, aloof even from contemporary artistic movements. A Castilian, deeply attached to his country, he has transcribed that attachment in some magnificent pictures depicting the customs of Castile; poet, he gives free rein to his poesy in certain fine decorative works; and lastly, as a painter in the true sense of the word, as a lover of colour, he delights also in studies of light, impressions of movement and in various "effects."

Chicharro does not paint the peasants of Castile because they are picturesque, but because he finds himself in the closest affinity with them, because their past is his own and because the soil over which they bow themselves and from which they draw their sustenance, this parched earth which we see in the background of his pictures, is the soil of his own fatherland, scorched by his own sun. All these Castilian works of Chicharro are intimately realistic; but there is, so to say, an *immediate* realism, and there is a second realism infinitely more lofty than the first, which represents not only what is seen but what is felt.

After the contemplation of these arid plateaux, these immense horizons in which there is nothing to distract or rest the eye, Chicharro dreams of another nature where the vegetation is luxurious and abundant, where nothing offends or wearies the eye, where all the forms are beautiful not only with a beauty of character but also with a beauty of harmony, for he is Latin in temperament despite all the appeal of atticism. From this aspiration to escape at times from the all-compelling love of his own land come no doubt certain landscapes in his decorative panels, such as *L'Inspiration*, with delicate tones and numerous contours to arrest the eye. These stand as the antithesis of his Castilian pictures in which he is preoccupied with the verity of his transcriptions of nature, and his decorative

panels become thus symbolical works in which even the central idea is a figment of the artist's brain. Here we find him introducing figures, for he finds them the most apt to reproduce his thought: but these forms are not there for themselves alone—despite their corporeal appearance they do not exist as human beings, but are present as manifestations of passions, of eternal ideas of humanity. Chicharro makes use of no special mythology but employs the symbolism slowly created by mankind, symbols of everlasting import which he feels in himself and which are concordant with his artistic emotions, and which he re-creates in himself in the image of his own personality. Chicharro does not boast of his philosophy, and if his decorative works are so profoundly philosophical it is because they are the purest and truest expression of his artistic sensibilities and thought. Hence their simplicity of line, hence that emotional quality which we find in still greater degree in the sketches which are the first essays towards their creation. All these panels, even to the mournful mediæval triptych *Les Trois Epouses*, are of the genre of "inward" picturing, of "thoughtful" painting.

Chicharro has been described as a "colourist,"



"LE BOSSU DE BURGONDE"

BY EDUARDO CHICHARRO





"L'INSPIRATION DES ARTS REMONTANT À L'ART ÉGYPTIEN"

BY EDUARDO CHICHARRO

and certain critics have thought with this appellation to define his character. This definition is, however, very superficial, and first, because the term colourist is frequently misapplied. Many use it to denote the painter who achieves brilliant effects by the employment of extreme tones. In this sense Chicharro is not a colourist, and despite the greyness of colour which he sometimes affects, he is classic in the best sense of the word, and remains always master of his drawing. However, if we imply by "colourist" a painter who affirms his individuality by the aid of paradoxically correct tones, then is

Chicharro a powerful colourist. In his work the inspiration—the technique—all is natural. In each picture he renews his comprehension of his art, and each production is simply the logical continuation of his esthetic effort. Sober at times to the point of dryness, with unprecedented delicacy in the treatment of certain hands, certain faces of women, he attains an almost scientific boldness in the expression of movement, in dashing in a figure or suggesting a smile, or the rustle of gauze by a single stroke. His colour, at times so rich, at times so transparent, and so fluid, follows the form always



"LES TROIS ÉPOUSES"

BY EDUARDO CHICHARRO



so closely that Chicharro's technique becomes an integral part of his subject and may not be separated therefrom.

M. N.

### ART SCHOOL NOTES.

LONDON.—At the exhibition of the Royal College of Art Sketch Club, held last month in the iron building behind the Natural History Museum, the most remarkable feature was the preponderance of landscape. The figure studies and the designs in which the figure was used were few in number and in no single instance remarkable for quality; and the prizes offered for applied art brought forth few works of interest. In the landscape competitions all the students seem to have taken part, and the walls were covered with what appeared to be innumerable sketches of the sea-coast and the country-side. Some of them were very good, but it is unfortunate that nearly all the members of the

sketching club should neglect figure composition and decorative design. It is a failing that has been remarked before in this column and one which the students should endeavour to remedy. Mr. L. Underwood gained two prizes for landscape and a third for a clever interior. The judges in the competitions included Sir George Frampton, R.A., Mr. P. Wilson Steer, Mr. John Lavery, A.R.A., Mr. D. Y. Cameron, A.R.A., and Mr. C. J. Watson, R.E.

### REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

*Hercules Brabazon Brabazon (1821-1906): His Art and Life.* By C. LEWIS HIND. (London: G. Allen and Co.) 21s. net.—Mr. Hind once implied—*vide* his book "The Post-Impressionists"—that "Beauty" was a mere term, but he makes an extravagant reference to the beauty in Brabazon's art, and in this he is wise, for if we could take the "Beauty" out of it—the beauty of colour repre-

senting atmosphere—nothing would be left. Brabazon's place in art will be kept by an unrivalled quality of colour, and an impressionableness that made the artist one of the finest of the Impressionist school. For the rest Mr. Hind has drawn an extremely sympathetic portrait of the distinguished country gentleman about whom all this is to be said. The gift of sympathy, which in itself is a gift of understanding, is pre-eminent in the biographical part of the book. A lover of nature, Brabazon had the fervent art of a lover, and to have been the subject of a memoir by a writer incapable himself of fervour would have been an unfortunate climax to his career. This is the last charge that could be preferred against Mr. Hind. The illustrations are entitled to the very highest praise: it is a wonderful



"L'ADORATION DES ÉVANGILES (SOUVENIR DE GRÈCE)"

BY EDUARDO CHICHARRO

thing to report, in the case of an art so peculiarly dependent upon its refinements as Brabazon's, that justice has been done in reproduction to some of its most elusive qualities.

*Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art.* By ERNEST F. FENOLLOSA. 2 vols. (London: W. Heinemann.) 30s. net.—The lamented death of Ernest Fenollosa occurred before the completion of a work on which he had spent many years of studious labour and research. He left but a rough draft in lead pencil, in which some mistakes and many omissions were naturally discovered. Shortly before he died, when urged to correct and complete his manuscript he would say, "I cannot finish it until another visit to Japan. . . . There are corrections to be made, dates to be filled in, certain historical facts to be verified, and all these can be done in Japan only." To rectify errors and make good omissions was a formidable task for his widow to undertake; but after a special visit to Japan, and three years' work in which she has had the assistance of Japanese experts, she is at last able to give to the world these two sumptuous and valuable volumes—worthy monuments to her husband's memory. Materials for the adequate study of the painter's art in China and Japan have been most difficult to obtain by students in the West. It is only during the last few years, thanks to the illuminating articles in that excellent Japanese periodical, the "Kokka," and to the works of Anderson, Fenollosa, Binyon, Morrison, Okakura, and one or two others, that the true genius of the great artists of the Orient has been made apparent. Not the least valuable of these works are the two volumes now before us. Their treatment of the subject is excellent and commands at once the sympathy of those who desire to fathom the æsthetic motives of the artist rather than the historical or the merely technical side of art. Not that historical and technical questions are ignored by the author, but they do not form, as with so many writers, the main topics for consideration. The poetical qualities of landscape art as exemplified in the works of Kakei or of Sesshiu are such as to place them very high in the estimation of critics in the countries of their origin, and also of all lovers of art who have taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with their mysteries. The magnificent decorative paintings of Koyetsu, of Korin, of Sotatsu have a nobility of expression and execution which cannot fail to inspire the artist, be he Eastern or Western. Mr. Fenollosa treats of them with a keen appreciation of their true value, and all careful readers of his work will receive a

stimulus to their conceptions of the higher forms of the painter's art that will prove an excellent antidote to certain decadent tendencies now in evidence which are an abnegation of all that is most desirable in the craft.

*Catalogue of the Etched Work of Frank Brangwyn.* (London: The Fine Art Society, Ltd.) £3 3s. net.—Those who have followed closely the development of Mr. Frank Brangwyn's work in etching cannot fail to have been impressed by two facts, namely, the remarkably high standard of his achievements and the extent of his output. When we consider the quality, the number, and the dimensions of the plates he has produced during the last ten years it is difficult to realise that this means of artistic expression is not the only one with which he has occupied himself. What he has accomplished as a decorative artist and as a painter of virile canvases has gained for him a unique position amongst leading contemporary artists, yet as an etcher he occupies an equally high place. Every new plate by him is awaited with interest and is eagerly sought after by an ever-increasing public. To understand the reason of his success we have only to examine this complete catalogue, which will be heartily welcomed by the artist's many admirers, by collectors and by students. The numerous illustrations (which include reproductions of practically all his etchings that have appeared since 1900) convey an excellent idea of the originals, though naturally the larger plates suffer in the unavoidable reduction. It is interesting to trace in this long series of plates, numbering exactly two hundred, the sure and rapid development of Mr. Brangwyn as an etcher. His early work bears the stamp of his sturdy individualism, his dominating personality, and, as we are told in the introduction to the catalogue, "work so original and so vigorous compelled attention, and before long what had been begun by the artist purely as a relaxation for himself and a pleasure to his friends was followed up for an ever-growing public." His more recent plates, by their wonderful freedom of execution, show him the complete master of his medium, and display those splendid decorative qualities and that originality of conception which characterise his work in other mediums. The value of this admirable catalogue is not confined to the illustrations. Each plate is briefly described, and particulars of the various states are given where necessary. The volume is a worthy record of the work of a great artist.

*Architectural Drawing and Draughtsmen.* By REGINALD BLOMFIELD, A.R.A. (London: Cassell

and Co.) 10s. 6d. net.—Prof. Blomfield's interesting work, though intended mainly for students, deals with a subject which is of great importance to all who are interested in fine draughtsmanship. Many reproductions of excellent drawings accompany the text, including some fine examples by Piranesi. At the present time there are a number of exceedingly accomplished draughtsmen and etchers both in this country and on the continent whose architectural drawings are well worth inclusion in a volume which might supplement this valuable one of Prof. Blomfield's by dealing with work by contemporary artists.

*Portrait Medals of Italian Artists of the Renaissance.* By G. F. HILL. (London: P. Lee Warner.) 16s. net.—The beautiful and delicate Italian medals of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries well deserve a volume devoted entirely to them, so great is their historic as well as their aesthetic value, but few will be disposed to cavil with Mr. Hill for supplementing the examples he gives of them in his finely painted and charmingly illustrated volume with other portraits of the same period. True his reason for doing so, that the latter will be welcome to those who find objects so small as medals a trial to their patience, is, to say the least of it, inadequate, but Raphael's exquisite sketches of the head and hands of Bramante, the portraits of Titian from the Prado and Stockholm galleries, and Memline's Niccolo di Forzore Spinelli—the last, by the way, not even by an Italian master—are so fascinating that no connoisseur could wish them away. In his selection of actual medals for reproduction, Mr. Hill explains that he has been guided solely by an iconographical intention, that is to say, he has given more thought to the accuracy of the likeness in them than to their technique, and he goes on to remark that "the Italian medal is a truly significant reflection of the Italian character, the art of striking them having been first developed in Italy because of the relation of that country to antiquity. To bring the great men of the past before their eyes was the main object of the collectors of the Renaissance, and the next step was obvious: to follow the example of those great men and have your own portrait put upon a coin." Hence the evolution of the profile likeness of the Italian medal, which was soon developed to a high degree of excellence.

*Die Ideale Landschaft.* By Dr. JOSEPH GRAMM. (Freiburg-im-Breisgau: Herdersche Verlagshandlung.) 2 vols. 36 mark.—With characteristic German thoroughness, Dr. Gramm, who is one of the professors at the University of Freiburg-im-

Breisgau, traces the evolution of landscape art from its first beginnings in classic times to the end of the sixteenth century, leaving its later developments for future consideration. He opens his most learned dissertation on the general principles of the interpretation of nature with Goethe's oft-quoted words: "Wir wissen von keiner Welt als im Bezug auf den Menschen: wir wollen keine Kunst, als die ein Abdruck dieses Bezugs ist." Having thus as it were struck the key-note of his work, he proceeds to analyse the relations between nature and her interpreters, to define the difference between the ideal and the real, to dissect the elements of composition, and enumerate the materials employed by artists, leaving in the end, it must be confessed, a somewhat confused impression on the mind of the reader. Fortunately the actual history of landscape art is less profound, and the well-chosen illustrations which form the second volume serve as an excellent commentary on it, although the quaint supplementary designs, in which the compositions are intersected with lines purporting to indicate the preliminary conceptions in the minds of the painters, are not altogether edifying.

*The Bells and other Poems.* By EDGAR ALLAN POE. Illustrated by EDMUND DULAC. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 15s. net.—One opens this book with some curiosity. Mr. Dulac has been one of our most successful illustrators of comedy and fairy-tale in colour, he has the lightness, gaiety, and sense of grace which make him very happy in the illustrating of everything where these qualities are required. He is very successful with an eighteenth-century setting, for there is a way in which it might be said that as an artist he descends from Watteau. We find Mr. Dulac in this book departing from the styles most suited to book illustration; and after the fashion of too many illustrators this season, he ventures into complication of colour which does not lend itself to the requirements of a book in the lap. It is strange, too, that this mistake intrudes an air of commonplace in the illustrations, most unexpected in work from this artist. Painting is one art, book embellishment another. Proof is not wanting here that Mr. Dulac is capable of a profound note in design, but few of his designs have a chance against the dye-like colours in which the refinement of his compositions is destroyed. The cover of this volume is delightful in its scheme of gold upon grey, if somewhat dainty for the sombre genius of the poetry it contains.

*Hours of Gladness.* By M. MAETTELINCK. Illustrated by E. J. DETMOLD. (London: George Allen and Co., Ltd.) 21s. net.—We must confess that

## Reviews and Notices

Mr. Detmold, whose work we have always admired, does not seem quite the perfect illustrator of Maeterlinck. Maeterlinck has the very genius of indefiniteness, at every point in his essays and plays the concrete merges into the abstract and objective things lose their sharp contours. His ideal illustrator would have been Whistler, perhaps, as Debussy, the Whistler of music, interprets him in another art. The drawings of Mr. Detmold, whose work goes beyond Pre-Raphaelitism in precision of definition, are lacking in the suggestiveness required on this occasion. Taken upon their merits in the case of a book where the absence of "atmosphere" would not matter they would show a profound knowledge of plant form and the skill in interpreting it by line which have long given the artist a reputation. Perhaps many people may like to have this volume on that account. The volume has been prepared and, as to the cover, decorated with every regard to the best effects that can be obtained in seasonal editions of this kind.

*Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.* Illustrated by W. HATHERELL, R.I. (London: Hodder and Stoughton) 10s. 6d. net.—Mr. Hatherell's artistic interpretation of Shakespeare is not a bit in the spirit of the interpretations that Mr. Granville Barker has been striving to put upon the works of the Elizabethan playwright at the Savoy Theatre. There the attempt has been successfully made to render Shakespearean drama in a remote and romantic setting, in a time which the costumes and architecture in the scenes do not specifically date. In Mr. Hatherell's illustrations it is evident that great pains in the rendering of costume have been taken, the fantastic avoided, and the matter-of-fact point of view embraced. All the out-of-door scenes are extremely naturalistic. The highly modern, impressionistic handling of colour seems to bring the subject it treats of quite up to date, and for those who like their classics in this style no artist could serve them with more ability and invention than Mr. Hatherell. This book as a whole is very attractive.

*Æsop's Fables.* A new translation by V. S. VERNON JONES. With an introduction by G. K. CHESTERTON, and illustrations by ARTHUR RACKHAM. (London: W. Heinemann; New York: Doubleday, Page and Co.) 6s. net.—In noticing another edition of *Æsop* which has appeared this season we commented on the lack of humour shown in the drawings of animals illustrating it, remarkable though these were in other respects. As may well be supposed, Mr. Rackham's drawings are not open to this criticism. Humour there is

in all of them, and occasionally one is prompted to ask if it is not carried too far, but *Æsop*, of course, not being a natural history book, a certain licence is not only allowable but even called for. Mr. Rackham has made thirteen drawings in colour and a large number in line for the text of this attractive volume, and Mr. Chesterton has written an introduction in which he lays it down that "there can be no good fable with human beings in it." Whether this is true or not, some of the best of Mr. Rackham's drawings are those with human beings.

*White-Ear and Peter.* By NEILS HEIBERG. Illustrated by CECIL ALDIN. (London: Macmillan and Co.) 6s. net.—Mr. Cecil Aldin is in his element in illustrating this tragi-comedy of animal life, to which he contributes sixteen plates in colour. The chief *dramatis personæ* here are White-Ear, a fox, and Peter, a fox-terrier, the villain and hero of the piece respectively, the rest of the cast being made up of sundry birds, beasts, and human beings. Needless to say the hero triumphs, and the villain suffers the penalty of his crimes, as does an eagle with whom he entered into a diabolical plot. The story is written in an entertaining vein and is attractively presented.

*She Swoops to Conquer.* By OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 15s. net.—Mr. Thomson has executed some two dozen or more drawings in colour to illustrate this edition of Goldsmith's old favourite, besides a number of line drawings interspersed in the text. His colour drawings comport with the printed page as well as any we know, but delightful as they are for the most part, we cannot suppress our preference for the pen drawings in which he excels. In all his illustrative work Mr. Thomson shows a conscientious regard for historical accuracy; hence it is rare to find an anachronism in his portrayal of old-world scenes. This volume has a very ornate cover.

*Parsifal, or the Legend of the Holy Grail.* Retold from ancient sources, with acknowledgment to the "Parsifal" of Richard Wagner, by T. W. ROLLESTON. Presented by WILLY POGÁNY. (London: G. G. Harrap and Co.) 15s. net.—We have from time to time when noticing books decorated and illustrated by Mr. Pogány remarked on the exuberance of his decorative fancy, which has at times threatened to run away with him. In "presenting" this rhymed version of *Parsifal* Mr. Pogány has restrained his fancy somewhat, but there is still quite enough decorative embellishment. As a draughtsman he displays marked ability, and



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this is accompanied by a lively feeling for colour. In this book the illustrations in colour are of two sorts; some are printed separately and stuck on to grey mounts; the others are printed direct on to the grey paper and have lost much of their brilliance in the process, so that the contrast between the two kinds is at times quite startling.

*Poems of Passion and Pleasure.* By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. Illustrated by DUDLEY TENNANT. (London: Gay and Hancock.) 15s. net.—The artist illustrating Miss Wilcox does not lack invention and considerable technical skill, but in his illustrations we seem to miss that note of poetry which is essential in illustrating poetry. This is another book bound and printed with remarkable care.

*The Magic World.* By E. NESBIT. (London: Macmillan and Co.) 6s.—The name E. Nesbit on a book has become something of a guarantee of excellence, and these stories by this popular writer, in which the fairy and magical element is skilfully interwoven with the ordinary life of her boy and girl heroes and heroines, should be much in demand this Christmas time. The illustrations are the work of H. R. Miller and G. Spencer Pryse, the latter contributing three clever drawings to a tale of "The Princess and the Hedge-Pig."

*Folk Tales of Bengal.* By the Rev. LAI BEHARI. Illustrated by WARWICK GOBLE. (London: Macmillan.) 15s. net.—Mr. Goble's book adds to the list of those prepared and illustrated with care for the season, having a very attractive cover and a full complement of illustrations in colour.

This time last year Messrs. Bell and Son offered a treat to admirers of the late Sir W. S. Gilbert's genius in the reprints of three of his famous Savoy Operas—*Patience*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, and *The Mikado*, each accompanied by eight full-page colour-plates by Mr. Russell Flint. This year they have added four more volumes to the series—*Princess Ida*, *Ruddigore*, *The Yeomen of the Guard*, and *The Gondoliers*, each containing the same number of coloured plates by the same artist, which form delightful accompaniments to the text. The volumes are bound in cloth covers specially designed for the series, and at the price of 3s. 6d. net are sure to meet with public favour.

Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack offer this season a group of books for juveniles which will prove as popular as those they have published in the past. Interesting to boys and girls alike is Mr. W. B. Synge's *Book of Discovery* (7s. 6d. net) in which the author gives a brightly written narrative of exploration from the days of antiquity right down to the very days in which we live. The volume is very fully illus-

trated, and some interesting old maps are reproduced. Miss Steedman, who has a notable gift for entertaining the young, tells in *Our Island Saints* (7s. 6d. net) the story of SS. Alban, Augustine, Kentigern, Patrick, Bridget, Cuthbert, and others whose names and deeds are writ large in the history of the British Islands, and eight illustrations in colour are contributed by Miss M. D. Spooner. And then in *A Nursery History of England* (5s. net) Mrs. E. O'Neill unfolds in a series of short but connected stories, suited to the comprehension of little ones, the progress of the nation from the dark days of the Druids right down to our own wonderful times, Mr. George Morrow providing an unfailing source of entertainment in a series of a hundred pictures in colour and many drawings in black and white. *The Story of Rome* (7s. 6d. net) will not perhaps be quite so popular with juvenile readers as the volume just referred to, but the narrative as told by Miss Mary MacGregor will certainly prove more palatable to them than the more recondite histories with which they are familiar in the schoolroom; and the coloured illustrations by Messrs Paul Woodroffe, W. Rainey, and Dudley Heath will make it additionally acceptable.

Louisa Alcot's *Little Women* has for many years been a nursery classic, and though its popularity can hardly be so great to-day as it was two or three generations back, the tasteful edition which the Religious Tract Society offers at 7s. 6d. net will no doubt have the effect of reviving interest in what is a really charming story. Mr. Harold Copping has supplied a number of illustrations in colour which show good technical qualities.

The latest of Mr. Edmund Hort New's series of Oxford drawings is one giving a view of the famous High Street, showing on the right of the spectator the front of Queen's College, the creation of Wren and his pupil Hawksmoor, and on the left the front of Univeristy College, while above the buildings at the farther end rises the spire of St. Mary's with its cluster of pinnacles. The drawing has been reproduced by lithography by Mr. Way.

The manufacturers of the popular Waterman fountain and safety pens are offering them in numerous choice styles suitable for presentation, those cased in silver or gold being admirably adapted to this purpose. The merits of these pens are too well known to need reiteration. Messrs. L. and C. Hardtmuth, who are the sole agents for them in Europe, also offer many dainty novelties in their famous "Koh-i-Noor" brand of pencils.

## THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE ART OF ILLUSTRATION.

"Do you not think that book illustration has become a little inefficient of late years?" said the Plain Man. "The demand for illustrated literature has grown greater than ever and yet the artists are less able than they were formerly to make the best use of their opportunities. Illustration, as illustration, seems to me to have lost its spirit and character and to be generally lacking in interest."

"That is rather a severe indictment," laughed the Man with the Red Tie; "and one that I find it a little difficult to endorse. Are you not forgetting what a number of clever men there are now who devote themselves to illustrative work and what a high standard there is to-day of technical achievement?"

"Oh, I do not deny the cleverness of the modern illustrators," returned the Plain Man; "and I do not deny that there are some exceptional men who are keeping up the best traditions of their art. But what about the others? There are lots of them who can turn out remarkably skilful drawings and whose work is as accomplished as any one could wish it to be: but don't you think that you want something more than mere cleverness of execution in an illustrative drawing?"

"You have made rather a good point there," broke in the Art Critic. "You are right. Cleverness of execution is, of course, as important in illustrative work as it is in all other forms of artistic production, but the true illustrator needs to be something more than a merely skilful craftsman. He has to work under certain restrictions and he has to keep in view a certain purpose in everything he does. If the purpose of his work is missed its cleverness alone will not make it satisfactory."

"But you will derive a vast amount of pleasure from looking at a really able piece of work what more need you have?" asked the Man with the Red Tie. "Personally, I feel quite satisfied with a book which is full of memorable works of art: it is a real joy to me and it seems to me to have quite fulfilled its mission."

"Because in your mind its only mission is to be a picture-book," asserted the Critic. "But that is where you miss the whole point of the argument. What is the use of filling a book with works of art which are obviously suitable only for places on the walls of a gallery? The function of an illus-

tration is to illustrate, and an illustrated book is, or ought to be, a good deal more than a mere picture-book."

"You mean that the illustrations in a book ought to have an intimate connection with the letterpress" interrupted the Plain Man; "and that they ought not to be simply independent works of art?"

"Precisely, that is just what I do mean," replied the Critic, "the illustrations to a story must be pictorial explanations of what the author has written if they are to fulfil the purpose for which they have been brought into existence. They must not be extraneous and independent things, mere artistic abstractions. They depend for their meaning upon the text and it should not be possible to separate them from it or to assign to them any independent interest."

"Do you really mean to say that if the illustrator does not merely repeat the ideas of the author his illustrations must be bad?" asked the Man with the Red Tie. "Is he not to be allowed any opinion of his own?"

"Emphatically he must subordinate himself to the writer of the book if his work is to be good of its kind and to have the right meaning," declared the Critic. "He must strictly respect the limitations which are imposed upon him by the very nature of the undertaking to which he is committed, but, of course, within these limitations he must strive to make the best display of his own capacities. In other words, he must handle artistically the material provided for him."

"You would seriously cramp his liberty of action and freedom as an artist," complained the Man with the Red Tie.

"I do not think so," returned the Critic. "I would only ask him to have that thorough understanding of his mission that is essential for success in all artistic effort, whatever may be the class to which it belongs. The illustrator, if he is to be efficient, must work in the closest sympathy with the author; he must never allow any of the details of his drawings to contradict, or to be out of connection with the details of the text. He must choose, too, to illustrate those episodes in the story which are most significant and best explain the spirit of what has been written. He must recognise the dramatic points of the letterpress and handle them with intelligence. He must strive to make more clear the purpose and intention of the author and the special aims of the book. In fact, he must understand what illustration really means, and what are its inevitable obligations."

THE LAY FIGURE.

# THE PAINTINGS OF PHILIP CONNARD. BY MARION HEPWORTH DIXON.

It was Théophile Gautier, if I remember aright, who divided mankind into two classes—the flamboyant and the drab. Art obviously has its drab and flamboyant impulses, and we may deem ourselves lucky when fashion, the almighty arbiter, permits an artist to be something other than the adroit purveyor of a new sensationalism. For fashion, the desire for the strange and the bizarre, is so all-paramount at the present day that I marvel not at all that the Post-Impressionist, the Cubist, and the Futurist should have arrested the attention of our somewhat timid British critics. "It is new, it is strange and not a little incomprehensible," these good gentlemen appear to say, "let us hasten to praise what is new and strange and incomprehensible lest we be convicted of old-fogeyism."

Now in the attitude of both the critic and that section of the public which follows the newer criticism, the fundamental principle on which all serious art subsists is curiously and wantonly evaded. The real test is apt to go by the board. No one, for instance, questions the *sincerity* of the artist, yet it is by his sincerity in the last instance that he must stand or fall. "Have something to say before you sit down to write," George Meredith was wont to insist, and the maxim holds equally good in the sister art of painting; for the artist who merely imitates or simulates is lost, there is no health in him. And it matters not if he imitates a cherished master or the most triumphantly successful of modern schools. If he be anything but *himself* his work will avail him nothing. It will be necessarily a reiteration, a thing which smells of the lamp.

In the dominant personality of Mr. Philip Connard, the subject of this article, we have a healthy antidote to the something morbid which threatens to engulf our younger schools of painters. Life for him at any rate is no impenetrable riddle. On the contrary, it is something to portray and enjoy. At the same time it should be said that Mr. Connard is a painters' painter in the sense that his manifest delight is in his pigments. Indeed, so distinctive is the handling of this trenchant impressionist that his smallest still-life has a significance for those who distinguish artistry from mere picture-making. With Mr. Connard it is not the fascination of the unknown, but rather the actual thing seen which haunts and preoccupies him. Others may seek the barren moor, the rock-bound coast, Mr. Connard's muse is the muse of the Great City. Not that he deals as a rule with any of the sterner realities of modern capitals or suggests the greater



"THE GUITAR"

(By permission of Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips, The Leicester Galleries)

BY PHILIP CONNARD

## Philip Connard

issues and complex problems of a turgid twentieth century. Mr. Connard is not a Brangwyn. Let us confess at once he is a master dealing with small things—a summer day in Kensington Gardens, a little supper with a couple of masks for convives, or better still with the cherished family group in the shadowy house at Chelsea.

With Mr. Connard the manner, not the matter, is the thing. In paint he seeks quality, in handling distinction, and if he properly disdains the anecdote, he no less eschews the orthodox and obvious. Given the man, how could he do otherwise? Forceful is the adjective which best describes Mr. Connard's talent, a talent which in some extraordinary way communicates a stimulation to the spectator. No one without a strong individuality could so project himself over the footlights and hold us suspended in just the rare mood in which the artist himself conceived his subject. This something compelling is an art in itself, and belongs only to the painter born. "Put troublesome problems aside," this artist seems to say to us, "in a bowl of flowers, a

dish of fruit, a face seen in a mirror—here in the simplest things are enough beauty and mystery to last us a life-time." For above all things Mr. Connard is an artist sure of himself. I do not think that it would be possible for him to alter his outlook on life or to convey a different message. As an accomplished writer and astute critic has recently said: "The artist who questions his own inspiration can hardly expect others to accept it unquestioningly." Of course. But Mr. Oliver Onions—the writer in point—seems to me to lay more than particular stress upon Mr. Philip Connard's materialism.

As a plain-speaking realist he is busy delineating his own world, the actual visual world around him. But I should grossly mislead the public if I labelled Mr. Connard a mere realist. As a matter of fact it is part of his artistic good manners to be reserved. Each picture of his is in a sense a synthesis, a study in elimination. In truth he seems to be heading towards that greater unification of expression which is the trend of the twentieth



"SUMMER"

(By permission of Messrs. William Marchant and Co.)

BY PHILIP CONNARD





"THE ABBEY RUINS"  
BY PHILIP CONNARD

*(The property of the Bradford Corporation)*



"THE LITTLE BALLERINA"  
BY PHILIP CONNARD

*(By permission of Messrs. William  
Marchant and Co.)*



"STILL-LIFE," BY PHILIP  
CONNARD  
*(In the possession of Dr.  
Rice-Oxley)*

century. "Few people," exclaims Mr. Chesterton in his emphatic way, "will dispute that all the typical movements of our time are upon the road towards simplification. Each system seeks to be more fundamental than the other . . . each seeks to re-establish communication with the elemental, or, as it is sometimes more roughly and fallaciously expressed, to return to nature." Now the directness of Mr. Philip Connard's art is as palpable as his strict economy of means. Each work would seem to be the outcome of a preliminary study so searching that the thing portrayed has (by some subtle brain process) been purged and simplified before it is portrayed on canvas. The more con-

sistently things are contemplated, the more they tend to unify themselves. Here in a nutshell is Mr. Connard's secret.

The history of the artist can be told in a dozen lines. Born at Southport, Philip Connard began the serious business of his life when he won a National Scholarship at South Kensington. An additional scholarship, given by the British Institute, enabled the student to cross the Channel, where for six months he studied under Benjamin Constant and Jean Paul Laurens. The tuition, however, did



"FLOWERS OF SPRING"  
*(By permission of Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips)* BY PHILIP CONNARD



not include painting. Returning to London the student accepted a position as art master at the Lambeth School of Art, and began a series of black-and-white illustrations for the Bodley Head. It was, however, at the New English Art Club that Mr. Connard first attracted the attention of picture-lovers and won the suffrages of an enthusiastic public of his own. From the New English Art Club to the Goupil Gallery is not a far cry, and at Messrs. Marchant and Co.'s, in Waterloo Place, some of Mr. Connard's finest paintings have since found a temporary home. Thus *A May Morning*, first exhibited at the New English Art Club, was seen at the Goupil Gallery before being purchased for the Musée du Luxembourg in Paris. So was the luminous and inspiring canvas called *Below Tower Bridge*, a picture kindly lent for illustration in these pages. Calm, serene, yet palpitating with light and air, *Below Tower Bridge* is one of the artist's finest *plein air* compositions. It has imagination in it, but also a wise restraint.

Even more alluring in some of its phases is the kindred picture *Barges Unloading*, which we are also enabled to give in a black-and-white reproduction. Indeed, much as I admire *Below Tower Bridge*, *Barges Unloading* seems to surpass it in the originality of its composition and the fine rhythm of its movement. Who can say that London dockyards are ugly in the presence of such a canvas? The beauty as well as the dignity of labour could hardly be better emphasised.

Conceived in another vein altogether is the picture called *Summer*, which boldly vindicates Monet's dictum that light is the only subject for a picture. Bathed in light assuredly is this brilliant impressionist study, which depicts a picnic-party scattered in the idle hours of a dazzling noonday. *The Abbey Ruins*, a canvas purchased by the Corporation of Bradford (who have kindly allowed its reproduction in this magazine), is another study of scintillating sunlight. But the subject is envisaged on larger lines. In it Mr. Connard's passion for



"THE FOUNTAIN"

(By permission of Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips)

BY PHILIP CONNARD





(By permission of Messrs. William  
Marchant and Co.)

"THE GUITAR PLAYER"  
BY PHILIP CONNARD

## Philip Connard

simplification or unification is seen in its happiest phase. Yet the theme is intensely modern both in its handling and in the disposition of its various groups of figures. Had Mr. Connard done nothing else he would have proclaimed himself an uncompromising realist in the figures of a couple of faultlessly attired holiday-makers, who occupy the right-hand corner of the canvas. It is not often, if I remember aright, that the artist thus portrays the actual fashions of his day. Like many of his Chelsea brethren Mr. Connard affects the wide hoop and fringed bodice of the mid-Victorian era. It comes therefore with no surprise to us when we find the artist's *Guitar Player* attired in a gown which might have been worn by the Empress Eugénie or a damsel in Frith's *Derby Day*. And in truth the gracious pose of the lady seems in no way impeded by the hoops and flounces and fringes of an artificial costume, a costume which, viewed apart from prejudice, is perhaps neither more cumbersome nor more ungainly than that worn in a piquant eighteenth century.

But I must hasten, if in the briefest way, to describe the Connard Exhibition inaugurated by Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips at the Leicester Galleries last summer, where both *The Supper*

and the canvas entitled *Bayswater* were first shown to the outside public. Kindly lent for reproduction in colour by their owner, the canvases need no legend or foot-note to explain them. Joyous lightheartedness is their key-note, for whether the spectator is brought face to face with a masquerade in a Chelsea studio or with a white-robed woman dawdling in a boat near the splashing fountain of Kensington Gardens, the electrical and vivacious impression is the same. I know of no other artist indeed (with the sole exception of Mr. Sims) who so imbues us with the fine hilarity of nature as does Mr. Connard. What can surpass the sunny warmth and glow of the little canvas entitled *The Fountain*? Spontaneity is of its essence—scintillation radiates from every touch of the brush. It may seem an exaggeration to say that the small picture called *Flowers of Spring*—a picture depicting a simple little girl standing in the sunlight gazing at a bouquet of flowers—made me catch my breath with astonishment—yet all virile and compelling art has this note in it. For it is in the most elemental of themes, as I have already suggested, that Mr. Connard finds his chief inspiration. As a *tour de force* of mere painting it would be hard to beat the *Still-Life*. The round-bellied water-bottle,



"BARGES UNLOADING"

(By permission of Messrs. William Marchant and Co.)

BY PHILIP CONNARD









*(By permission of Messrs. William  
Marchant and Co.)*

"BELOW TOWER BRIDGE"  
BY PHILIP CONNARD

with its vivid black-and-white reflections, is a stroke of genius in itself. "It is only when we have seen a thing for the hundredth time that we see it for the first time," says the chief of modern paradoxical writers. Well, Mr. Connard is one of the artists who *sees*, that is what differentiates his work from that of other artists.

Two of the painter's most characteristic canvases delineating the well-known interior with figures at Chelsea are also among our illustrations. The first (from the Leicester Galleries) is named *The Guitar*, and shows us, beyond the now familiar group of mother and children, the reflection of the artist at work in a long mirror. The second and larger black-and-white, *The Little Ballerina*, has even more distinction and felicity of composition. In it Mr. Connard touches on the true mystery of the interior. There is magic in the lighting. The canvas, indeed, is steeped in atmosphere, and conveys to the spectator that subtle mixture of intimacy and aloofness which only a master knows how to convey.

M. H. D.

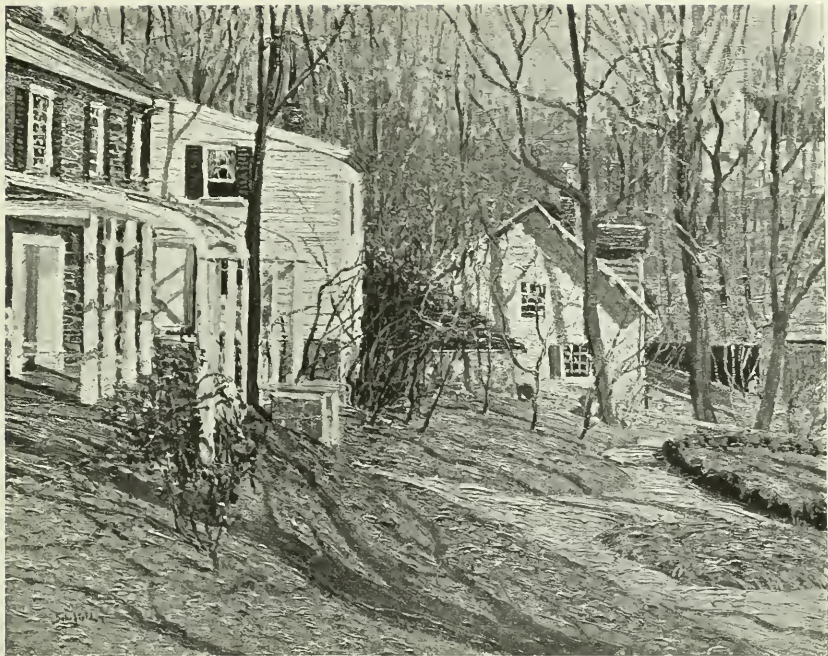
## A N AMERICAN LANDSCAPE PAINTER: W. ELMER SCHO- FIELD. BY C. LEWIS HIND.

A RENOWNED marine and pastoral painter sat in a deep chair smoking a discoloured pipe and frowning. It was a winter evening; we were gathered around the club fire, and one of the party—you may be sure that he was a figure-man—was reading aloud with glee passages from that egregious book by "Cosmos" on "The Position of Landscape in Art." Suddenly the renowned marine and pastoral painter stirred, rose, and said with vehemence: "Look here! landscape painting is much more difficult than figure. The model is always moving, and if you do the right thing, and always paint in the open, you have to be as strong as an elephant to stand the exposure. I tell you landscape painting is much more difficult, and the sea is still more appallingly difficult."

With that he stalked away. I moved apart also, for the discussion promised to be profitless.



"OLD COVERED BRIDGE"



*(Purchased for State Museum  
of Uruguay)*

"FIRST DAYS OF SPRING"  
BY W. ELMER SCHOFIELD

## W. Elmer Schofield

Moreover I had promised to write an appreciative little article on the art and life of my friend Schofield, and I didn't want to make myself angry arraigning a typical "Cosmos" foolish statement to the effect that one of the causes of the present chaotic condition of the art of the painter in England is "the undue importance given to landscape." "Undue importance," I can hear the landscape painters of Great Britain murmur; "what we suffer from is undue neglect."

W. Elmer Schofield is not an Englishman. He is an American, born in 1867 at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, who spends much of his time in England, finding it pleasant and profitable. He cannot complain of neglect. "Who's Who" contains many lines of small type detailing a number of American public galleries which are the fortunate owners of his pictures, with a list of the gold and silver medals awarded to him. His recreation is not given. His recreation I should say is painting. At St. Ives, where we first met, I never encountered him on the golf links or on the tennis ground, but he was always to be found

any day in any weather happy as a boy, vigorous as a footballer, painting the colour, movement, and majesty of some Cornish cove, such a wild, brilliant cove as is here reproduced in colour.

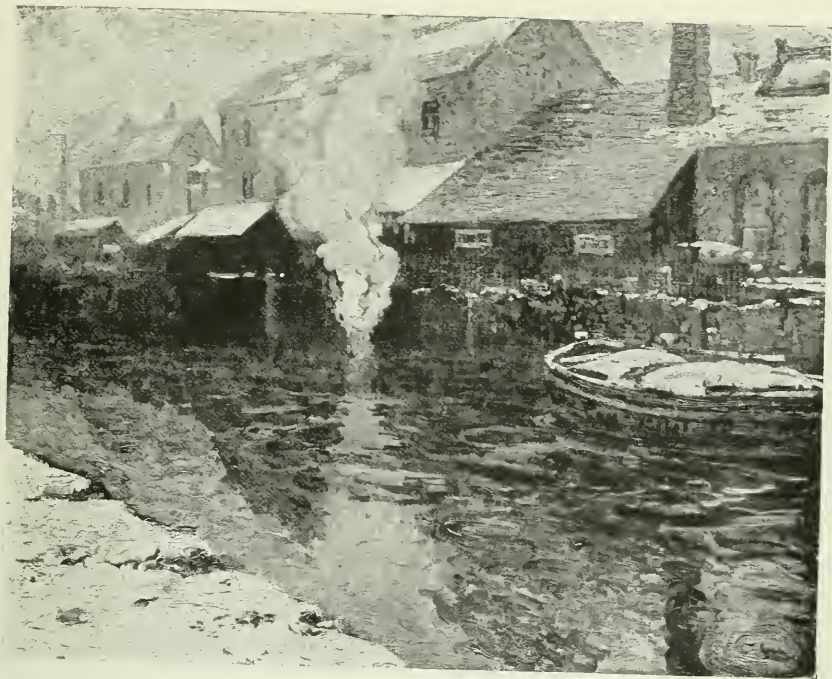
He is an open-air man, wholesome, healthy, hearty, and his art, sane and straightforward, reflects his temperament. Were I to talk to him of Meryon's sense of guilty secrets in decaying buildings; of a dim and delicate inward dream by Matthew Maris: of the subtle decadency of moments with Gustave Moreau, Schofield would, I think, spring to the open door and start forth on a ten-mile tramp, or rush away to splash on a six-foot canvas. He is for "the wind on the heath, brother," the free limbs of life, the big movement and the big line in nature, vast rivers and vaster spaces, the outlook of Walt Whitman and Adam Lindsay Gordon, not of Blake or W. B. Yeats. Among his compatriots he is as near to the vigorous banner of Winslow Homer as he is far from the tenderly tintured oriflamme of Twachtman. His art is virile and outstepping, crisp and candid, and I should not wonder if he



"THE BASIN, BOULOGNE"

BY W. ELMER SCHOFIELD





*(In the collection of Dr. Woodward)*

"WINTER IN PICARDY." BY  
W. ELMER SCHOFIELD

## W. Elmer Schofield

with Metcalf and Redfield, to mention but two others, became the founders of an American school of landscape, rooted and grounded in the soil, and expressing broadly and simply the rolling spaciousness and clear atmosphere of their land. I remember a few years ago at an exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy a series of landscapes by Schofield, Metcalf, and Redfield. They have left a memory of spaciousness, of an open, unsophisticated landscape-land, with great rivers and thin sky-stretching trees, nature seen expansively, the pigment laid on in broad, simple strokes, the figure rarely or never introduced, nature as she is viewed by steady eyes, Paris trained, but remaining inherently and essentially American.

The vigorous art of this orderly out-of-door school is well exemplified by Schofield's *Old Covered Bridge* on the Schuylkill river in mid-winter, when the snow tingles in the sunshine and the bare thin trees are silhouetted in the clear light. You may note the same big, simple statement in another of his American pictures reproduced here, *First Days of Spring*, and in the *Winter Morning*,

*Richmond*. Here, as always, it is mass not detail that attracts him. Even when he chooses a scene such as *The Channel Boat, Dieppe*, bustling with detail, the numerous figures are subordinated to the broad general effect. So here is an art without mystery, never coy, rarely suggestive, not brooded upon, done on the spot, and carried through to success by sheer enthusiasm to represent scenes that have moved and subjugated the artist.

Anent the vexed question as to whether a landscape should be painted *en plein air* from start to finish, or reasoned out in the studio from sketches and memory, there can be but one answer. Each man must choose the method by which he wins the completest expression of himself. Unlike the marine painter mentioned in the opening paragraph, Schofield loves the fight against the discomfort of temperature and weather. It is part of the game, spurring him to tackle "the wonderful things out of doors." To quote his own words: "Zero weather, rain, falling snow, wind—all these things to contend with only make the open-air painter love the fight."



"WINTER MORNING, RICHMOND (YORKS)"

BY W. ELMER SCHOFIELD



(Metropolitan Museum  
of Art, New York)

"SAND DUNES NEAR LELANT"  
BY W. ELMER SCHOFIELD



## W. Elmer Schofield

Had not Schofield been a painter he would certainly have chosen some kind of life in the open combined with travelling. Fate has been kind to him. He works under the sky, he travels, and he has the joy of knowing that all he sees ministers to the improvement of his chosen work. I suppose he would say that England is his adopted home, but he is often on the wing. Recent letters I have had from him come from places as far apart as Bedford and Polperro, some of the illustrations to this article show that Boulogne and Picardy are also among his painting grounds, and when I wrote to him in November last I had to address him at Washington where he was fulfilling his duties as one of the hanging committee of the Winter Exhibition of the Corcoran Art Gallery.

I suppose a man becomes a painter because he must, because there is nothing else he wants to do. Young Schofield, being a Philadelphian, naturally spent his first year or so of study at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Then Paris called him, she always does, and in 1892, at the proper age

of twenty-five he was at Julian's under Ferrier, Bouguereau, and Aman-Jean, who had a class of his own apart from Julian's. He soon wearied of that useful but rather stuffy kind of teaching, and spent his hours out of doors by the Seine and in the forest of Fontainebleau. Rambles in Brittany followed, and in 1903 he came to England, to St. Ives, where he spent four years. Now, as I have said, he fluctuates between England and America, rarely able to resist the vigorous delight of a painting winter in his native land. There he is working at this moment, perhaps in zero weather, with rain and falling snow and tugging winds, enjoying it immensely.

I sit by the club fire, trying to comfort the marine and pastoral painter, trying in the intervals of talk to read an article in an American magazine by Mr. Birge Harrison entreating Americans to paint their own land. That Schofield is doing, and I am not sure but that he is achieving his best work when he is painting at home in zero weather.

C. L. H.



"THE CHANNEL BOAT, DIEPPE"

(The property of A. D. Marks, Esq.)

BY W. ELMER SCHOFIELD





A CORNISH COVE. FROM THE OIL  
PAINTING BY W. ELMER SCHOFIELD





"MARCH SNOW." BY W.  
ELMER SCHOFIELD

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS  
SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION AT  
THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

*(First Article.)*

THE last exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society was held in January and February, 1910, at the New Gallery in Regent Street, which at that time had already been disposed of by its original proprietors and was destined in the future to be used for purposes widely different from those for which it was originally designed. As soon as it was vacated by the Arts and Crafts Society the destruction of the New Gallery as a place of exhibition was commenced, and it was not long before the rooms in which so many interesting shows had been held were turned into a restaurant. Galleries suitable for important exhibitions are comparatively rare in London, and the President of the Arts and Crafts Society in the preface to the catalogue of the exhibition of 1910 expressed his misgivings as to the possibility of finding suitable headquarters in the future. Mr. Walter Crane, who is of a sanguine and hopeful spirit where art is concerned, hinted that it would not be amiss for the nation to provide some permanent home for periodic exhibitions of art and craftsmanship which might be some guide in taste to the public and also help to maintain a standard in workmanship. It was at the same time suggested in these, and I believe in other columns, that the London County Council, which owns and controls

so many schools of arts and crafts, might give some aid in this direction or that the Royal Academy might lend some of their rooms for exhibition purposes. However, nothing was done and the Arts and Crafts Society might have been homeless



SILVER PENDANT SET WITH PEARL BLISTERS AND TURQUOISE. BY KATE M. EADIE



SILVER NECKLET SET WITH OPALS

BY KATE M. EADIE

this year it had not been for the establishment, exactly at the right time, of the new Grosvenor Gallery in Bond Street.

This gallery cannot offer the Society the space it enjoyed at the New Gallery, or at the Grafton Gallery, where the exhibition was on one occasion held. Nevertheless there is space enough in the new quarters, and the rooms in which the present exhibition is held are as perfect as they can be in planning and lighting. The favourable





"ROSE LATTICE": SILVER AND ENAMEL NECKLACE SET WITH OPALS AND PEARLS. BY ARTHUR AND G. C. GASKIN



"KEY OF SPRING": SILVER NECKLACE WITH ENAMEL, CRYSTALS, AND AQUAMARINES. BY ARTHUR AND G. C. GASKIN



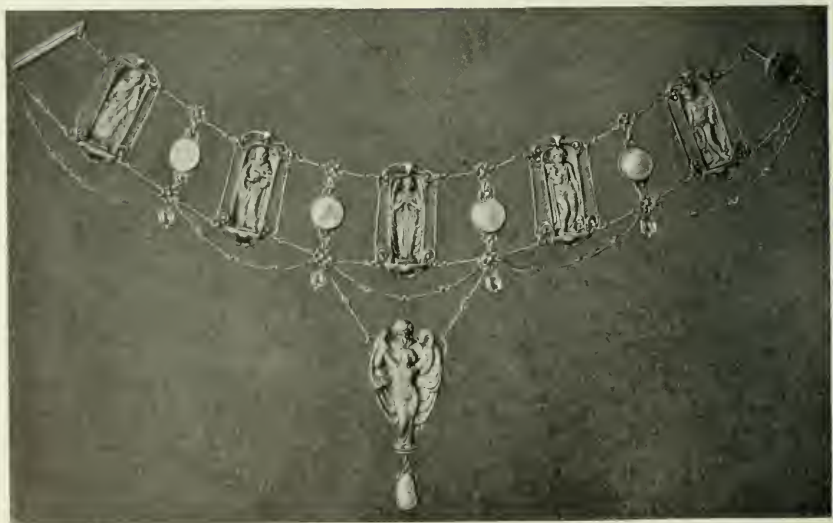
"BLUE PEACOCK": SILVER AND GOLD NECKLACE WITH OPALS AND FINE GREEN PASTE. BY ARTHUR AND G. C. GASKIN



GOLD AND SILVER PENDANT SET WITH OPALS AND EMERALD PASTE. BY FRANCES RAMSAY



"LOVE'S GARLAND" BROOCH BY A. AND C. C. GASKIN  
GOLD PENDANT WITH OPALS, ETC., BY R. J. EMERSON  
BROOCH BY H. M. TRAVERS AND G. E. SEDDING



JEWELLED COLIAR: "THE INSPIRATION OF WOMANHOOD"

BY R. C. PRICE

## *The Arts and Crafts Society's Exhibition*



SILVER NECKLET SET WITH MOONSTONES AND WHITE TOURMALINES  
BY VIOLET RAMSAY



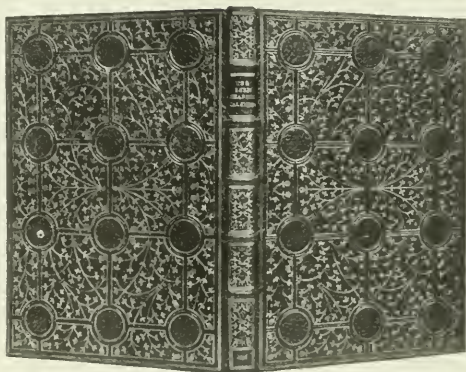
GOLD AND SILVER "VINE" NECKLACE SET WITH CARBUNCLES  
BY VIOLET RAMSAY

impression that is given by the exhibition on first entering the gallery is due in some degree to the beauty of the rooms, but more to the way in which the various articles are grouped and displayed. Some critics have found fault with the result of the labours of the committee of arrangement, but they cannot, I think, have made sufficient allowance for the extreme difficulty of placing with any degree of symmetry or order the great number of heterogeneous objects shown by the Arts and Crafts Society. The silk curtains which draped the walls of the Grosvenor during the time of the inaugural exhibition of pictures have been removed for the purposes of the Arts and Crafts

display, to which the present simple background of brown paper is in no way detrimental.

In the interval that has elapsed between the closing of its last exhibition and the opening of the present one the Arts and Crafts Society has lost, by the death of Mr. Lewis Day, one of its earliest and most hard-working members. Mr. Day, to whose ability and energy Mr. Crane pays a tribute in his introductory notes to the catalogue, was connected intimately with the foundation of the Society, which originated in some informal meetings of artists and craftsmen held at various studios thirty years ago. It is interesting to recall at this moment that the first of these meetings was held at the house of Mr. Lewis Day.

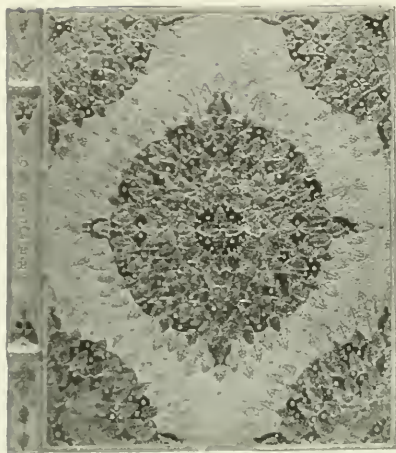
The exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery resembles its predecessor of 1910 in its freedom from extravagance, and also, it must be confessed, in its lack of new motives. It gives a general impression of skilled craftsmanship following recognised and respectable lines, with a corresponding output



BINDING FOR "THE SHEEPSHARPER'S CALENDAR" (KELMSCOTT PRESS). BY ALFRED DE SAULY

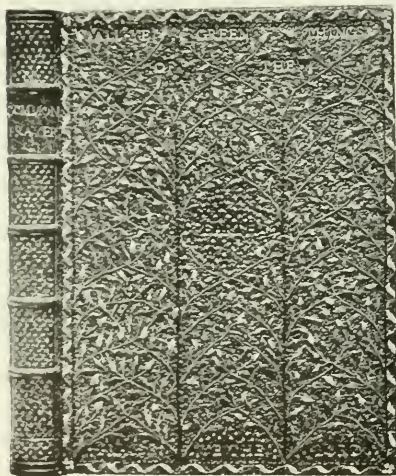


## *The Arts and Crafts Society's Exhibition*



BINDING FOR MRS. BROWNING'S "SONNETS"  
BY GWLADYS EDWARDS

of good and frequently interesting work, but all unstirred by any fresh emotion. There are many pleasant patterns and much dexterity of hand, but no great designer or craftsman rises above the ruck to lead the way into fresh fields of invention. In this there is nothing surprising,



COMMON PRAYER, BOUND IN BLUE LEATHER. EMBROIDERED. DESIGNED BY MRS. M. E. NOBLE, EXECUTED IN ST. VERONICA'S WORKSHOPS, WESTMINSTER

for the appearance of a genius in the applied arts is as rare or rarer than that of a great painter or poet.

In looking at the large collection of jewellery at the Grosvenor Gallery it is curious to think that not a single piece was shown in the first exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society in 1888: and only six pieces (all contributed by one craftsman) in the second exhibition of 1889. The standard of this work, which was very low at first, has risen steadily, and at the later shows of the Arts and Crafts Society, as well as at the exhibitions of the National Art Competition, some admirable jewellery has been seen. Most of the jeweller-craftsmen nowadays



BINDING FOR BLADES'S "ENEMIES OF BOOKS"  
BY ALFRED DE SAUTY  
(By permission of A. Mildmay, Esq.)

design their ornaments in such a fashion that they can be worn by the average woman, whereas many of their earlier efforts were only fit for the show-cases of a museum. The jewellery in the present exhibition is more individual in character than it was in 1910, when a sort of family likeness in design and material, and even in colour, could be traced through many of the cases.

The "Rose Lattice" necklace by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gaskin is a very attractive example of their work, the setting of opals and pearls being very effectively designed and blending in a charming way with the silver and enamel. The "Love's Garland" brooch, of which an illustration is given in the group of three objects shown on p. 292, is a perfect posy of coloured stones arranged round an opal heart. Another piece by the same artists

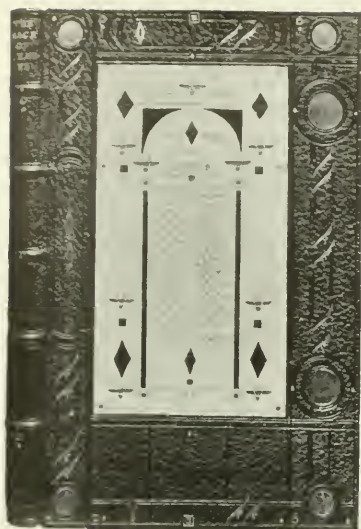




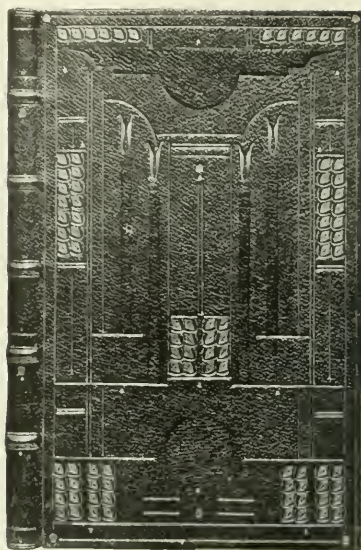
ROLL OF HONOUR OF ETONIANS WHO SERVED IN  
THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR. BINDING DESIGNED  
BY DOUGLAS COCKERELL AND EXECUTED BY  
E. W. MARCH AND J. IZZARD, ALL OF W. H. SMITH  
AND SON'S BOOKBINDING WORKSHOPS

*(By permission of the Provost  
of Eton College)*

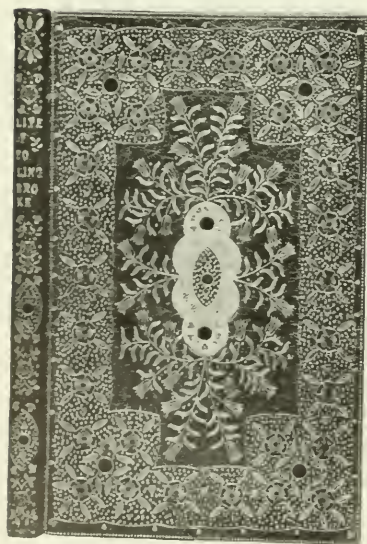
*The Arts and Crafts Society's Exhibition*



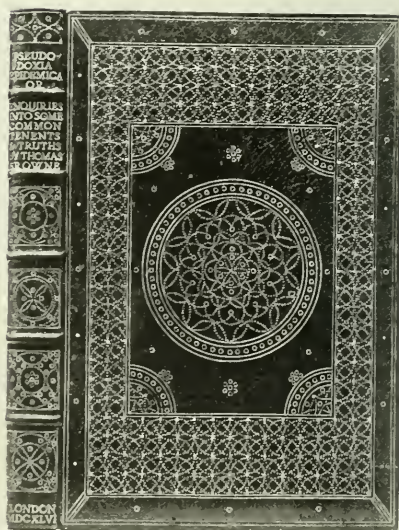
"THE RACE OF LEAVES" (VALE PRESS). BOUND BY MISS SYBIL PYE



"CUPID AND PSYCHE" (VALE PRESS). BOUND BY MISS SYBIL PYE



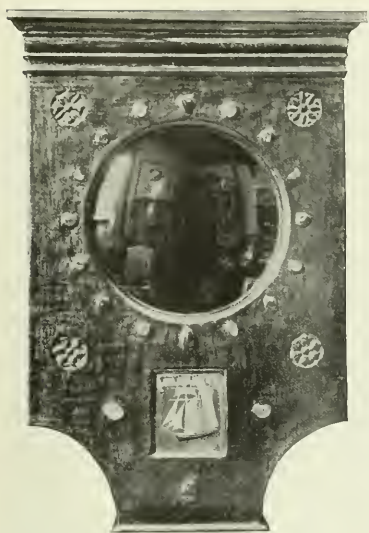
"LIFE OF BOLINGBROKE." BOUND BY SIR EDWARD SULLIVAN, BART.



"PSEUDOXIA EPIDEMICA." BOUND IN BROWN MOROCCO, WITH GOLD POINTILLE DESIGN, BY KATHERINE ADAMS



## *The Arts and Crafts Society's Exhibition*



MIRROR FRAME, "THE SCHOONER"  
BY JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL

in which colour has been a principal object in the design is the "Blue Peacock" necklace of silver and gold, opals, and fine green paste. A silver necklace, the "Key of Spring," is also shown by Mr. and Mrs. Gaskin. Mr. R. J. Emerson's pendant, with its tiny nude figure in relief on a plaque of gold, is good alike in design and execution. The gold brooch in the same case by Mr. H. M. Travers is remarkable for the quaint charm of its little enamel picture. Miss Frances Ramsay's gold and silver pendant set with opals; her sister Miss Violet Ramsay's gold and silver Vine necklace and silver necklace; Mr. R. C. Price's jewelled collar, "The Inspiration of Womanhood"; and the pendants, necklaces, and clasps by Miss Kate M. Eadie are also to be commended in the jewellery section.

Mr. Alfred de Sauty's "Shepherd's Calendar," in

dull green leather with a simple geometrical pattern of squares and circles, is one of the best of many good book covers at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition. Another interesting cover by Mr. de Sauty is "The Enemies of Books." Mr. Douglas Cockerell's design in red and gold for the cover of the Etonians' Roll of Honour gives an impression of stately formality that is in keeping with the dignity and size of the volume; and the cover in brown morocco by Miss Katherine Adams of the "Pseudoxia Epidemica" has an unostentatious charm that appeals to the book-lover. Sir Edward Sullivan, in his green cover for the "Life of Bolingbroke," and Miss Gwladys Edwards, in the gold and grey binding for Mrs. Browning's Sonnets, are more individual than most of the designers; but the boldest of them all is Miss Sybil Pye, who, in "The Race of Leaves" and "Cupid and Psyche," makes determined effort to break away from conventional patterns. Mrs. Noble's blue leather prayer book, with a design of formal branches and foliage embroidered by Miss Jessie Bayes is a fine piece of colour.

Furniture is less prominent in the exhibition than it was in 1910, perhaps because the smaller space forbids the display of many considerable pieces such as cabinets and sideboards. This may also account for the absence of bedsteads, of which there is not a single example. Edinburgh sends an unusually large proportion of the furniture,



PAINTED AND GILDED CABINET. EXECUTED BY JESSIE BAYES,  
F. STUTTIG, EMMELINE BAYES, AND KATHLEEN FIGGIS

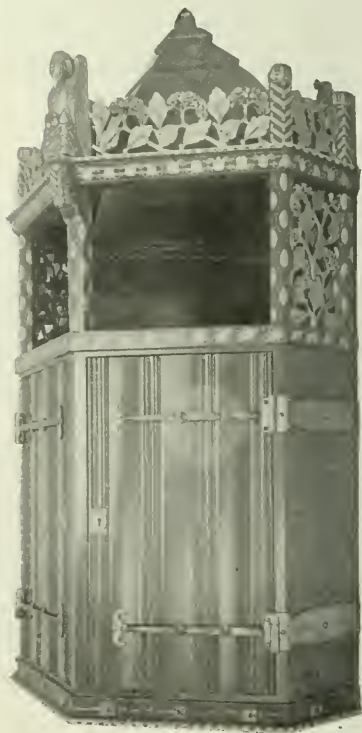
## *The Arts and Crafts Society's Exhibition*



MIRROR IN CARVED AND GILDED FRAME. BY JOSEPH ARMITAGE; GILDING BY EDGAR ARMITAGE

including many things designed by Sir Robert Lorimer. An upright book cabinet in kingwood, with a dull green marble top, and a music cabinet in Italian walnut are the most striking of these. Sir Robert is less happy with his leather waste-paper pails, which are heavy and clumsy and never likely to supersede the handy basket. Mr. George Jack's fireplace of oak and grey-green marble, intended for a new room at Dunsany Castle, is an imposing piece of work which is not seen to the best advantage at the Grosvenor. A good side-board in English walnut shown by Mr. Hamilton T. Smith: the book and print case in black-bean by Mr. Ambrose Heal; and the arm-chair of walnut with a tall back and a buff leather seat by Mr. A. Romney Green, are all worthy of attention. The green painted chairs by Mr. Alfred Powell decorated with floral devices are described as from an old pattern, but it is one not worth reviving. The most remarkable of several examples of gilt and decorated furniture is the cabinet designed by Miss Jessie Bayes and executed by her with the assistance of Mr. F. Stuttig, Miss Emmeline Bayes, and Miss Kathleen Figgis. The design and drawing of the picture panels of the doors are a little

weak, but the cabinet is upon the whole an able and creditable piece of design and workmanship. Another cabinet, simpler in shape but as elaborate in decoration, shown by Mrs. A. P. Trotter, is painted in colour ground in varnish. The blazoned shields which form such an interesting pattern on the gold doors are laid in with wax melted in copal and the whole is finished with numerous coats of copal applied in the manner of the old coach-painters. Equal pains have been lavished on the inner sides of the doors, which are adorned with allegorical paintings of Hope and Truth. The corner cupboard of painted mahogany by Mr. Joseph Armitage is of greyish blue with a gilt decorative border of swans and foliage. The steel hinges (by Mr. Edward Spencer) add not a little to the effectiveness of this work by Mr. Armitage, who shows in addition, among other interesting things, a mirror



CORNER CUPBOARD, MAHOGANY, CARVED, PAINTED, AND GILDED. BY JOSEPH ARMITAGE; HINGES DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY EDWARD SPENCER





ENGRAVED AND PAINTED CEDAR SCREEN  
PANEL. BY ALLAN F. VIGERS

## The Arts and Crafts Society's Exhibition



POT-POURRI BOWL-STAND AND COVER (WOOD),  
CARVED, PAINTED, AND GILDED BY JOSEPH  
ARMITAGE

in carved and gilded frame and a pot pourri bowl and cover of original and attractive design.

Mr. J. E. Southall's mirror frame, *The Schooner*, is delightful in shape, and the little picture of the harbour with its white-sailed ship relieves the plain gold surface in a happy fashion. An excellent piece of work of its kind is an engraved and painted screen panel of cedar-wood contributed

by Mr. Allan F. Vigers. The panel is decorated with an intricate incised and coloured design showing in the lower portion an arcade with quaint figures of heraldic animals. It is, however, in the frieze above the arcade that the best work of Mr. Vigers is to be found in the shape of a procession of fifteenth-century ladies and their attendants in robes and trains of gold and vermillion. Miss de la Mare's panel for an overmantel illustrating *The Marriage of Griselda* is gay and bright in colour but seems too important as a decoration for the humble fireplace of red brick it is intended to surmount. Mr. Heywood Sumner's water-colour *Thickets—Bury* is a landscape treated decoratively but with a sufficient measure of realism to make it attractive as a picture. The subdued colour of the copses and water-meadows is at once pleasant and harmonious.

A notable abstention from the furniture section of the present exhibition is Mr. Ernest W. Gimson, whose sole exhibit is a competitive design for the Federal Capital of Australia, whereas on the last occasion he was represented by more than a score of items. Mr. Gimson stands in the very front rank of our workers in wood, and the absence of any examples of his mature and agreeable craftsmanship detracts from the interest of this section at the Grosvenor Gallery. Mr. C. F. Voysey, who



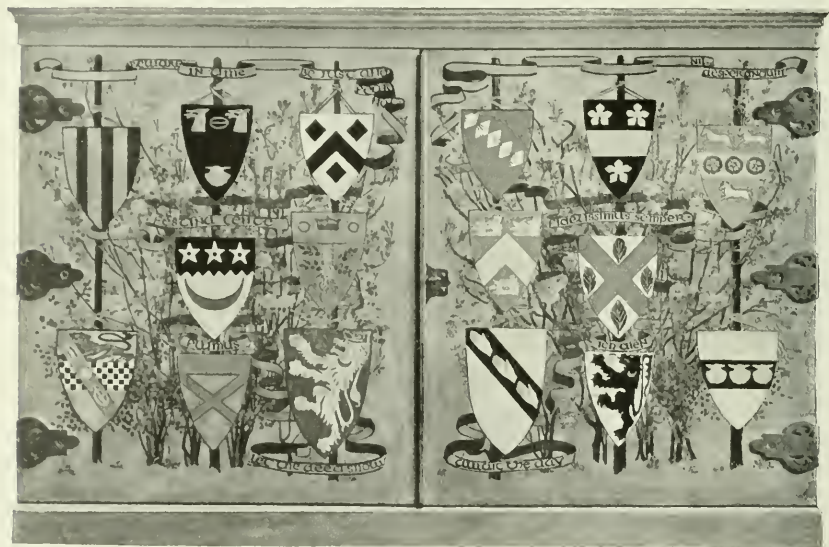
PANEL FOR OVERMANTEL: "THE MARRIAGE OF GRISELDA"

BY MISS G. A. DE LA MARE



"THICKETS—BURY" (WATER COLOUR)  
BY HEYWOOD SUMNER





CUPBOARD IN VERNIE POLIE (SHOWN OPEN AND CLOSED)  
(Lent by Miss Gundred Trotter)

BY MRS. ALYS TROTTER

contributed work in metal and wood on the last occasion, sends nothing this time.

The large gallery at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition suffers from a superfluity of designs for stained glass. Some of these, however, are very good, and among the best are the cartoons for a window in Abbotsbury Church designed by Mr. Robert Anning Bell.

There is only one contribution from the firm founded by William Morris but it ranks with the finest things in the exhibition. It is a large panel of Arras tapestry designed by Mrs. Adrian Stokes and executed by Mr. B. J. Martin. Some good

tapestry of a more modest kind is shown by Mr. Edmund Hunter. Mrs. M. Dibdin Spooner's unfinished panels for the altar-piece of St. Christopher's Church, Haslemere, are notable for the individuality of the heads in the designs. They look like portraits and are in any case a welcome departure from the conventionality of the heads in the ordinary church picture.

In the next article reference will be made to the other classes of work on view at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, such as pottery, glass, metal-work, &c., and a further series of illustrations will be given.

W. T. WHITLEY.



THE LAYARD COLLECTION  
IN VENICE. BY ALFREDO  
MELANI.

DESTINED for the National Gallery in London by a long-standing bequest of Sir Henry Layard, the famous Assyriologist and Ambassador of his Britannic Majesty at Constantinople, a diplomat and a perfect gentleman, the Layard collection in Venice has been justly considered as among the most important private collections of "La Dominante," and in Italy it ranks as one of the most remarkable on account especially of five or six works of the very first order which the National Gallery will have reason to congratulate itself upon possessing. These works comprise the *Portrait of Mohammed II* and the *Adoration of the Magi* by Gentile Bellini, three Carpaccios, in particular that in which Saint Ursula is depicted taking leave of her parents, and a *Portrait of an Unknown Man* formerly attributed to Antonello da Messina, but to-day catalogued as a Luigi Vivarini.

Besides these works, the importance of which can in no wise be questioned, the Layard Collection contains a series of pictures for the most part of the Venetian school, or, to speak more correctly, of the schools of Venetia. So we find Cima da Conegliano side by side with Bartolomeo Montagna, the nervous painter of Vicenza; here Paris Bordone gives utterance to his pictorial harmonies by the side of Francesco Bon-signori, the Veronese painter who betrays the influence of Mantegna in a group consisting of the Madonna and Child with various saints, the Virgin and infant Jesus typifying the maternal sentiment most admirably; here also we find represented Sebastian Luciani, known as Sebastiano del Piombo, of the Venetian school, a pupil of Giambellino and of Giorgione, and after-

wards the friend of Michael Angelo; Jacopo dei Barbari, who was influenced by Giambellino and Antonello da Messina; Pierfrancesco Bissolo, the pupil of Giambellino; and Andrea Previtali, another pupil of the same Giambellino, all belonging to the group of artists of Bergamo who, having established themselves in Venice, contributed to the progress of art in that city.

Of eclectic taste, Sir Henry Layard did not by any means confine his acquisitions solely to the schools of Venetia; he extended his range considerably, and the more so because it was not his wish merely to create a gallery, but rather to provide himself with a refined home. This it is that gives to his mansion, the Palazzo Cappello on the Grand Canal, its smiling, cheerful, and even modern aspect, notwithstanding the presence of pictures of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and numerous



"MOHAMMED II"

(Photo. Alinari)

BY GENTILE BELLINI

## The Layard Collection

archæological remains. The various *objets d'art* harmonise admirably with the pictures and charm the eye without undue insistence upon their number or their preciousness. By this I mean to imply that the residence of Sir Henry Layard has none of that character which demands the hushed voice and silent tread as in a museum, but remains the home of a gentleman of good taste, to whom perhaps the great picture galleries do not give a sufficiently convincing proof of their utility. Nevertheless, Sir Henry Layard, as every one knows, bequeathed his collection to the National Gallery in London, leaving the enjoyment of it and of his residence during her lifetime to Lady Layard. By the recent death of this lady the bequest now becomes operative.

I have referred to the most important works in the collection. Among these, especially from the historical point of view, the portrait by Gentile Bellini of Mohammed II is of quite excep-

tional significance, and bears the value of a real treasure. It was painted by the younger son of Jacopo Bellini when on a visit to the Ottoman Court in 1479. The famous conqueror of Constantinople lives upon this canvas of Gentile, although the master-portraitist of the Layard Collection speaks here only with the voice of his first period; but this is in truth a merit in a picture that will henceforward find a home in the National Gallery, for besides the portrait supposed to be of Girolamo Malatini, this gallery at present possesses no other example of the work of Gentile. Visitors to that great collection will be particularly impressed by the colour of this fine portrait, which Venice gives up with the greatest regret. This regret is more than natural, for the *Mohammed II* of the Layard Collection has very intimate associations with the history of the locality, quite apart from its artistic value.

In a similar degree the picture by Carpaccio, *An*



"AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF S. URSULA"

(Photo. Alinari)

BY VITTORE CARPACCIO



"THE MADONNA WITH THE DIVINE SON AND VARIOUS SAINTS"

BY FRANCESCO BONSIGNORI

*Incident in the Life of Saint Ursula* (to say nothing regarding the *Adoration of the Magi* by Gentile Bellini) causes a pang of regret in the hearts of all Venetians, indeed of all Italians who think of its departure. For the most legitimate successor of the

Bellinis, Vittore Carpaccio, the ravishing exponent of contemporary life and customs in Venice, painter of works harmonious in colouring, faultless in perspective, and refined in detail—this Carpaccio, who should have accompanied Gentile to Constanti-



"JOHN THE BAPTIST, A BISHOP, AND A SAINT"

(Photo. Alinari)

BY BARTOLOMMEO MONTAGNA





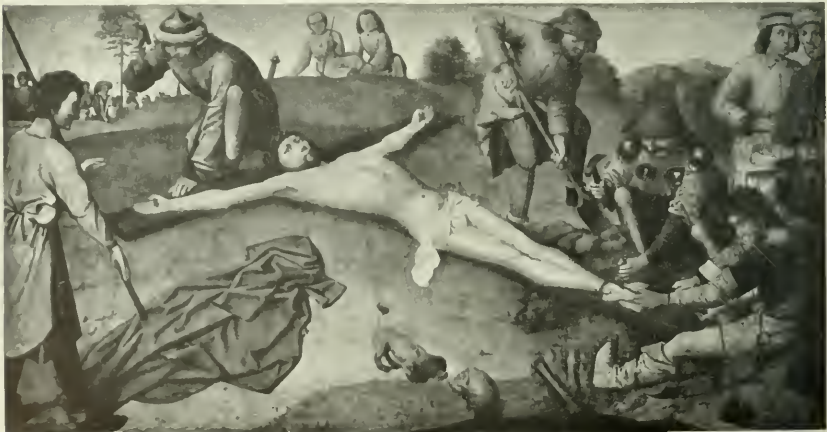
"ADORATION OF THE MAGI."

(Photo. Alinari)

BY GENTILE BELLINI

nople, is a painter whom it is impossible to replace, and this picture in the Layard Collection is exquisite. Poetically conceived, the sea which stretches out before the group of Saint Ursula and her parents has all the grace and naiveté of the Master of the Scuola degli Schiavoni so dear to John Ruskin. On looking at this picture in the Palazzo Cappello one experiences the most profound impression, an impression greater than that made by the two other Carpaccios belonging to the collection, an *Assumption* and a curious *Augustus and the Sibyl*.

A great deal of importance at the present time is given to the *Portrait of an Unknown Man*, by Luigi Vivarini. And here, indeed, we have a picture which gives a very high idea of this master's work, and on looking at it one may well think of Antonello, save that there is rather less insistence upon detail. Energy, brilliant colour, sound modelling—these are the characteristics of this iconographic painting which is destined for a place in the National Gallery near to that grand *Portrait of a Young Man*, supposed to be the painter him-



"CHRIST NAILED TO THE CROSS"

(Photo. Alinari)

GERMAN SCHOOL.



## The Layard Collection

self, from the brush of Antonello da Messina, which I would not place second even to the *Condottiero* of the Louvre.

The Bellinis, the Carpaccios, the Vivarinis represent then the fine flowers of the Layard Collection, but for us certain other works, not from the hand of any of these masters, are equally important and interesting. Such is the *Allegorical Figure of Spring*, by Cosimo Tura, that noble Master of the School of Ferrara and Court Painter to the Dukes of Este, a realist who, though dry and metallic in his drawing and always careful of details, displays considerable fantasy in this picture of the Layard Collection. The drapery of this Spring is finer and more striking than one could have expected from a master who was at times a little untamed in his style. I incline also greatly towards the beauty of a Montagna, *John the Baptist, a Bishop, and a Saint* (the Saint supposed to be Saint Catherine), not forgetting also in this short notice two works by Cima which may be assigned to the school of the master who is usually so good a draughtsman, an excellent *Knight in Adoration*, by Palma Vecchio, a beautiful *Saint Jerome*, by Savoldo, a remarkable Sodoma, and I would give prominence to a Botticelli, *Portrait of Lorenzo de' Medici*, by asking whether the Florentine painter can really be recognised in this portrait of the Layard Collection, and whether his name should not rather be replaced by that of Raffaellino del Garbo? Our Botticelli (or Sandro Filipepi, as they prefer to call him at the National Gallery) will not then greatly enhance the British Collection, which is already rich in several Botticellis.

The Layard Collection contains, further, several portraits by Moroni, by Moretto da Brescia, and in particular a Hugo van der Goes and a Gerardo van Haarlem—a *Madonna and Child* by the former and *Crucifixion* by the latter, both of them pictures which, while giving an exotic variety to the collection,

at the same time augment its interest. Italy possesses one fine work by Hugo van der Goes at Florence in the Hospital of S. Maria Novella—the *Adoration of the Magi*, a very large picture, with which this painting in the Layard Collection cannot bear comparison, though it represents fairly well the school of the Netherlands. We lament the loss of the other Dutch painting, Gerardo van Haarlem's *Crucifixion*, a picture of profound emotional qualities, of beautiful colour and original composition; but even were it less interesting its value to us would be still increased by the fact that Italy is far from rich in Dutch works, notwithstanding the fact that many Dutch painters lived in this country in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

It is well known that Italy has a severe law against the exportation of works of art, and so a

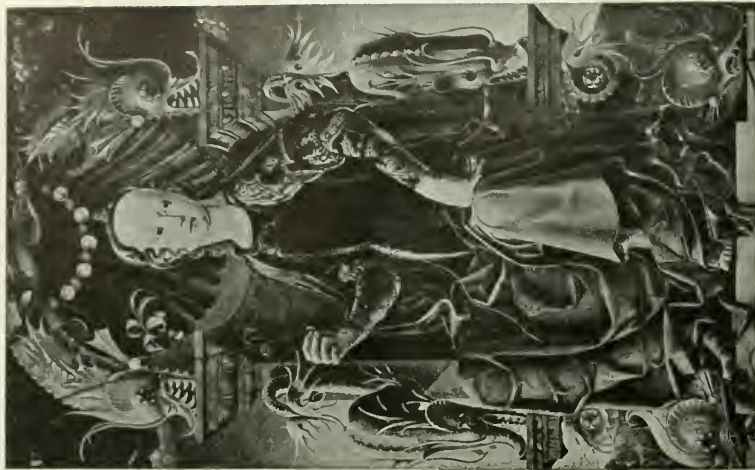


PORTRAIT OF AN UNKNOWN MAN  
(Photo. Alinari)

BY LUIGI VIVARINI



"MADONNA AND CHILD"  
(*Photo. Alinari*)  
BY HUGO VAN DER GOES



"ALLEGORICAL FIGURE OF SPRING"  
(*Photo. Alinari*)  
BY COSIMO TURA

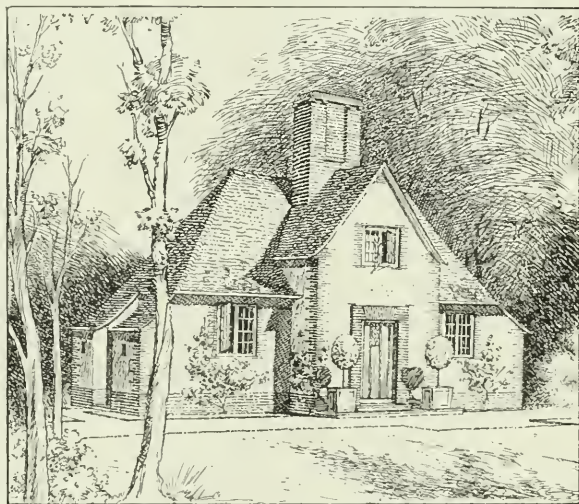
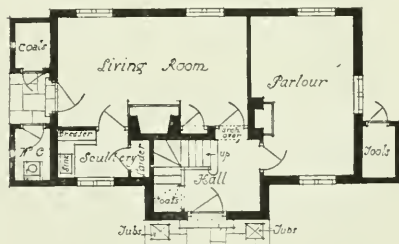
## Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture

question has been raised as to the rights the Government may have over the Layard Collection. I cannot go into the matter at length here; suffice it to say that certain of the pictures have been released from restriction, among which number are the two Gentile Bellinis, the Carpaccio picture of St. Ursula, the portrait by Luigi Vivarini, the *Spring* by Cosimo Tura, the Sebastiano del Piombo, and one by Giambellino. These pictures came to Italy from England in 1875, and so the law does not impose its *noli me tangere* upon these masterpieces which have found a home at the Palazzo Cappello. An ingenious opposition urged that the question should be reopened in order to prove that the exportation of these works in the first case was illegally effected so that these pictures after returning again to Italy may not find their final home in England, although Sir Henry Layard's will leaves no doubt as to his intentions on this point. But this idea has not found favour with our Ministry of Public Instruction, which has decided to adhere to its former conclusion as to the rights of England in the matter. As regards the other works which were not the subject of any discussion, the law regarding their exportation will be applied in very definite terms. Personally, both as an Italian and as an artist, I am all for liberty, and here, as I have elsewhere in my books and writings, I would encourage the idea of the most unrestricted indulgence from every point of view. We possess quantities of paintings by our masters which might well be exchanged with much benefit to the variety of our collections. For myself, I would willingly give to England some of our Bernardino Luini or Gaudenzio Ferraris, in exchange for some works by Reynolds, Gainsborough, or Turner, and many artists and collectors are of my way of thinking in this matter. An idea is, however, afloat which may conciliate both Italy and England; it is that England—that is to say, the National Gallery—should enter into possession of the collection at the Palazzo Cappello, and forgetting London and the

fogs of the Channel, should open a section of its art treasures in the bright Italian sunlight—in brief, that the Palazzo Cappello should become a *dépendance* of the National Gallery, a sort of English or Anglo-Italian oasis in Venice for the numerous intellectual colony of the *biondi figli d'Albione* who visit Venice and Italy. A. M.

## RECENT DESIGNS IN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

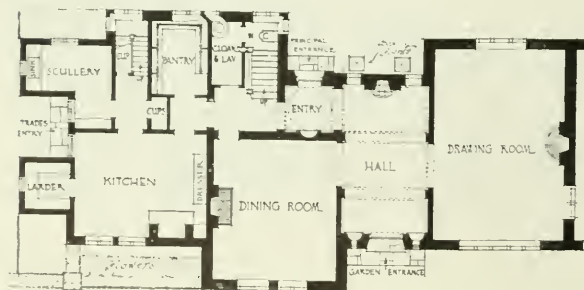
THE country cottage, of which an illustration is given below, has been designed by Mr. R. F. Johnston, architect, of London, and in plan is exceedingly simple and convenient, the accommodation consisting of a large living-room and a parlour of comfortable dimensions on the



A SMALL COUNTRY COTTAGE

R. F. JOHNSTON, ARCHITECT





ground floor, while on the floor above there are two bedrooms, a bathroom and offices with various conveniences such as linen cupboards. The elevations have been simply treated in rough-cast with brick quoins. The roof is covered with old red tiles which harmonise well with the foliage of the background.

A building of larger dimensions by the same architect is illustrated on





ASHFORD CHACE, PETERSFIELD, HANTS.  
UNSWORTH, SON & TRIGGS, ARCHITECTS.



## *Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture*

page 310, where a view of the garden front of "The Homestead" at Marlow in Buckinghamshire is shown. The materials employed in this case are small hand-made red bricks of uniform colour but varying texture with a rough joint left free from the trowel, brick mullioned windows and lead casements. The roof is covered with rough hand-made red tiles. The design in this case also is simple and depends for its effect on the proportion of the various gables and chimneys. The accompanying ground-floor plan shows the simple arrangement of the various rooms, but omits the loggia adjoining the drawing-room. On the first floor there are five bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices, maids' bedrooms, housemaids' pantries, &c. The garden has been laid out in sympathy with the house.

Ashford Chace, of which we reproduce a drawing in colour, was erected from designs by Messrs. Unsworth, Son & Inigo Triggs, of Petersfield, on a beautiful site in a fold of the wooded hills about two miles from that pleasant Hampshire town. It takes the place of an older house in the valley below, the gardens of which have been adapted and brought into relation with the new buildings by a long alley—which unfortunately could not be illustrated in the view. The house is approached on the north side through a picturesque old barn, leading into a quintagonal court. The entrance-hall has been planned on an axial line, which is a continuation of the line of the alley, connecting the old gardens with the new house. The arcade on the first floor, above the patio, which is shown in the drawing, adjoins the nurseries, and is intended for the children's open-air playroom. A feature of this house is the patio and loggia, opening through a portico from the dining room, and available for meals, the service being equally well arranged for either. There is a fountain in the centre of the patio, and a double flight of steps leads down to a small enclosed Moorish garden, to which the overflow from the patio fountain is carried

through a wall fountain, thence going into an incised water maze, and on to a lily pond in the centre of the garden. From this point the flight of steps shown in the drawing descends. The view shows the buttressed retaining wall of this garden, which became necessary owing to the distance of the old garden from the house and the exposed position of the new site. Mr. Unsworth made a special study of Moorish gardens with their wind-shelters and sun-traps with the idea of applying them to meet our great need of being able to live more comfortably in our gardens and enjoy an open-air life. We take the occasion to express our deep regret at his death, which took place in the early part of October.

The great revolutionary movement in art with which the names of William Morris and John Ruskin will always be associated has made rapid progress on the Continent, and especially in Germany and Austria. In Bohemia the movement has made much headway, thanks to the efforts of men who, instead of blindly following tradition, have thought for themselves and recognise that there can be no true progress in architecture unless the needs of the times are kept in view. Among those who have figured prominently in espousing progressive ideas is Jan Kotera. Born forty years ago at Brunn, the capital of Moravia, he pursued his studies first at the



VILLA AT ČERNOSICE, BOHEMIA

PROF. JAN KOTERA, ARCHITECT



CLUB-HOUSE AT PROSTĚJOV, MORAVIA

PROF. JAN KOTĚRA, ARCHITECT

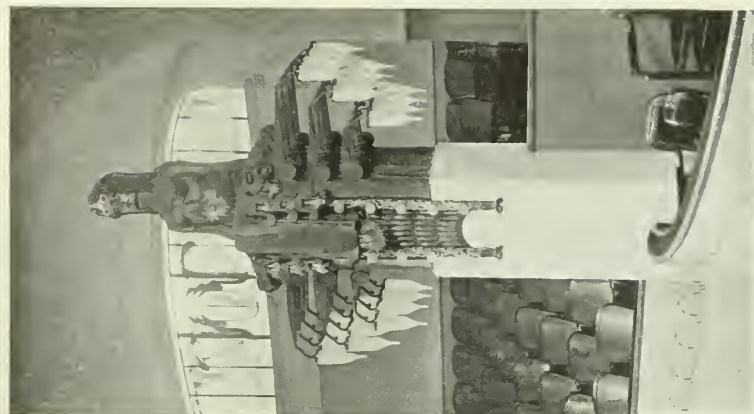
Bohemian town of Pilsen, and then went to Vienna, where his evident gift for architecture soon secured him the favour of Prof. Otto Wagner. Under the guidance of this eminent architect, whose teachings have had such far-reaching influence, not only in Austria but in Germany and other countries of Europe as well, Kotěra soon took part in the modern movement in architecture, together with the late Josef Olbrich and Prof. Hoffmann. Returning to Bohemia, his home, the change of habitat naturally meant a turning-point in the development of his art. For some years his countrymen absolutely refused to recognise him. However, at the Spring exhibitions of "the Rudolfinum" (the Prague Salon) his work distinguished itself by its originality and pronounced individuality, and he was awarded numerous prizes. The character of his work at that period showed perhaps a tendency towards the romantic, but a lively fancy is a national trait of the Czechs. Some of the exhibition interiors arranged by him at this stage of his

career were illustrated in these pages at the time (*see* vol. 27, pp. 143-145, and vol. 31, pp. 85, 86). The club-house at Prostějov was built in 1906-7. The building comprises, besides club-rooms, a theatre, lecture halls, a restaurant and a coffee-room. It stands in an open space or park, and was carried out in an unpretentious commercial way. Thereafter his work entered on a new stage of development, beginning with the building of a "vodárna," or water-works, at Vršovice, and a villa at Cernošice, the latter built to serve as a place of retirement in the recesses of a forest. Amongst his latest works may be mentioned a music-publisher's premises at Prague; a bank at Serajevo, in Bosnia; the Hotel Urban at Königgrätz, and the museum at Königgrätz, which was started in 1908, and is being now finished. The chief part of this building is to be devoted to pedagogic purposes, such as lecture-rooms, workshops, exhibition-rooms, library, and reading-rooms. A colony of houses for workmen at Laun





VESTIBULE OF CLUB-HOUSE AT PROSTĚJOV, MORAVIA. PROF. JAN KOŤERA, ARCHITECT



THEATRE ELECTROLUX IN CLUB-HOUSE AT PROSTĚJOV,  
DESIGNED BY PROF. JAN KOŤERA



FRONT ELEVATION OF AN HOTEL AT HRADEC KRÁLOVÉ, BOHEMIA. PROF. JAN KOTĚRA, ARCHITECT

has been started this year, and when finished it will represent a town of about 500 workmen and their families, with all possible modern improvements within reach, such as swimming baths, club-buildings, schools, storehouses, &c. At present Kotěra is engaged in the preparation of plans for the new building of the Bohemian University at Prague: he is professor at the Academy of Art in that city, and both as teacher and as artist he is well capable of leading others.

## STUDIO-TALK

(From our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The forty-eighth exhibition held by the New English Art Club came to a close at the galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists a few days ago, and though it cannot, in our opinion, be regarded as quite so successful as some of the exhibitions held

by the Club in recent years, there was much in it that was quite worthy of ranking amongst the best efforts of the Club's members and guests. The list of abstinents was rather considerable, including such prominent supporters as Mr. J. S. Sargent (who, however, is not an invariable contributor to the winter exhibitions), Mr. Muirhead Bone, Mr. Philip Connard, Mr. Cayley Robinson, Mr. W. W. Russell, Prof. Tonks, Mr. F. H. S. Shepherd, Mr. Max Beerbohm, and Mrs. Swynnerton. Mr. Augustus E. John's painting *The Mummers*, a work of heroic dimensions scarcely justified by the subject—a group of gipsies in various attitudes—drew a great many people to the galleries, some to extravagantly praise, others to deplore, for the immense canvas gave evidence alike of the genius and wilfulness of its painter. The source of the great vitality informing its affected incompetence may safely be ascribed to the realistic and not to the decorative elements of the painting. At all points there was proof of original and close observation of life, and it was this which imparted vitality and stirred the spectator, in spite of the deliberation with which it was cloaked in bizarre colour and extravagance of outline. Mr. William Orpen, in his picture *Morning Breeze* (an entirely appropriate name to give to it) and in his other picture called *In the Tent*, showed himself peculiarly sensitive in the interpretation

of atmosphere, both these two small canvases being fragrant with fresh air—and this is the more remarkable as coming from the greatest painter of interior *genre* that we have. Like Rossetti, Mr. A. McEvoy has so much temperament, and imparts so much of it, and also so much poetry, to forms which in another artist's work would assert incompetence, that one cannot use that word in relation to the works exhibited by him. Seeming to fail on the surface as judged by the readiest standards, his pictures impart something to our imagination; even a portrait group of an everyday character is not presented to us by the painter without a glamour unconsciously transmitted to the theme. Another very interesting artist exhibiting on this occasion was Mr. J. D. Innes. His landscapes perhaps recall scenes from old paintings rather than from nature, but they are all the more romantic on this account, and the romance is sustained by a profound sense of colour. The exhibition contained

## Studio-Talk

not a few really fine landscape paintings: Prof. F. Brown's *On the Thames*, Miss Alice Fanner's *A Breeze off Ramsgate* and *A View of Southampton Water and the Solent from Hambro*, Mr. Fairlie Harmar's *The Laurel Walk*, Mr. C. M. Gere's *A Cotswold Holiday*, and Mrs. Evelyn Cheston's *Sedgemoor* should be mentioned in this connection. Mr. Wilson Steer's successes, too, were entirely with his landscapes, chiefly with the picture *With the Tide*, a work full of silver light. There were many small pictures of great interest, such as a *Study of Roses* in tempera, by Miss M. Sargent Florence, *At Home*, by Mr. Maxwell Armfield, *The Houses Opposite*, by Mr. Alfred Hayward, *The Magic Wand*, by Mr. Rudolf Ihlee, *By the Sea*, by Mr. Donald Maclaren, *Fille à la Lanterne*, by Mr. Alfred P. Allinson, and *A Barge*, by Mr. Charles Stabb. The portrait by M. Antonio Mancini exhibited the painter's mannerisms in excess, for all its resource of technique and beautiful manipulation of black. With the exception of *Near Rotherham*, Professor Holmes seemed inclined to repeat himself, while, on the other hand, Mr. William Rothenstein broke

with great success into new ground with his *Panel for a hypothetical decoration to symbolise the religions of East and West*; and he was also represented by a remarkably fine portrait. Miss Ethel Walker's vivacious *Decoration for Spring* should be mentioned. The work of Mr. David Muirhead was also interesting this year. Amongst the drawings and water-colours noticeable features were a portrait study by Mr. W. Rothenstein, *Bidston Hill*, by Mr. E. G. Preston, *Calderari*, by Mr. A. E. John, "*La Gosse*," by Mr. A. Rothenstein, *In the Garden of Images*, by Miss Ethel Walker, *Pont d'Avignon*, by Mr. Francis S. Unwin; the etchings of Mr. D. S. MacLaughlan; an etching, *An Old Cart-shed*, by Mr. C. S. Cheston; the water-colours, *Crossing Rocks*, by Miss U. Tyrwhitt, *The Barn*, by Mr. Wilson Steer, and those of Mr. A. W. Rich; and a coloured wood print by M. Emile Verpillieux, *The Railway Station*.

Mr. Joseph Pennell, in the remarkable lithographs he exhibited at the Fine Art Society's galleries last month, discovers a genuine vein of



"A BREEZE OFF RAMSGATE"

(New English Art Club)

BY ALICE FANNER



"A COTSWOLD HOLIDAY"

(New English Art Club)

BY CHARLES M. GERE

poetry in industrialism, and his emotional assertions are profoundly satisfying when the emotional impulses which sustained achievement even in such a master as Rembrandt, for instance, are challenged as to their right of expression in the graphic arts by the theorists of Post-Impressionism, who purport to offer us something so much more within the province of *art* in their place. In his exhibition Mr. Pennell included the famous Panama series of lithographs, of which some examples have already appeared in these pages, and others from Rome, Spain, Chicago, Belgium, the Yosemite Valley and California in America, and England—notably the English manufacturing towns. Sometimes it is the mass of an immense cliff, at other times the great sweep of a modern bridge, or again a huge pile of modern masonry, but in all cases the artist contrasts with the energy and immensity of nature the still more feverish energy of man and the infinite subtlety of his invention. Mr. Pennell's lithographs present a picture of a great war going on all over the modern world, of beauty in a new shape warring upon beauty in the old.

The Camden Town Group, holding their third exhibition in December at the Carfax Gallery, have receded rather than advanced as an artistic society since their previous exhibitions. It is not very difficult to simplify nature's colours into the vivid flat colours which poster-artists rightly affect. This

sort of thing is often very interestingly achieved, and there are instances of this in the present exhibition. But there is nothing in this procedure to call for that solemnity of pose which is characteristic of the exhibitors in the Camden Town exhibitions. We prefer Mr. J. B. Manson's virility, and sometimes charm, and Mr. Spencer F. Gore's unconscious poetry in landscape to the pattern-making pure and simple of Mr. Ginner and Mr. Drummond, for in the case of neither of these latter artists are the patterns always good—and when they are not that, we are bound to ask what else of value they are. Mr. Wyndham Lewis's *Danse* might, perhaps, be interesting were we in possession of the theory explaining the absence of all resemblance to anything in the nature of dancing figures; without that key the title of his work merely indicates a picture-puzzle—something which we hope, in spite of every effort of the Post-Impressionist school to the contrary, will always be rated in this country below a picture. We are in saner regions with the art of Messrs. H. Lamb, R. P. Bevan, W. Ratcliffe, and Walter Sickert. The last-named artist has an uncanny gift in the interpretation of a depressing atmosphere, moral and physical, and in painting his touch is infinitely less sensitive than in his drawings, in which the brilliance of the execution enlivens the greyest themes.

Last month we had to record in these columns





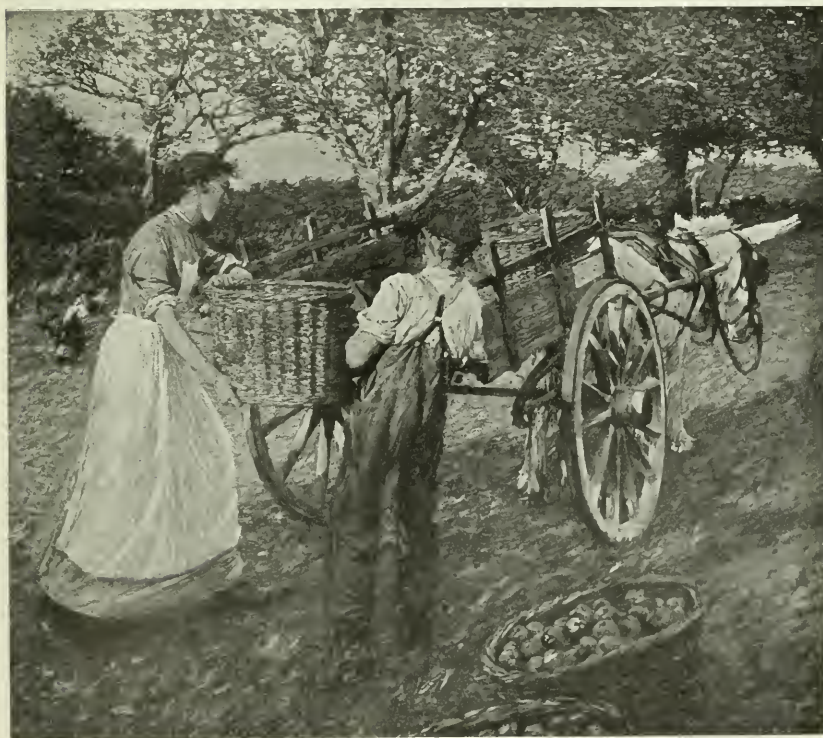
NEW-YEAR CARD  
OR SURIMONO. A  
CHROMO-XYLOGRAPH  
AFTER HOKUSAI.



the passing of one of the founders of the New English Art Club, Mr. W. J. Laidlay, who, however, withdrew from the Club in 1892 and thereafter became more closely associated with the Royal Society of British Artists. The foundation and early history of the New English are again recalled by the election of Mr. Henry H. La Thangue, A.R.A., to full membership of the Royal Academy, for Mr. La Thangue, too, was among those who helped to start the Club on a career which has fully justified the aims of its promoters. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1898, his *Man with the Scythe* having been acquired under the Chantrey bequest two years previously. He resides in Sussex and it is from this county, so rich and varied in its scenery, that the artist has drawn many of the subjects of his pictures. The example we now reproduce formed part of a representative collection of pictures by British

artists exhibited in Melbourne, Australia, some two or three years ago, and we believe has found a home in one of the public galleries in Australia.

The first exhibition of the Society of Humorous Art in December provided good Christmas fare. Besides, it was an admirable idea on the part of artist humorists to link themselves in a society identified with the aim they all have in common, however various their styles. An exhibition of this kind also affords a good opportunity for distinguishing the characteristics of the individual members. Mr. Raven-Hill and Mr. Charles Pears penetrate furthest into reality, thus proving their ability to support the great traditions of "Punch," with which periodical their names are associated. At the other extreme in "farce" as opposed to "comedy" perhaps Mr. W. Heath Robinson must be admitted to be the most artistic in method and spontaneous



"IN A SUSSEX ORCHARD"

BY H. H. LA THANGUE, R.A. ELECT



"UNLOADING TIMBER"

FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY S. NOEL SIMMONS



"MARCHÉ AUX VEAUX"

FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY S. NOEL SIMMONS  
(By permission of Messrs. Chas. Chenil and Co., Ltd.)



in his conceits. The careful portraiture of "type" is the field in which Mr. George Belcher excels, while at the opposite pole to his method we have the extreme simplification and obviously "comic" intentions of Mr. Hassall. Mr. George Morrow seems possessed of an inexhaustible fund of humour. Mr. René Bull follows in England the method of the late Caran d'Ache: Mr. Dudley Hardy, as this exhibition proved, cannot quite reconcile himself to the business of sheer humour; in him the considerable artist and considerable humorist seem to struggle with each other rather than to combine, as with the artists above mentioned. These do not complete the list of exhibiting members, but they indicate sufficiently the scope and interest of the exhibition, which was held at Messrs. Manzi, Joyant and Co.'s Gallery in Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

The Chenil Gallery, Chelsea, recently exhibited a series of drawings by Mr. Noël Simmons. It will be evident from reproductions we have made from three of these that the artist is a draughtsman of exceptional talent and also that he does not work within a limited range of subjects. Nor does he shirk complication of incident in his compositions. His drawings are all the more admirable for a happy taste in colour in the instances in which they are completed in water-colour. Here, it seems to us, is the very illustrator some publisher or other must be in search of, if the artist can be brought to adapt his talent to the conditions of book-printing. The precision of his execution is fascinating at a time like the present when the impressionistic movement seems fading into a general content with mere sloppiness of drawing.

Other exhibitions of interest in December

comprise a display of the sea pieces of Mr. Terrick Williams at the Leicester Gallery, sincere and accomplished impressions of harbour scenes, and the decorations by Mr. George Sheringham at the Ryder Gallery in the style recently illustrated in a notice of his decorations in these columns.

EDINBURGH.—Eight Scottish artists, for so one may still designate Messrs. Lavery and Harrington Mann, have formed themselves into an exhibiting society and taken a lease of premises in Shandwick Place, Edinburgh, in which they propose to hold for short periods twice a year exhibitions of their work. These consist of one main gallery with an annexe and two small rooms on the flat above, all decorated in a scheme of light grey which gives that reposeful feeling so helpful in an exhibition. The new brotherhood does not spring from any antagonistic feeling towards the Academy or other large societies, but



"ROOF REPAIRS" ; FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY S. NOËL SIMMONS  
(By permission of Messrs. Chas. Chenil and Co., Ltd.)



"L'ATTENTE." BY  
DAVID ALISON

*(Society of Eight, Edinburgh)*

## Studio-Talk

is the outcome of a desire by the members to have their work shown free from the restrictions which operate in general exhibitions. The members of the new society in addition to the two already named are Messrs. P. W. Adam, R.S.A., James Paterson, R.S.A., James Cadenhead, A.R.S.A., F. C. B. Cadell, David Alison, and A. G. Sinclair, and their first exhibition was held last month.

In the large room each artist's work was grouped by itself, an arrangement satisfactory to both the artist and the public. Mr. Lavery's contributions were three figure subjects and two landscapes, the former a chic figure of a Marseillaise, a low-toned Diana returning from her morning ride, and Anna Pavlova as a Bacchante, opulent in its red and purple colour. Mr. Harrington Mann was represented by portraiture; his *Little French Peasant*, a group of a mother and child, and particularly *Annabel*, a picture of a chubby little girl in white,

being remarkable for their beautiful simplicity of treatment and well-modulated colour. The leading feature of Mr. Paterson's contribution was a panel of twelve small pictures in oil representing Highland scenery.

Mr. Adam has for many years now specialised in interiors, and this type of subject formed almost the whole of his contribution. His principal picture was *Autumn*, the interior of a drawing-room in which the leading colour-note was vases of Michaelmas daisies, a remarkable modulation of purple tones being carried throughout the apartment. Mr. Cadenhead's work has never been seen to such advantage as in this exhibition. His art in its scholarly simplicity does not always reveal its full beauty in an ordinary exhibition surrounded by disturbing influences. The six landscapes had each a distinctive note and yet they were so related that one could study them as a symphonic presentment of



"HOUSES NEAR FERCH"

(Salon Schulte, Berlin.—By permission of Herr Karl Haberstock)

BY CARL SCHUCH



"SMUGGLERS." BY EUGENIO  
LUCAS THE ELDER

(Salon Schultze, Berlin)



## Studio-Talk

nature with a melodic beauty of form and colour in which there is no dissonance. The French influences which have gone far to mould Mr. Cadell's work were seen in some impressions of femininity that were convincing in their very audacity.

The most important of Mr. Alison's work was *L'Attente*, a large picture which is reproduced—an ambitious work for an artist of his experience, but containing its own justification. Mr. Sinclair showed a good full-length portrait of Lady Dunedin and Dutch and Venetian landscapes, while in the other rooms most of the group were represented by water-colour or crayon drawings. A. E.

**B**ERLIN.—The Salon Schulte inaugurated the Berlin autumn season with a comprehensive exhibition of works by Carl Schuch. This master, who died in 1903, was a member of the Liebl and Trübner circle, but was quite unknown to the wider public. Twice have posthumous collections of his works attracted

notice at Schulte's, and the power and persuasiveness of his talent have quickly ranged him among the German classics of the nineteenth century. The strong impression which emanates from his art results both from its pictorial and from its emotional qualities. A technique which has absorbed the teachings of Ruysdael, Courbet, and Manet, but which is always remarkable for absolute sureness and saneness, and a pronounced spirituality make an immediate impression. Colour remained his ideal, and although he loved a limited palette his tones laugh and glow and his shading is wonderfully rich. Local colour always dominates, but perspective and atmosphere are never neglected. Schuch's speciality was still-life. He arranged a few simple objects before a neutral background, but simple as they were they were mostly conceived through a medium of grandeur, almost of majesty. The same spirit is vividly revealed in his landscapes. The artist studied under Halanska in Vienna, his native town, and after much travelling settled in Munich. He worked and travelled with his friend Trübner, lived for some years in Venice and Paris,



"MAIL-COACH IN A STORM"

(Salon Schulte, Berlin)

BY EUGENIO LUCAS THE ELDER



"A CORNER OF LAKE GARDA"  
BY PROF. ZENO DIEMER

(Keller and Reine's Salon, Berlin)



"RISING STORM NEAR TORBOLE"

(Keller and Reiner's Salon, Berlin)

BY ZENO DIEMER

and died in Vienna when only fifty-seven. However old-masterly his art may seem, he fully assimilated modern teachings.

Among a Spanish collection at the Salon Schulte the newly discovered art of Eugenio Lucas the elder, who died in Madrid in 1870, was a noteworthy introduction. The hand of a real painter was here mirrored in scenes from reality, of halcyon or dramatic character. We became aware of a lover of decorative grotesqueness as well as of amiable simplicity. A racy Spaniard of great versatility, he occasionally reminds one of Goya and Herrera, but also of the suave genre-mannerists of his country.

At Messrs. Keller and Reiner's Salon, Prof. Zeno Diemer, of Munich, has

given his admirers an opportunity of studying the fruits of his latest labours. The interest in this landscapist, who proves his ability to cope with the boldest tasks, is everywhere considerable. How-



"INTERIOR PORTRAIT"

(Budapest Academy)

BY CESAR KUNWALD

ever truthfully he records, it is no meticulous topography that he presents to us: we remain aware of the working of an almost romantic mind.

Fritz Gurlitt's Salon has again claimed attention for Wilhelm Trübner, and a number of portraits, landscapes, mythological and religious subjects, testified to this master's many-sidedness. A new feature of these rooms is an artistically arranged cabinet of prints placed under the management of Herr Wolfgang Gurlitt. Original prints by Leibl and Liebermann, Munch, Matisse, and Pechstein, point to a broad policy.

"The Salon Paul Cassirer recently inaugurated a considerably enlarged gallery with a kind of retrospective exhibition. All the artists who have enjoyed the favour of this firm since its foundation were represented among them, the leading impressionists and neo-impressionists, Van Gogh and Cézanne, and also living artists like Liebermann, Corinth, Slevogt, U. Hubner, Beckmann, Brockhusen, W. Rösler, Gaul, and Barlach. The presence of Corot, Gérault, Delacroix, Courbet, Menzel, Leibl, and Trübner pointed to

a compromise which can only be greeted as wholesome in these days of ultra-radicalism.

J. J.

**B**UDAPEST.—The exhibition at the Budapest Academy last spring was of less than usual interest owing to its being overcrowded with works which, however commendable as the efforts of students, fell far below the standard expected from an important society like this. That there is much movement in art in Hungary was everywhere apparent, but it was equally

apparent that though high ideals are being searched for, these have not yet been realised in any palpable form. More thought ought to be shown in the general arrangement of the exhibits: there should be less crowding, and above all there should be far fewer pictures hung. If, however, close search was necessary to find the really good work, how refreshing it was when found! Take, for instance, a landscape by Baron Mednyánsky pregnant with medita-

tive feeling, or the fine animal drawings and portraits by Oszkar Glatz: here no parading of originality, no undue striving after effect was to be discerned. The portraits by Caesar Kunwald likewise showed simplicity of treatment and right restraint. His *Interior Portrait*, here reproduced, conveys an idea of his methods, but a refreshing feature of his work is that he never repeats himself. The landscapes by Robert Nadler and Ede Aladar Illés were of much interest, and how full of life and energy were those Hungarian scenes of village life which Miksa Bruck delights to paint! Prof. Benczur sent some flower-paintings full of fragrance and of a fine coloration. From Gyula Conrad there were some fine paint-



STUDY OF A HEAD BY JÁNOS PÁSZTOR  
(Budapest Academy)

ings of ancient towns particularly happy in the treatment of the architecture and water; romantic scenes from Andor Dudits: still-life subjects by J. Pentelei Molnár and József Mátyai: from L. Késdi-Kovács wood scenes in which this artist showed his predilection for old copper and silver beeches, which are always well placed in their right setting and admirably rendered. Béla Iványi-Grünwald's village scenes betrayed his love for those strong colour-effects which Hungary offers in such abundance, and some good work was shown by Ferenczy, István Zador, Rezső Kiss, László Tatz (a young artist of





*(See page 332)*

"HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X"  
BY DR. HORATIO GAIGHIER

great promises, and Gyula Glatter. There was little sculpture shown, but work of a high quality was exhibited by Ede Telcs, Dezso Lánvi, and Janos Pásztor, whose study of a female head is here reproduced. A. S. L.

VIENNA.—Dr. Horatio Gaigher, whose portrait of His Holiness Pope Pius X is reproduced on p. 331, is a native of Tyrol, and took his degree and practised in medicine before relinquishing it for art, to which his inclinations had been drawn since his earliest years. He was entirely self-taught until he went to Bushey to study under Prof. Herkomer. Later



"A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CHATELAINE," BY A. DE BEULE (GHENT)

work reveals the spirit of a true and searching artist. The picture of His Holiness Pius X, who

he studied under Fleury and Lefebvre in Paris, and afterwards accompanied Prof. Herkomer to Spain, where he made the best use of the opportunities offered to him. On his return to his native country Dr. Gaigher settled in Meran. He has done some very good portraits both in oils and in water-colours, in which medium he has been highly successful. It is chiefly in the autumn and winter that he paints portraits, in the spring and summer he gives himself up to studying the life and habits of the Italian peasants dwelling in South Tyrol. His



"MARKET-PLACE AT ZÜRICH"

(Bulabet Academy)

BY MIKSA BRUCK



"AT KORTENHOEF," FROM A CHALK  
DRAWING BY J. H. WYSMULLER.









"SNOW-CLAD BIRCHES"

BY G. A. FJÆSTAD

is shown in full canonicals, was painted in a hall of St. Peter's Church, Rome, where the Pope granted him four sittings. The lineaments of the sitter have been well studied—the artist has brought into prominence the chief characteristics of the noble features, the mild expression coupled with profound seriousness, the look of patient suffering. The drapery has been judiciously handled and always with due consideration for the main requirement, which is to give us a picture of His Holiness as he really is.

A. S. L.

**G**HENT.—The bust by M. de Beule, reproduced on page 332, is a fitting product of this old Flemish city, in which the spirit of the Middle Ages still lingers in spite of the ceaseless progress of modern industrialism.

**A**MSTERDAM.—The chalk drawing, *At Kortenhoef*, by Mr. Wismuller, of which a reproduction is given in the form of a supplement, is an excellent example of his interpretation of Dutch landscape in a

medium which he employs with much feeling. Other examples of his work were included in the recent Special Number of *THE STUDIO* entitled "Pen, Pencil, and Chalk."

**S**TOCKHOLM.—Although Stockholm is one of the loveliest summer-cities of the world its inhabitants usually desert it at the end of May or beginning of June, when all the big theatres close and art exhibitions are discontinued. From this rule an exception was made last summer, when our two most important societies of artists, Konstnärnsförbundet and Svenska Konstnarernas Förening arranged large and interesting exhibitions, which *THE STUDIO* has already noticed. Gustaf Fjæstad, a well-known Swedish artist, following the example of these societies, held a "one-man" show at the end of the summer in the galleries of the Swedish Art Union.

Fjæstad's very original art is not quite unknown to the art-loving English public, as he sent some of his best landscapes as well as his tapestries to the Swedish Exhibition at Brighton in the summer of



"SKI TRACKS IN THE WOOD"

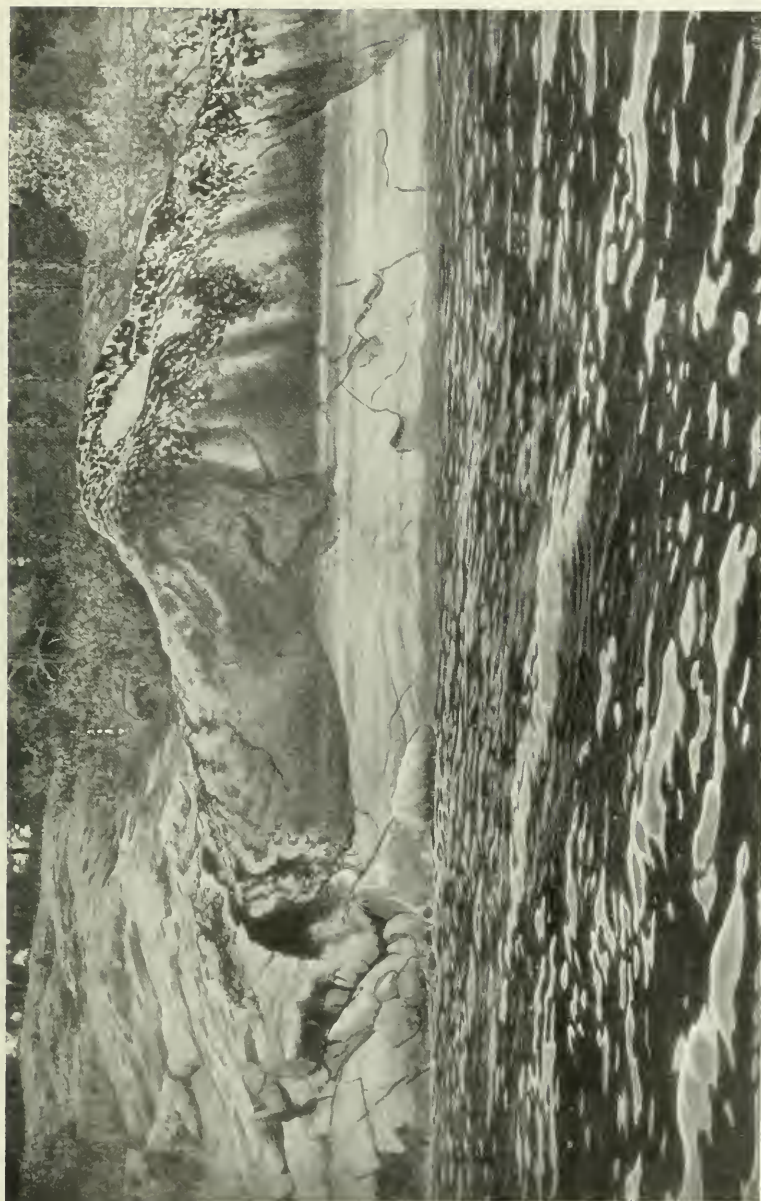
BY G. A. FJÆSTAD

1911, where so many of the best Swedish artists were well represented. In Germany, Austria, and Italy, Fjæstad has for several years been known as a painter of snow pictures, and leading art-critics have devoted long and enthusiastic articles to his work. At this last exhibition he showed some big snow scenes such as the *Snow-clad Birches* and *Ski Tracks in the Wood*, pictures with running water such as *The River* and *Water and Rocks*, and tapestries woven after his designs by his sisters; also some paintings of the nude, but these must be considered as more or less failures.

T. L.

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.  
—Art in New Zealand has received a decided fillip this year through the exhibition held under the auspices of the New Zealand Academy of Fine Arts at Wellington, the capital city of the Dominion, in May and June last. In 1911 the State made a grant of £500 (for the purchase of

pictures) to each of the art societies in the four chief centres. The process by which a previous and similar grant had been expended being considered to have been somewhat unsatisfactory, the Council of the New Zealand Academy of Fine Arts, the Wellington Society, then presided over by the late Mr. H. S. Wardell, decided to enlist the assistance of Mr. George Clausen. Mr. Clausen was therefore asked if he could induce some British artists of repute, more particularly those of the modern school, to send out a certain number of pictures from which a selection could be made, first by the Wellington Society, and later on by similar societies in other centres. Mr. Clausen called in the aid of Mr. John Baillie, of the well-known Baillie Galleries (himself a New Zealander by birth), and the latter took the project up with such enthusiasm that he offered to bring out a really representative collection of pictures and take charge of the whole arrangement. An agreement, on terms highly satisfactory to the Academy, was



"WATER AND ROCKS"  
BY G. A. FJÆSTAD



"THE RIVER"

(See *Stockholm Studio-Talk*)

BY G. A. FJESTAD

concluded, and in May the exhibition, comprising over 500 oils, water-colours and etchings, was opened in a large building lent free of charge by the Wellington Harbour Board, and transformed with a little trouble and much good taste into an artistically decorated and well-lighted art gallery.

The Council of the Academy, now presided over by Mr. H. M. Gore, a local amateur artist, to whose personal enthusiasm and unsparing industry much of the success attained by the exhibition has been due, started a public subscription fund, the Wellington City Council leading the way with a grant of £1000 and the Academy adding its own £500 grant. Leading citizens and wealthy men throughout the province contributed liberally, with the result that in all some £7000 was raised, practically the whole of which was devoted to the purchase of pictures from the collection sent out from England.

Council of the New Zealand Academy or presented by various local clubs and private citizens were, amongst the oils, Melton Fisher's *Rose Makers of the East End* £350; Glyn W. Philpot's *Girl at Her Toilet* (Royal Institute of Oil Painters, 1907), £250; George Houston's *Spring in Ayrshire*, £300; R. W. Allen's *Port Soy*, £420; George Clausen's *Haymakers*, £200; J. L. Gloag's *Bacchante and Fauns*, £140; Frank Craig's *Goblin Market*, £420; Oliver Hall's *Salter Moss, Cumberland*, £100; Henry Moore's *Highland Pastures*, £350; David Farquharson's *Waiting for Darkness*, £250; Mouat Loudan's *Blue and Gold*, £250; Bertram Priestman's *The Brook*, £150; Mary Young Hunter's *Gabrielle*, £175; E. A. Walton's *Sunshine and Shade*, £300; also examples of the art of H. Hughes-Stanton, Lee Hankey, Austen Brown, Charles Sims, Oswald Birley, Harold Knight, and others. From the water-colours, examples by, amongst others, Lucy Kemp-Welch, Lee Hankey, Nelson Dawson, H. S. Tuke, Terrick Williams, H. Teed, Fred Stratton, Spenlove-Spenlove,

Amongst the pictures either purchased by the



## Studio-Talk

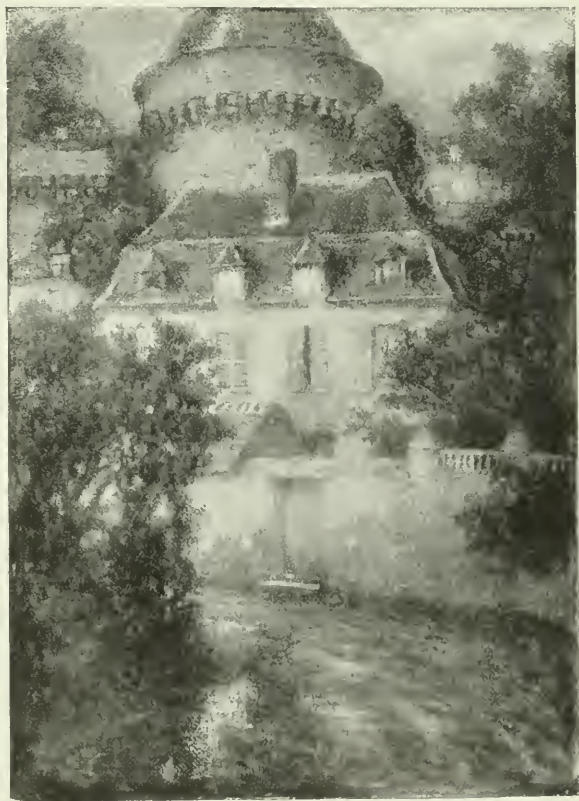
G. Thomson and Sir Alfred East were chosen by the Council, and a selection was also made from a fine collection of etchings by Frank Brangwyn.

It will be seen by the above that the Council has displayed that spirit of eclecticism which is necessary to some extent when pictures for a public gallery are being chosen. The permanent collection of pictures belonging to the Academy, which will be handed over later on to the trustees of the National Gallery when a suitable building is available, include several pictures of outstanding merit, notably a fine Brangwyn, *Santa Maria della Salute*; a Moffat Lindner (a nocturne, *Amsterdam*); an excellent example of David Murray, also pictures by G. C. Haité, Laura Knight, Bertram Priestman, Wilson Steer, Fred Hall, Lamorna Birch, and Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, besides some good examples of New Zealand and Australian art. When the National Gallery is erected, as we hope it will be within the next two years, it will contain the nucleus of what should, in course of time, become an institution worthy of the Dominion, one which will not only do good service to the community by instilling a taste for the beautiful in the minds of the people, but will also provide a stimulus to better work on the part of our local art students.

The exhibition remained open for several weeks and was very largely attended by the public. As might have been expected, many of the pictures, not being of the once conventional, mid-Victorian, anecdotal, or purely pictorial type, excited a variety of criticism, some of which was not a little amusing. Mr.

Frank Brangwyn's *Card Players* (purchased by a special commissioner sent over by the Melbourne Public Gallery authorities) was, in particular, the subject of much discussion. A vote as to "the most popular picture" being taken, this distinction was awarded to Mr. G. Young Hunter's portrait of his wife.

Since the Wellington Exhibiton, Mr. Baillie has taken portions of his collection to other centres—Christchurch, Auckland, and Dunedin—where sales have been very satisfactory. In December 1913, a Dominion Exhibition of Industries and Fine Arts is to be opened at Auckland. A special feature will be made of the Art Gallery, of which



"CLAIR DE LUNE"

(Phi'alpha Water-Color Club)

BY GASTON LE MAINS

Mr. Bullie has been appointed manager. It is probable that the pictures he will bring out to Auckland may be more pictorial and popular in their appeal than those he has shown here, but no doubt there will be a generous leaven of that purely modern art which constituted such a pleasant feature of the exhibition here.

The Twenty-fourth Annual Exhibition of the New Zealand Academy of Fine Arts was opened early in October. The general quality of the work shown was voted somewhat disappointing, but it is just possible—indeed it would be well were it so in fact—that the public taste has now been educated to a higher standard and that local effort may be found just a trifle unsatisfying. Some good, strong, sincere work was shown by H. Linley Richardson, R.B.A., Owen Merton, R.B.A., Mina Arndt—the two last being young New Zealand artists now studying in Europe—Mrs. Burge, Mrs. Tripe, and others, and marked improvement was evidenced in the work of some of the younger local artists, *plein air* studies being now more numerous than was wont to be the case.

CHARLES WILSON.

PHILADELPHIA. The competition for the Beck prize, awarded to the best work that has been reproduced in colour for the purpose of publication, gave to the tenth annual exhibition of the Philadelphia Water-Color Club, recently held in the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, a character quite unique and most interesting. The result was a display of the best work of many of the leading illustrators of the United States, and to the credit of the Academy it must be said that the greater

part of them have received their training in its schools. Mr. N. C. Wyeth's illustrations of "Treasure Island" were among the most effective works of this class. Mr. Thornton Oakley's *Jaipur Market*, *Hathi*, and *Water Women*, *Udaipur*, gave one a good idea of the riot of colour that lends such a peculiar charm to the street-life of East Indian towns. Miss Jessie Willcox Smith exhibited a series of admirable illustrations of Dickens's works, and Miss Blanche Greer a number of drawings for Charlotte Brontë's "Tales of the Islanders." Mr. George Harding's *Off Cape Race* and *The Newfoundland Coast* were good examples of his art. Mrs. Elizabeth Shippen Green Elliott showed some of her popular pictures of child-life. Taking them all together they formed a comprehensive display of the best types of American illustration and showed



"A STREET OF CAFÉS"

(Philadelphia Water-Color Club)

BY H. C. MERRILL.



*(Philadelphia Water-Color Club)*

"UP THE WILD HILL"  
BY LUCY S. CONANT.



marked progress in the attainment of the more serious qualities of art work.

Of the easel pictures not necessarily meant for reproduction, and painted in any medium other than oil, Mr. H. C. Merrill's *Street of Cafés* commanded attention as having most of the essentials of a genuine work of art, frankly attractive to the layman and lacking the sensational eccentricity that so frequently mystifies him. Mr. Everett L. Warner's *Broadway Tabernacle at Night*, which was awarded the Isidor prize at the Salmagundi Club, was another highly successful effort to render the poetic charm that commonplace streets and buildings assume under certain conditions of lighting and atmosphere. Mr. Albert H. Sonn's *Ponte Vecchio, Verona*, showed that he is a colourist of the first order. Mr. Gaston le Mains exhibited *Clair de Lune* and *Le Manoir Abandonné*, works stimulating the imagination, and both of them fine examples of finished craftsmanship. Mr. Walter Gay contributed a number of works of very high degree of excellence, especially notable among them being his views of the interior of the Château du Bréau. Two of the works of the late Thomas P. Anshutz were shown, *Becky Sharp* and *A Bird*, life-size figure subjects, and probably the last work of this talented painter, who died but a few months back. Mr. John McLure Hamilton's portrait of Mrs. Edward Hornor Coates showed the clever execution of an artist sure of his method, and was withal an excellent likeness of his sitter.

Some interesting portrait studies in chalk monotone by Miss Cecilia Beaux gave evidence of careful search for the individuality of the subject. Breton fisherfolk and their cottage interiors

formed the *matériel* of a group of Miss Elizabeth Nourse's works, very successful as human documents descriptive of the hard life of these sun-tanned toilers of the sea. Miss Alice Schille was represented by a number of well-painted examples: among them should be mentioned a landscape, *Broken Clouds*, and *A Pig Market*, particularly vibrating with colour and true in values. Miss Lucy S. Conant's group of water-colours of Alpine scenery were very convincing and showed close study of mountain features and atmosphere. Mr. Henry B. Snell's *Lighthouse* was a capital bit of his work and absolutely realistic in effect. A group of Mr. Fred Wagner's water-colours and pastels of near-by localities showed in a most conclusive way that it is not necessary for the artist to go far afield for his subjects. Mr. George Walter Dawson's group of



"LA BONNE MENAGÈRE"  
(Philadelphia Water-Color Club)

BY ELIZABETH NOURSE





*(Philadelphia Water-Color Club)*

"GARDENIA ROSES." BY  
LILIAN WESTCOTT HALE



"YORYU KWANNON" (WOOD SCULPTURE). BY  
SEKINO SEIUN

flower paintings gave an unusual note of distinction to the exhibition, especially the careful studies of Water-lilies and Roses. A beautiful drawing in monotone entitled *Gardenia Roses* by Lilian Westcott Hale should be mentioned.

One of the rooms was devoted exclusively to the display of fifty-one etchings and lithographs by Mr. Joseph Pennell, quite a number of them being of localities in Philadelphia which Mr. Pennell has discovered.

E. C.

TOKYO.—One of the most interesting exhibitions recently held in Uyeno Park was that of wood-carving by the members of the Nihon Chokokukai, a society composed of twelve more or less well-known sculptors under the presidency of Okakura Kakuzo, the art critic. It was particularly interesting, not only because it was the first independent exhibition of

the kind ever held in Japan, but also because it showed marked progress in Japanese wood sculpture as seen in some very excellent work. The general tone of the exhibition bespoke sincerity and earnestness of effort on the part of the artists to give the very best of which they were capable. A few groups were shown, such as Yamazaki Choun's *Yamasodachi*, depicting an old woman of the mountains with a sturdy boy reared by her, and Mori Hosei's three laughing figures, *Kokei Sansho*. Single figures, however, predominated, more stress being laid upon the expression of the inward feeling than on mere beauty of line. With one exception all the work exhibited dealt with the human figure. This exception was a carving of the Sacred Cow which furnished milk for Buddha, a work admirably executed in teak by Yamazaki Choun. Scarcely any of the figures exceeded two feet in height, as most of the pieces were designed as *okimono*, ornaments for the *tokonoma* or post of honour in the guest-room of the Japanese house.



"HAGOROMO, THE MOON MAIDEN" (WOOD  
SCULPTURE). BY HAYASHI BIUN



"AN APPEAL TO THE MOON" (WOOD SCULPTURE)  
BY MORI HŌSEI

The rare gift of Japanese artists of making the best use of natural materials by taking every advantage of their characteristics was clearly shown at this exhibition in their use of wood. How cleverly the natural grain of the wood has been utilised to bring out special qualities and feelings was shown in *The Pointing of a Finger* executed by Hiragushi Denchu, showing the popular legendary Chinese personages, Kwanzan and Jittoku, pointing to a star they have just discovered; *Serene Music* (a girl playing on the *shō*) an exceptionally clever work by Ishimoto Gyokai, and a representation of the homely looking *Hotei*, one of the seven gods of fortune, by the same carver; the graceful *Kwannon* by Sekino Sejun; also in Hōsei's *An Appeal to the Moon*. In fact almost all the pieces showed this aptitude for utilising the grain of the wood most effectively, and adapting the style of carving to the quality of the wood.

Formerly only a few kinds of wood, more or less costly in themselves, were used, but now experiments are being made with a larger variety drawn from different parts of the country. By the

use of a new and comparatively little known species of wood from Hokkaido called *domo*, for his splendid piece *Kōan*, a Chinese sage on a turtle, Yoshida Hakurei has brought out an expression of delightful repose upon the face of the sage, whose heavy wet garment trails in the water, while the hard shell of an old turtle is partially submerged. By taking *tsubaki*, or camellia, for his *Hakuzoshi*, one of the performers in a *No* dance, Shimomura Seiji, a brother of Shimomura Kwanzan, the well-known Japanese painter, has very admirably expressed the texture of the robe worn. And again by using *ho*, or white magnolia wood, Naito Shin has been able to give most delicate colouring to his delightful and clever figures *Painting* and *A Girl of the Fujiwara Period* in the Nara style of carving.

At the same exhibition were found a few works by Hayashi Biun, who died recently at the age of



"SERENE MUSIC" (WOOD SCULPTURE)  
BY ISHIMOTO GYOKAI



"HOTEI" (WOOD SCULPTURE) BY ISHIMOTO GYOKAI

fifty. While a mere boy he took lessons from Takamura Toun, and later became a *monjin* of Tamaruka Koun, who is now the head professor in clay-modelling at the Tokyo School of Fine Arts. Biun did much in the way of making replicas of ancient wood sculpture, especially the old Buddhist images of Nara, and a number of them are now kept in the Imperial Household Museum. At one time he was a teacher at the Art School of Kyoto, but for the last fourteen years of his life he taught wood-carving at the Tokyo School of Fine Arts. He was awarded a second prize at the Paris Exposition of 1900.

HARADA JIRO.

#### ART SCHOOL NOTES.

EDINBURGH.—The College of Art Students Club, which numbers about a couple of hundred members, held an exhibition of paintings, water-colour and chalk drawings in the college at the end of November. The exhibits, one hundred and forty-

four in number, did not represent work done in the institution so much as the result of summer sketching expeditions and homework in which individual characteristics had scope for expression. The result was a display of work which gave evidence of the soundness of the teaching, the good guidance of the student in craftsmanship without attempting to lay down any conventional form of expression. The best feature was the feeling for colour, ever a distinguishing mark of the Scottish school, while the weakness was the lack of sufficient importance given to accurate draughtsmanship. The exhibition as a whole showed a considerable advance over last year.

A. E.

#### REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

*Ballads Weird and Wonderful.* Drawings by VERNON HILL. (London: John Lane.) 21s. net.—Mr. Vernon Hill is not a superficial craftsman; he has something better on hand than the search for a short cut to immediate effectiveness. He does not seek to evade difficulties of constructive drawing by resorting, wherever such difficulties occur, to those friendly if often trivial devices of pattern-making that can always afterwards be labelled "decoration." His work is very classical in feeling, very cold and sculpturesque in result; it expresses a great taste

for the horrible—which always lies so very close to the ugly—but its horror is that of intellectual invention rather than that of feeling: horror and ugliness are deliberately exploited, it seems to us, as a certain way of making an impression on the spectator. In its precision the drawing is almost Pre-Raphaelite, and at every point it is wholesomely certain in its intention. The illustration to "Hugh of Lincoln" does not betray the prevalent thirst for unpleasant form, but it in no point falls beneath the other illustrations, in fact it is an improvement on many, thus showing that the artist's range is not as narrow as one might at first suppose, not so limited to the repulsive as the first impression of his book conveys. The ballads illustrated are taken from ancient legendary collections, and the volume is bound in grey leather with cover design in gold.

*The Life and Letters of Frederic Shields.* Edited by ERNESTINE MILLS. (London: Longmans, Green and Co.) 10s. 6d. net.—The claim put forward by his latest biographer that Frederic Shields was



"one of the greatest modern interpreters of the universal language of art," will scarcely be conceded by those most competent to judge, but this very fact adds pathos to the record of his long struggles against overwhelming odds. He had the nervous irritability that so often accompanies genius without the compensating mental strength that would have enabled him to rise above his bodily weaknesses. Even the voices of nature, such as the songs of birds, that are a delight to many who share his hatred of the noises of the town, were abhorrent to him, and his whole life was spoiled by a super-sensitiveness for which even those who loved him best had constantly to make allowance. His treatment of his girl-wife, whom he left on their wedding-day, sent to a boarding-school soon afterwards, and lectured in his letters, scolding her for her spelling, and telling her "not to show self-will or disobedience because it would reflect shame on him if she did," alienates the sympathies of the reader, but that there must have been something very lovable about him in spite of his stern unbending character is proved by the strong affection felt for him by many of his gifted contemporaries. Not the least interesting portions of a book that is full of psychological suggestions are the accounts of Shields' relations with Madox Brown, Rossetti, Morris, and Holman Hunt. Amongst the typical works reproduced some, including *One of the Bread Watchers* and *Whistle and Answer*, display considerable imaginative power.

*Stitches from Old English Embroideries.* By LOUISA F. PESEL. Portfolio No. 1. (Bradford and London: Percy Lund, Humphries and Co. Ltd.) 15s. net.—At the request of the authorities at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, Miss Pesel recently worked a set of diagrams of stitches which occur in Old English embroideries, and these having now been placed on exhibition in the textile section at the museum, she has been allowed to have them reproduced in colour for publication. Hence this little portfolio, which contains thirty-five diagrams of stitches selected from examples of seventeenth and eighteenth century work. The stitches are exhibited on a large scale in strongly contrasting colours, and both the finished side and the reverse side are shown, so that with the notes at the foot of each diagram the method of manipulation is made perfectly clear. We commend this portfolio to the attention of needleworkers, who will find in it many interesting varieties of stitch which are probably unknown to some of them.

*The English Fireplace.* By L. A. SHUFFREY.

(London: B. T. Batsford.) £2 2s. net.—In this sumptuous and exhaustive treatise upon a subject which, though primarily of architectural interest, yet acquires a more general significance when it is remembered that the hearth has been from time immemorial the centre of the home and family life, Mr. Shuffrey traces the development of the chimneypiece and firegrate with their accessories from the earliest times up to the beginning of the nineteenth century. As regards its architectural value, the fireplace, though originally constructed on a strictly utilitarian basis, grew in importance, during the Gothic and Renaissance periods, to such a point as to become the most prominent feature of the room, and henceforward we find it reflecting faithfully all the subsequent different styles in architecture. The volume is well indexed and contains two hundred illustrations in the text. The chief feature is, however, the series of one hundred and thirty excellent reproductions in colotype after photographs, chiefly by Mr. W. Galsworthy Davies, of some of the finest examples of fireplaces in England.

*A History of Painting in North Italy.* By J. A. CROWE and G. B. CAVALCASELLE. Edited by TANCRED BORENIUS, Ph.D. (London: John Murray.) 3 vols. £3 3s. net.—Enriched with numerous excellent reproductions of characteristic works of the painters considered, and brought into line with the results of modern research by copious scholarly notes, this new edition forms a worthy supplement to the equally successful reissue of the same authors' companion publication recently brought out by Mr. Murray. But for a few necessary corrections, such as changes in the official names of galleries, &c., the editor has left untouched the original text, which even at this late day still ranks amongst the classics of art. That certain experts differ from the conclusions of the learned collaborators as to the authorship of some few pictures does not really detract from the value either of their technical criticism or of the historical data collected by them, so just is their estimate of the distinctive qualities of each artist, so unwearying was their patience in the collection of information. To quote two cases in point, how clearly traced are the different currents in Venetian art in the early fifteenth century, and how vividly realised is the struggle that took place towards its close between the Vivarini and Bellini, and their respective followers. No less, however, it must be added, has been the industry displayed by their last editor in sifting the vast mass of material that has accumulated during the last half-century. The list of authorities quoted from

by Dr. Borenius fills ten closely printed pages, but even this gives no adequate idea of the labour involved in his work as editor. In every case he gives the present location of the paintings mentioned in the text, involving long and tedious investigations, refers wherever possible to pictures from the hands of the painters criticised to which no allusion is made by the authors of the book, and here and there he proves on what slight grounds important conclusions have been based, as when he expresses his opinion that the much-quoted epitaph on the Barbarelli tomb, on which was founded the popular belief as to the origin of Giorgione, was wrongly reported.

*An Account of Medieval Figure-Sculpture in England.* By EDWARD S. PRIOR, M.A., F.S.A., and ARTHUR GARDNER, M.A., F.S.A. (Cambridge: The University Press.) £3 3s. net.—The joint authors of a book that, even without its deeply interesting text, must be a delight to all lovers of the noble art of decorative figure-sculpture, on account of the vast number and the beauty of its illustrations, go to the very root of the matter under discussion. Not only do they describe and classify all the most characteristic examples of this delightful craft that still survive in England, and bring out clearly the close correlation between their style and that of the buildings they adorn, they realise the very spirit that animated those who executed them. "The maker of images for a mediæval church," they say, "was in no hotbed of culture, was no sophist of the schools or champion of this or that artistic faith. But particularly he had no power of choice in the message he had to deliver; the selection and discovery of the motives for sculpture had been made for him dogmatically by the verified creed of Christendom. . . . If, as working in stone he could not rival the marble artist in . . . perfection of finish, yet the spiritual forces which came to him from the tradition of the church make themselves evident. . . . He managed to embody in sculpture something of the divine power which was moving the world of sculpture." A general survey of the materials and subjects of architectural sculpture is succeeded by a chronological history of the art from Pre-Conquest to Gothic times, every page bearing witness to the enthusiasm of the writers, their highly developed critical faculties and intimate acquaintance with the religious and political conditions of which the buildings of each successive period were to a great extent a reflection. Of very special value are the chapters bringing out the singular indifference to individual fame

that especially in the Mid-Gothic era characterised the men who gave up their lives to the erection and embellishment of the glorious churches in which their genius found its fullest expression. The whole book is, however, full of appreciation of the personal element that is so important a factor in all good work and of recognition of the fact that, in spite of occasional slight influence from abroad, English figure-sculpture was from first to last essentially national.

*Art in Egypt.* By G. MASPERO. (London: W. Heinemann.) 6s. net.—This little volume belongs to the series of art histories in which it is intended to give a *coup d'œil* or general sketch of the development of art in various countries, each volume being entrusted to a recognised authority. In the one before us the distinguished scholar, M. Maspero, whose writings on Ancient Egypt are held in high esteem by all archaeologists, reviews the artistic products of the remarkable people whose civilisation astonishes us more and more as our knowledge of it increases. The point emphasised by the author in regard to their art is the subordination of that art to religious utility throughout its entire history—and not only plastic and pictorial art, but industrial art as well. He remarks, too, that it was from the same cause that sculpture came to assume the leading rôle in art of the Egyptians, whose religious ideas demanded the most durable medium for their embodiment. The blow which struck at the national religion, struck also at its art, and it disappeared—became, to use the author's words, "as extinct as the races of monsters we find embedded in the lower strata of our globe." Like the other volumes this one also is copiously illustrated and well printed.

*The Story of a Hida Craftsman.* From the Japanese of Rokujiyuen by F. VICTOR DICKINS. (London: Gowans and Gray.) 10s. 6d. net.—The craftsman in Old Japan was an honoured personage. He was an artist, in some cases to be ranked with its greatest painters. This was only natural when we remember to what a high degree of artistic and technical excellence he at times attained. Rokujiyuen's romance deals with a worker in wood from Hida, who was invested with certain supernatural powers. The novel, written in the early days of the last century, is of interest as portraying some characteristics of Japanese life and legend in feudal times. The reproductions which accompany the work are reduced from the woodcuts of Hokusai, but while exhibiting something of the prowess of the great master of illustration, they suffer somewhat from over-reduction in size. Mr. Dickins's excellent translation is accompanied

## Reviews and Notices

by notes which will be found of especial value to the general reader.

*Byzantine Churches in Constantinople.* By ALEXANDER VAN MILLINGEN; M.A., D.D., assisted by RAMSAY TRAQUAIR, A.R.I.B.A., W. S. GEORGE, F.S.A., and A. E. HENDERSON, F.S.A. (London: Macmillan and Co.) 31s. 6d. net.—Displaying as it does a consummate knowledge of its subject, this study of the Byzantine Churches in Constantinople forms a valuable sequel to the author's earlier volume in which the Turkish capital is considered chiefly as a citadel. Enriched with numerous plans, reproductions of buildings as a whole, and of characteristic details of their structure, it gives an exhaustive description of the evolution of the Byzantine style of ecclesiastical architecture with many most interesting accounts of notable events connected with the surviving examples of it. The one drawback militating against the full acceptance of the scholarly writer's conclusions is that he does not do full justice to the originality of the style under discussion, for he asserts that the various schemes in which the churches of the Byzantine Empire were planned were all derived from the three main types that prevailed in the Roman world in the early fifth century, namely, the basilican, the octagonal, and the cruciform. He even goes so far as to assert that there is "nothing either in the planning or construction of St. Sophia, in which the Byzantine style culminates, which cannot be derived from the buildings of the Roman Imperial period." By adding, however, the significant words "with the exception of the pendentive" he contradicts himself, for he admits "that it was a feature which had to be evolved before the dome could be used with freedom in any building plan on a square." It is the employment of the cupola roofing in a square central space with the aid of the pendentive that is the fundamental principle of the Byzantine style, differentiating it from every other, and fully justifying the claim that the architects who invented the admirable contrivance owed little to their Roman predecessors. As a matter of fact Byzantine architecture, by its bold and original treatment of plan, roofing, and decoration, gave new life to an art that was sinking into decadence and exercising a most important influence in Western Europe, the Cathedral of St. Mark at Venice and the less ornate church of San Vitale at Ravenna owing their chief distinction to the adoption of the style of Byzantium.

*Austria: Her People and their Homelands.* By JAMES BAKER, F.R.G.S., etc. (London: John Lane, The Bodley Head.) 21s. net.—It is a very fascinating

panorama that Mr. Baker and his artist collaborator Mr. Donald Maxwell present to us in this volume. In variety of scenery and population there is assuredly no more interesting country in Europe than that over which the venerable monarch, Francis Joseph, rules as Emperor. But in spite of its manifold attractions it remains to a large extent a *terra incognita* to the majority of tourists, nor can it be said that the literature concerning the country is overabundant. Mr. Baker's book is written mainly from personal observation afforded by numerous journeys extending over nearly forty years, and he has wisely given prominence to the less familiar aspects of the country and the life of its inhabitants; but he has interwoven a certain amount of historical information which adds to the interest of the book. He has found an able collaborator in Mr. Maxwell, whose forty-eight drawings reproduced in colour give the reader some well-chosen glimpses of the varied urban and rural scenery of the Austrian dominions.

*Life in the West of Ireland.*—Drawn by JACK B. YEATS. (Dublin: Maunsell and Co.) 5s. net.

—Mr. Yeats does not draw in an accomplished professional sort of way; his work rather reminds us of the frank disregard of academic precision drawing which was characteristic of illustrators of early Victorian time. But Mr. Yeats observes very closely, and informs all his pictures with the actuality which results only from a never-resting study of nature, and thus it is that though his work is sometimes, perhaps consciously, amateurish in style, it is never empty in feeling or mediocre in result: it really does illustrate its theme, realistically as well as decoratively, giving a convincing impression of life in the West of Ireland, and with the aid of colour making an entertaining book.

*Little Songs of Long Ago.* The original tunes harmonised by ALFRED MOFFAT. Illustrated by H. WILLEBEER LE MAIR. (London: Augeners Ltd. and A. and C. Black.) 5s. net.—This charming book, uniform with "Our Old Nursery Rhymes" which was reviewed some little time back in these pages, contains a further series of old Nursery songs with musical accompaniment and a number of illustrations in colour by Miss Le Mair. We have nothing but praise for the delightful work of this clever young Dutch artist, and have seldom seen more attractive illustrations to a children's book. Miss Le Mair's figures are sympathetically and daintily drawn, and she possesses a sense of colour and a feeling for decoration both quite remarkable.

# THE LAY FIGURE: ON ART CRAZES AND THEIR MEANING.

"I WONDER whether there is any connection between the general increase of insanity and the irresponsible character of modern art developments," said the Art Critic. "I see that lunacy experts declare that we are fast approaching the time when the world will be equally divided between mad people and sane."

"The art world has already passed that stage, I should say," asserted the Plain Man. "The majority of modern artists seem to me to be distinctly unbalanced—I wish I could think that even half of them were still sane."

"What standard of sanity do you set up?" inquired the Man with the Red Tie. "Do you call every one mad who does not subscribe to commonplace conventions, or do you admit that an artist can be markedly original and still be quite sane?"

"Great wits to madness are allied," quoted the Plain Man. "Of course originality is not a symptom of insanity if it is properly balanced and under control, but when it gets out of hand it is rather apt to stray in the direction of irrational and extravagant eccentricity. If you lose the grip of your great wits you are in some danger of going off the rails altogether."

"Yes, that is not a bad way of putting it," broke in the Critic. "Impatience of the commonplace, which is the stimulating cause of originality, is an admirable characteristic so long as it is guided by reason; but it is decidedly dangerous when it breaks away from proper restraints. Without discipline, the desire to be original leads to something which can not unfairly be called insanity."

"As it has in modern art," commented the Plain Man. "We are now in the middle of a movement which, beginning, no doubt, in an honest desire to break away from the commonplace, has gone to such unreasonable lengths that it has ceased to be sane."

"Quite so; a legitimate effort to find new forms of expression has thrown off all discipline and has degenerated into a craze," agreed the Critic.

"But what you call a craze can surely be helpful to the progress of art," cried the Man with the Red Tie. "Does it not introduce new ideas and open up fresh points of view? Does it not lead the way to better things?"

"If you look upon it merely as a temporary expedient, as a violent remedy the effects of which pass off quickly, it may quite possibly do no

permanent harm. But the craze is always something of a danger to the stability of art and it causes a great deal of trouble while it lasts," returned the Critic. "The point to consider is whether in the long run it does any real good."

"While it lasts it is responsible for the production of a great deal of work which is artistically indefensible," argued the Plain Man. "That is what I complain of."

"There, no doubt, you are right," replied the Critic. "In movements of this kind there are always some who go further than others in their craziness. The present craze in painting and sculpture is almost exactly parallel to the so-called *art nouveau* craze in the region of design and architecture over which so many people lost their heads, and which in its extreme developments was characterised by an utter disregard of the fundamental principles of construction and by ignorance of the true meaning of decoration."

"Still, if there were no vehement outbreaks there would be no art," declared the Man with the Red Tie. "It would settle down into a condition of stupid somnolence and would finally die for want of exercise."

"It might; I admit the danger," said the Critic. "The passing craze, violent, unreasonable, insane even, as it is, must be accepted as the means by which art is roused when it shows signs of becoming torpid. The remedy, to us who are brought into contact with it, may seem to be worse than the disease, but the patient derives some benefit from it, and after the shaking up is able to go about his business again in better health and with a definite renewal of vitality. Harking back again to the *art nouveau* craze, we know that in those places where it went to greatest extremes it has in the end given place to great respect for constructive principles and repugnance to meaningless decoration. We may therefore take heart and hope for a parallel result from this present craze."

"Then it comes to this, that artists must go mad periodically for the good of art," exclaimed the Plain Man.

"I am afraid so," answered the Critic; "and I suppose as the insanity in the world increases they will get madder and at more frequent intervals. But you must credit them even in their most irrational exploits with an unconscious good intention to do the best they can for art."

"That may be so in certain cases," retorted the Plain Man, "but I have often wondered whether some of them are not deliberately perpetrating a big practical joke on us." THE LAY FIGURE.







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